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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1873.

No. 1.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

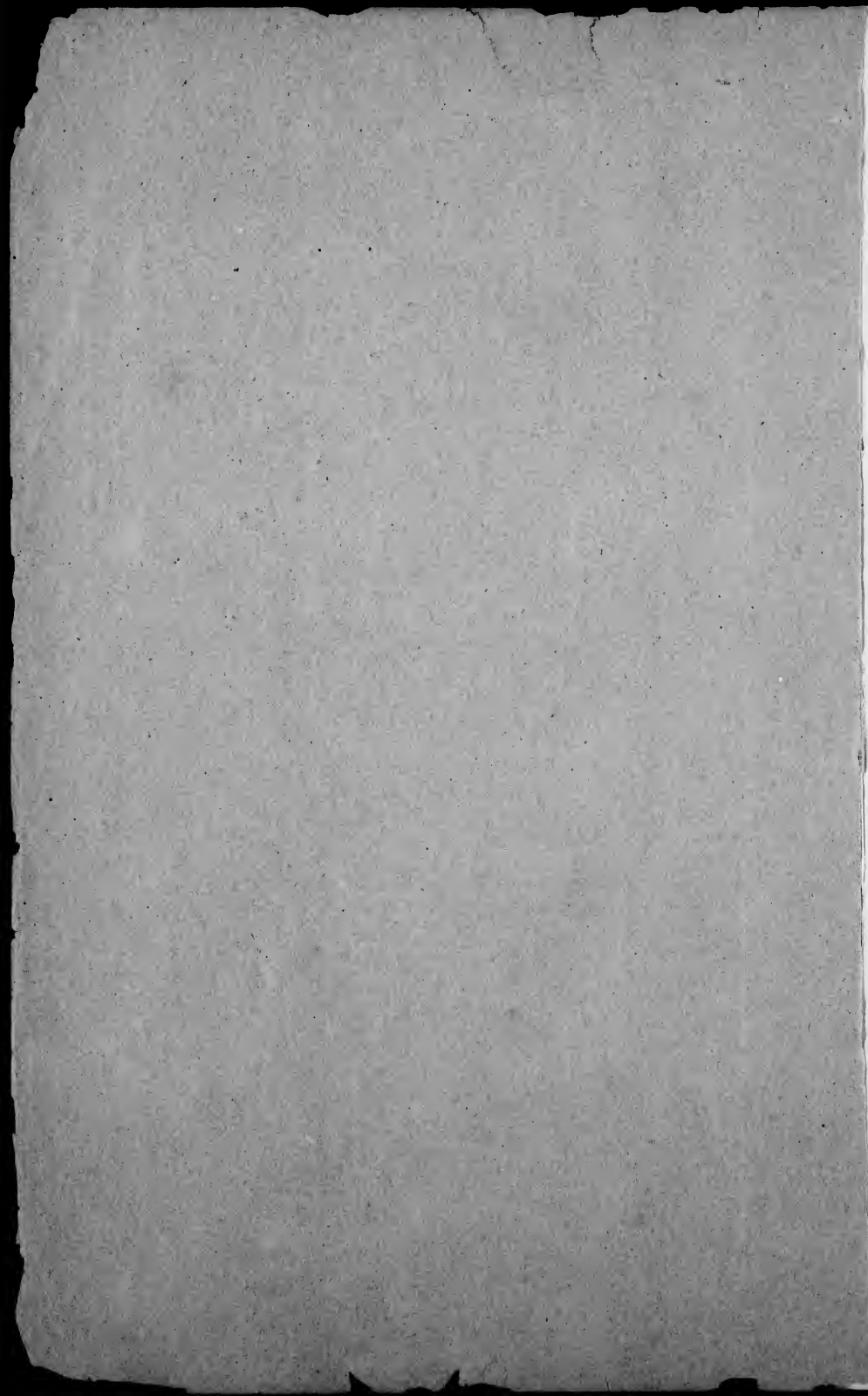
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LEWISTON:

NELSON DINGLEY, JR., & Co., COLLEGE PRINTERS.

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MY CHUM AND I ;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

CHRISTMAS! And the sun is down long since, and the day is done, and another season of peace, of hospitality, of merriment and of good will to men is going, has gone, to join an army of innumerable shadows. The snow has ceased to fall; the bright wintry moon now rises in the heavens, amidst black, hurrying clouds. The night is still, and a calm has settled over the village, a tranquillity like that which must have heralded to the dwellers in Bethlehem the birth of Christ. And now the melody of bells, happy, joyous, merry bells, comes up from the steeples below, and the very air so chilly and biting seems to make sport with the echoes, and carry them with no burden to the cottages nestled here and there along the white range of hills that hem us in. They hear them! Yes, the cottagers are awake to their music—could any one be insensible to it! Now and then some of these people come to their windows and look out (the same as I am doing), and before they draw back I catch a glance of their faces, and so have a

chance to moralize. As I speak there is the face of a child looking up my way, and now an old man stands near him. A great many Christmases ago that old man's face was like that little boy's! And when a great many more Christmases have come and gone, that little boy's will be like that old man's! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, yet at least for the trouble and sorrow which we all go through.

These are sober thoughts perhaps, but no season, in passing, has a greater right to sober thoughts than Christmas. It should win us back to the remembrance of other days, and call up to our visions the dear faces of friends. But—enough! What has put my mind in this mood? An old manuscript I found this morning while searching among my papers. It was written long ago, as the yellow paper and faded ink plainly testify, and, like some of the people that figure in its pages, has, until now, been quite forgotten. But at sight of it a thrill ran through my whole body, and, as when the curtain

of a theatre rises, I saw all the players troop upon the stage. Yes, I saw thee, Richard Guild, as young and handsome as the day I parted with thee on the College Green, five and twenty years ago; and where wrinkles are now, from years of hard study and close thought, there was a smooth and polished brow ornamented not with gray hairs, but by, dark, curly locks. Ah me! how time changes all things—changes faces and hearts, and our passions, too—true phœnixes; as the old burn out, the new straightway rise up out of the ashes. The world is a parable—the habitation of symbols—the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shapes.

If you will sit down in a cosey chair near the hearth, my gentle reader, or fair reader, or whoso you may be, I shall be pleased to unfold this manuscript, the story in part of two college friends, for your perusal.

It is yet an early hour of the night, the fire is burning briskly—let the reading begin.

I.

We had been in college three years and a half, so it was now the winter of our senior year. I mean myself and chum, Mr. Richard Guild. And you are to understand at the outset that I am in no way the hero of what I am going to write. I never was a hero—chum always was one. Our friendship began the first time we met in the class-room. A difficult passage in Livy was given to me to construe. I hesitated. Richard Guild whispered the translation and I passed. After that we were known as Damon and Pythias.

Well, our finances were reduced this winter, for we had spent too much the past summer rambling among the mountains. There was a chance for us to teach the academy in the Pettifer Neighborhood, during the college vacation. We debated the question twenty minutes. The Fates decided we must go.

You need n't take the trouble, reader, to look on your map for the Pettifer Neighborhood, because you won't find it if you do. Chum and I did our best to discover its whereabouts in our atlas when we received our agent's letter, but the fact is, it was n't there. No, and I don't believe it ever will be, for the Neighborhood is conservative. Its people don't believe in going ahead too fast; they had rather live in quiet and peace, and not be put down on a map so that the rest of the world will know just where to find them, and so disturb and bother them about progress. In truth, Captain Pettifer himself once told me confidentially, that the Neighborhood was the only finished place in Christendom. "Fur, me good sir," said he "yer must know that we never heer th' sound of a hammer here."

Now I am not going to tell you how we got there, because the journey on paper might be as tedious to you as it was to us on stage-coaches and wheelbarrow boats. Suffice it to say that Chum preceded me and made all our arrangements; that I encountered no incidents in particular except falling in with a very pretty girl and a decidedly homely old lady (her aunt) who were bound to the identical Neighborhood. And somehow the young lady discovered in a jiffy that I was one of the "teachers," and communicated the

fact to the said aunt, who nodded and straightway brought her spectacles to bear upon me, greatly to my discomfort. For I thought then, and I believe now, that she was wondering all the way whether or not I would be able to master her John.

The appearance of the Neighborhood must be described, and no better way suggests itself than to give the place just as it looked to me while our little steamer neared the landing.

There was one long stretch of hilly, woody land which reached far out into the sea, bordered by an irregular beach that had its share of rocks and seaweed. A great many miniature cliffs and promontories sprang up here and there, and on the extreme end a lighthouse kept guard of the coast. But the meeting-house, that sober, yellow, little meeting-house with its lame old steeple, was the index to the settlement. It seemed to have become weary, ages ago, and sat down there aback from the sea, to rest; and all the other buildings had gathered around it, and the academy had somehow pushed its way the nearest, and put its old-fashioned roof in such close proximity, that all the rain drops which touched the holy edifice, must of necessity glide upon it.

A rough, uneven road led from the forum in a parallel direction with the beach for a distance of a mile, and then all at once, it took a short and unexpected turn, and came running down a steep bank straight on to the pier. Here, riding at anchor, was a dancing fleet of fishing schooners with their dories, and two or three little coasting traders. The wash of the sea against their hulks, the creaking of capstans and windlasses, and the airy fluttering

of little vanes and sails, made a musical sound.

When we came up to the pier and made fast, a great bustle and confusion ensued. For the arrival of the boat always called together what lounging fishermen there might be in the vicinity. The postmaster, too, a very important person, with a heavy, bulky body and a great deal of stiff, red beard on his face, drowned everybody's babble, by his frantic yelling for the mail-bag to be "huv ashore." The old lady, before mentioned, got into a trepidation about her handboxes, as Chum, in his rush to grasp my hand, had jumped squarely into one and damaged it in a frightful manner.

"Been expecting you every day for a week, Sid," said he, pulling me through the crowd, every member of which ogled the "t'other teacher" as if he were a late-imported curiosity. "How's Dalton? Got his trunk packed yet, and that box of cigars burnt up?"

"No; he's at the Hall still."

"Going to settle down to Butler, and to Hopkins' Evidences, I suppose, instead of going home?"

"Yes, and get double rank next term."

"Bah! on his rank; he worries himself thin, and then don't get it."

"But he's in earnest this time."

"Oh, of course; and so is our man Pious, with his ten volumes of Barnes' Notes and Paley. A heap of sermons he'll write this time, and his authors will be so chopped, their own mothers wouldn't know them."

Although Chum had been away from college only a week, he made me relate to him every trifling thing that had occurred since his departure, so lively was

his interest in home. Had the tutor's eye thrown off mourning? Was Dulcinea Hobbs still in town? Was the college pump frozen, etc., etc.?

In the meanwhile we approached our boarding place, Captain Pettifer's.

"He's a queer old cove, Sid," said Chum; "but a great magnate in these parts. I warrant he'll tell you yarns to your heart's content, and if you don't get tired of one infernal old story of his, I'm mistaken."

The captain stood in his door as we came up, and Chum introduced me.

"Right glad to see you, Mister Jasper? Yer man Guild here, says yer an able-bodied seaman. Walk in, walk in. Yer as welcome as yer friend."

The old sailor stretched out a heavy, bony hand to grasp mine, and then led the way into the dining room, or what he called the cook's galley. The room was large and had a spacious fire-place at one end, where logs, resting on andirons, were blazing in a cheery manner. The floor was painted so as to represent sea-waves, and all the furniture was carefully stowed away against the walls, as if a gale might be expected at any moment.

"I reckon now yer a trifle hungry, Mister Jasper, a'n't yer?" asked the captain, taking my great coat and hat. "A trip on th' water's what gins one an appetizer."

"Well, no, not very, captain."

"Look ye, alive there, Sis," he sang out, opening a door and addressing some invisible person, "Th' crew's aboard, and we'll take our mess."

"Aye, aye," responded Sis, in a shrill, feminine voice.

Chum caught the expression of my

face at this instant, and burst out laughing.

"My chum isn't up in sea-terms, captain," said he, apologetically.

"Oh, wal, needn't be modest; it'll all come in time; a man don't git an ed'cation in a day."

The captain was a good-natured man; nobody that had taken one glance at his honest, weather-beaten face, could dispute it. Likewise that he was a thorough tar, there was no mistaking, for everything about him had a nautical cut. His pea-jacket and wide-spreading trowsers, his sou'wester hat and earrings, were each indicative of the fact. He undoubtedly had had his share of hard knocks, and knew what roughing it meant. One of his legs was gone, and in its 'place there was a wooden one. When he walked you might hear that limb a respectable half-a-mile; and if he spoke you would know that it was no other individual in the world than Captain Pettifer, for his voice was modest rolling-thunder.

"Mister Jasper, this is my sister, Philothety. Philothety, this is Guild's mate. I hope I make yer acquainted."

The lady curtsied without blushing in the least. No!—Time, that striding skeleton which swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England primer, had waited on Philothety, had mercilessly woven her dimples into wrinkles, had sprinkled her hair with gray, had caused her sylph-like waist once computed in inches to be measured now in feet. But what signifies faded beauty, if goodness of heart and cheerfulness of youth remain? And the captain allers 'lowed that Sis was the best creeter living, and would have

made any likely chap a tip-top wife. No one in the Neighborhood ever thought of weathering through a gale of sickness without Philothety's nursing. Her services, and remedies, and herbs, were continually in demand.

Well, the cloth being laid, we all sat down to supper—a supper that did credit to Philothety—and the captain talked incessantly, directing his conversation now to Chum, now to me, to his sister or the children, for I must not forget to mention that little Ebb and Flo, with their faces washed and hair combed for the occasion, had edged their way into the room, and taken their places at the table. They were pretty children, and I was in a quandary all tea-time concerning their connection with the captain, for I saw at first glance that they were not his. But—never mind the story of these children, for a story they had, shall be told in due time.

"I s'pose yer've teached before, Mister Jasper?" asked the captain.

"Last winter."

"Wal, I guess yer'll have a pooty good school down here. Most all th' boys in these air parts take to larning like clams to th' mud. There's Eph Hodgekin's boy—lives in th' large house on th' hill—noticed it maybe?—he's been through everything, and can't be beat. I've heerd him box th' compass back'ards faster'n th' ole man can front'ays."

"A prodigy," said Chum.

"Yes, that's th' word fur him. Yer a good dictionary, Guild."

The old captain had got quite familiar with Chum during his short acquaintance. "I somehow tuck a likin' to him from th' fust," is the way he

expressed it to me. And it was nothing strange that he should, for there was that kindness and frankness about Richard Guild, which won most people who came in contact with him.

When we had finished our meal and Philothety had "cleared away," the captain replenished the fire with another log or two, and we drew around the hearth. That was the largest fireplace I ever saw, and I believe the fire was one of the pleasantest. The air was sharp and biting without, as the crystalized frost on the window panes showed, but we knew nothing of its chilliness within. Philothety had a huge skein of yarn which she proposed to wind into a ball, and so Chum volunteered to hold it for her. Little Flo sat herself down like a good housewife to knit, while Ebb busied himself in rigging a petit vessel. He said he meant to go to sea when he became a man, and sail in a large ship. Yes, the captain had promised him as much. He would like to take Flo with him, but, then, women didn't go to sea. If she was pretty good and minded Aunt Philothety, he thought he might possibly bring back to her a great many good things from somewhere.

The captain liked to hear the boy's prattle, and he listened to and watched him fondly while smoking his evening pipe.

"There's nothin' like it," he broke out at last, pushing the tobacco into his pipe and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "No; nothin' like it. I foun' that out these forty years' goin'."

"Like what, uncle John?" asked Ebb, pausing in his word.

"Why, like bein' young, ef course."

"O-h, I thought yer meant my ship."

"It's hard onto twenty years, Mister Jasper, sence I gin up th' sea."

I withdrew my eyes from Chum and Philothety, and paid attention.

"Yes," he continued, "hard onto twenty years, and a pooty dull time it's been sence then."

"Pshaw! John," said the sister, derisively, "yer ha'n't nohow satisfied with Providence."

"No, I ha'n't, Sis; and yer know it; and we've arg'er'd th' p'int a good many times, off and on."

This retort quieted Sis, and the captain sunk into silence again. The old-fashioned clock in the corner seemed to tick louder than ever. The large pot of stewing potatoes, which hung suspended in the fire-place by a hook, sputtered and fumed. The wind now and then whisked down the chimney, muttering inarticulately, at which the fire got angry and leaped and struggled furiously.

So we remained mute for some time—so long that Chum got uneasy, and dropped Philothety's yarn three or four times. He wanted to say something to break the silence. He coughed and tried to attract my attention. He said he really believed it must be getting deuced cold out.

Hereupon the captain aroused from his reverie and shot up a cloud of smoke out of his pipe that would have done credit to any small Vesuvius.

"A little nippin', no mistake, Guild. Yes, a little nippy, but nothin' to what I see on this air coast ten and fifteen years ago. Times are changin', and that's a fact. The winters here a'n't no longer as they used to be, somehow."

"You have lived in the Neighbor-

hood quite a while, I take it, captain?" interrogated Chum.

"Wal, pooty nigh a life time. Yer see my father owned th' hull ef th' Neighborhood once, and that's how it got its name. The ole man had trouble in England and come over th' pond to find a place fur himself and crew. And—wal, yes, it's allers been my opinion that th' Lord had a spite agin him and dropped him right down here on purpose."

Silence again. Philothety meditating.

"I reckon there's a heap ef tin in England belongin' to us ones ef we could only git a holt on it," said she, throwing a glance my way.

"And that's th' truth, Sis," replied the captain. "We're dev'lish rich, but our money's all tied up in th' Bank ef England."

Poor Philothety! I learned afterwards that this was one of her golden dreams, and that her sole object in life was to recover her father's lost property. Why is it that no one can be of English parentage without entertaining the delusion that they are heirs to an immense fortune somewhere in the old country? One would think that the whole of that little isle was inhabited by nothing less than millionaires, and that all their poor relatives were dispatched to America to proclaim the fact.

Philothety could talk better on this subject than on any other. Therefore, it was her constant theme. Chum gave me a terrible look when she began, for, as he afterwards informed me, he had heard that story seven times already, and it was more than the flesh could bear.

"I should say Deacon Purtett, our school agent, is an old inhabitant, too?" said Chum quickly, for the sake of changing the drift of the conversation.

"And yer right. Purtett and Pet-tifer are th' names that go together round here. Joe's one ef our double-fisted men. Double-fisted means, yer know, Guild, one ef us what's got th' tin salted down.

"Joe Purtett sailed with me th' fust voyage I ever made in th' Eliza Jane. I was only fifteen then and right smart, ef I do say it. Wal, Joe's at it still, and here am I, all stove up and lyin agroun' like. Tough trip, that up th' Medit'ranean. Ef it hadn't are been fur that air trip, I shouldn't have a splice in my leg, nor a reef in my fortune."

"How is that, captain?" asked Chum.

"It's somethin' I don't like to say much about, 'cause it kinder puts me out ef sorts when I think it all over; but ef yer really want to heer it, why, here goes."

The captain settled himself in his chair, rested his wooden leg in another, and then began:

"At th' time I'm tellin' bout I was sailin'-master aboard one ef th' pootiest clippers that ever set sail atween New York and Leghorn. Our business was th' wine and grape trade, and we were doin' pooty well, considerin'. We left Gibraltar on this trip under a fair wind, but somehow or other I was afeard somethin' would happen afore we drapped anchor agin—and it did. It happened, th' hull ef it, right atop ef *me*. Th' secon' day out th' sea was runnin' mighty mad like, and th' wind a howlin' and tarin' away like great

guns, so that it wasn't possible to stand 'thout holdin' onto somethin'. Amidships there was two strappin' water casks lashed with rotten ratlins; and as I was goin' for'ard as innocent as a new born babe, one of these infernal machines come tumblin' down whang-bang and pin'd me to th' deck.

"Th' next thing I knew I didn't know nothin', and that's sartin."

The captain took a few whiffs of his pipe and then continued.

"Yer see it was a little too much fur me, and I couldn't find myself till somebody went to slashin' and cuttin' away at my leg. This brought me round, and I knew they were amputatin' me. It come over me too suddent, and I swore in a way I'm afeared that'll keep me from standin' up alongside of Sis in Heaven and singin' psalms."

And here the captain cast a sidelong look at his sister. But the lady held her peace.

"There was a chap aboard ship called Jack Myrtle, who had a kind ef a doctor's license, or passport, or whatever yer call 'em, who knew what was what. Jack said th' leg must come eff, or I must go under. I said th' leg shouldn't come eff, nor I wouldn't go under. But what's th' use ef standin' out agin a head wind? Inflammation set in jest as Jack said 'twould, and th' most dreadfullest pains kept runnin' through me and burnin' me up.

"I dunno how 'twas, — I only know Jack was standin' nigh th' bunk, and then somethin' like sleep kind are come creepin' over me, and I forgot my pain, and forgot Jack, and forgot myself."

The old sailor's face became very grave and mysterious.

"Mister Jasper, Mister Guild," said

he, taking the pipe from his mouth and looking from one to the other, "I s'pose I — died," and then he paused to let his words take effect.

Little Ebb laid down his ship and permitted his under jaw to fall a number of degrees while he stared at the old man.

"Died!" whispered Flo, losing a stitch in her knitting. "Did uncle John ever die, aunt?" and she crept close to Philothety.

"Hush! little folks musn't ask questions," she replied, putting her arm around her.

The moment was a tragic one, certainly; but I was fearfully afraid Chum would laugh, in spite of his desperate effort not to.

"When I got back to this world agin," he went on, "I heerd somebody are sayin', 'Poor Jack, he's dead, sure enough!' Good God! 'twas a terrible moment when I heered I was dead. I tried to open my eyes; to lift my hands; to speak, but 'twas no go. I couldn't move a finger or an eyelasher. And agin th' awful feelin' got aboard ef me, and it seemed as ef I was on a mighty wave driftin' out to sea, with no one to give me a hand.

"I must have remained this way two or three days, fur when my sences laid too agin, I felt like ice. My body was cramped; I knew I was sewed in th' canvas and checked fer Davy Jones's locker.

"Th' men come and tuck me up on their shoulders, and h'isted me onto th' deck. Th' slide-plank was got ready, and then the canvas opened to put in the weights. I heered everythin' plainly, but I couldn't stir fer th' life ef me.

"Everythin' was ready, the mate was readin' out ef his Testament, and th' crew were standin' 'bout me; I knew that I should go overboard in five minutes, less I gin 'em a hint. I tried agin to speak but my tongue wouldn't wag. Jack Myrtle stooped down to sew me up fur good. His hand trembled so he couldn't hold onto th' needle. I knew it did. 'Oh, Jack, Jack,' he sang out, 'yer were all th' world to me — my only friend — God knows I meant to save yer life!'"

"Somehow his words struck th' right place and my blood commenced to come in on a flood tide. I opened my top-lights and passed a hand to Jack Myrtle. He's had my old heart ever sence."

Captain Pettifer knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it on the mantle.

"Th' clock's tickin' th' night away right fast," he said. "I'm goin' to turn in. Guild, I s'pose yer mate 'll sleep for'ard with yerself?"

The captain alway designated the different parts of the house by nautical terms.

Philothety put aside her yarn. Flo rubbed her eyes and awoke Ebb, who had fallen into a quiet doze, the door of the clock was opened and a hot brick placed within (for be it known that this clock was an ancient one and had lost the vigor of youth, and so needed to be kept warm during the chilly hours of night), and we lighted our candles, and said "good night."

Our room was the "spare one," which means in New England the chamber set apart, in the coldest corner of the house, for visitors; where the sunlight is never permitted to enter lest it may fade the carpet; where the best

furniture is arranged in apple-pie order ; where the bed, arrayed in the very whitest of counterpanes, looks rigidly solemn.

There was a frame of family pictures, old daguerreotypes, hanging over a very antique bureau. Here one could see how the old captain had looked when a young man, and what lovely ringlets Philothety had shed. I think there were nine in all, and, as I was afterward informed, one was the captain's wife, who had died long ago, and another the baby, and the third the same matured, who had gone to Californy and never been heard from. And grandpa and grandma had found a place among the group. Likewise Uncle 'Zek'el, and sister Mary Ann, who lived in Illinoy.

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!"

Chum drawled out, throwing himself into bed. "Come, Sid, douse

that sweet-smelling taper, and hie thee to bed."

I was looking out of the window. The beach was only a few rods down from the house. The great lamp of the light-house at the Point shone brilliantly, but there was something besides that attracted my attention. I thought I saw somebody cross the little garden patch and steal stealthily along to a mound of earth a short distance beyond.

"There's a man out here acting mysteriously," I said.

"Oh, it is only Uncle Davy Grier going to the grave," replied Chum.

"The grave! What grave?"

"Why, there's a grave out there with a big wooden tombstone, and Uncle Davy Grier is a personage who dwells in a wing of this house, and the captain don't like to say much about him. You'll see the old fossil in the morning, so don't ask any more questions."

THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

WEARY and late, I seek a cooling fountain
 To quench my thirst before the darkness falls;
 And down the lane that dwindles to the mountain,
 A distant murmur of glad waters calls.

Yet as I go, the sound recedes before me;
 I still advance and still the sound recedes,
 And now I find a swaying forest o'er me—
 A swaying forest grown with tangled weeds.

Dark night descends—dark night, with sable tresses
 Sweeping the brightness from the evening sun;
 Silent and still, the deepening shade expresses
 God's proclamation that the day is done.

The breezes blow and daintily deceive me
 With whispered hopes that now the fount is near;
 But search is vain until the shadows leave me
 And God commands the morn to reappear.

So walks my soul in doubt and darkness ever,
 E'er since—those glad days of my happy youth!—
 I climbed the hill of thought with rude endeavor,
 And caught a glimpse of some eternal truth.

I saw it far o'er many a field and river,
 Distant and faint, a steady ray of light;
 Yet as I moved, forever and forever
 It shrank away and mingled with the night.

And while I sought, all eager, to discover
 Where once again the light of Truth should rise,
 Rude Error's fireflies soon began to hover
 Around my path, and cheat my aching eyes.

—'Tis ever thus. Our souls return unsated
 From many a long and labor-burdened guest;
 Yet let us wait and glory to have waited,
 Since God appoints it and His ways are best.

There bides a day,—'t is on the hills before us—
 Those hills we all so wearily must climb,
 When we, with Truth's own splendor streaming o'er us,
 Shall read her record in the Book of Time.

THE NOVEL IN SOCIETY.

WORKS of fiction, ranging all the way from "Ivanhoe" and "Wilfrid Cumbermede" down to the dross and drivel of the ten-cent publications, are broadcast through society.

We find them on the shelves of every library, in public places and private homes, in the hands of old and young. Whatever may be the number of worthy publications of this class, they are, perhaps, outnumbered by the unworthy; and while the mission of the true novelist, as of the true poet, is to do good, it is a fact sufficiently evident, that at the present day, novels, on the whole, are productive of a great amount of evil, especially in the minds of the young.

Alarmed by this, there are some would-be reformers, who, actuated more by their feelings than by reason, embrace under one sweeping condemnation, almost the whole class of fictitious writings, the good with the bad, and advocate an abstinence from reading them, which is well-nigh total. We, however, cannot join in this well-meant condemnation of one of the most essential and noblest parts of literature. We cannot deny that the evil is great; we know that multitudes of the young are, by habitual and exclusive devotion to novels, corrupting the imagination, dwarfing the reason, and cultivating a low literary taste that will cling hurtfully to them through life, but at the same time, we do not believe that the way to overcome this evil is to condemn all novel-reading. Before we do this, let us forbid the importation of any opium into this

country, because of the widely prevalent evil of opium-eating. And let us prepare to condemn everything which, designed to administer only to our welfare, may, by abuse, be made to do us injury.

The evils attendant upon the reading of novels result from a too constant, exclusive, and indiscriminate devotion to them. We need not, and ought not, abstain from all novel-reading, in order to avoid the evils of too much novel-reading. Let those young persons of both sexes, who habitually pore over fashionable and exciting novels by daylight, and twilight, and even at midnight, with flushed cheeks and tired eyes, little thinking how much they may be injuring themselves,—let them read far less, and only at seasonable hours; let them read poetry, history, travels and miscellaneous essays, besides novels, and above all, let them be careful to read only such works of fiction as are commended by the best critics and advisers, avoiding with care those sickly, sentimental, sensational works which really do all the mischief, and, we are convinced, the evils of novel-reading will exist only in name. Let every reader, whether young or old, in the selection and reading of novels, as in other things, have moderation, discretion, in short—common sense; and the great reform, so desirable, so much needed, is already accomplished.

The prevalence and popularity of the novel, however remarkable, cannot be said to distinguish the age. The passion for stories, truthful and fictitious,

displayed by the world to-day, is no new thing under the sun; and those who are fond of calling this the story-loving age, should remember two facts: first, that this is eminently an age of profound thought, energetic action and rapid progress; and second, that there have been other ages heretofore, as story-loving, to say the least, as our own.

Ask the student of history to point to a single period in all the past, that has not been fond of stories and produced them in abundance. The oldest book in the world is full of marvelous stories. The writings of all the great religious teachers of man, of Confucius, Gotama, Zoroaster, the founders of Christianity, and Mahomet, abound in the narration of real and imaginary occurrences, designed, however, to instruct rather than amuse.

The earliest literature of all nations is composed chiefly of weird, romantic legends and tales, preserved for the most part in rhythmic form. The great mass of Indian and Asiatic literature is mainly made up of beautiful and wonderful stories. Homer has been called the prince of story-tellers. The literature of Greece and Rome is full of the adventures and deeds of gods and heroes. An abundance of such works as "The Marvels of the World," "The Seven Sages," and the "Gesta Romanorum," is found in the early literature of England; and, during those centuries known as the Middle Ages, when learning was mainly limited to the ecclesiastics and the schoolmen, the popular literature of Europe was fully represented by the romance of the northern minstrel and the song of the troubadour.

It is only in times comparatively recent that even history has become more than a mere chronicle, not always the most reliable, of the deeds of kings and heroes. In this so-called story-loving age of ours, a history must be something more than a mere narrative of occurrences, however thrilling, to win the approval of thoughtful readers. In the great poems of the world also, the tendency has been away from the narrative and the sensational. Compare, for instance, the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, the great works of Tasso, Boccaccio, Ariosto and Dante, of Chaucer and Spencer, with the "Paradise Lost," the "Excursion" and "Childe Harold."

Thus we see that even a hurried glance at the literature of the past reveals the fact that previous ages have been, to say the least, as fond of stories as our own. We could not reasonably expect to find it otherwise. Love of the novel, the entertaining, belongs to human nature itself. This fondness for stories belongs to man as an emotional and sympathetic being. The world's early interest in traditions and legends wild and weird, is as easily understood, and accounted for, as a child's delight in the story of Jack, the Giant Killer, and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. And this prevalent interest in fiction to-day, this love for romances of real or unreal life, is the same passion or desire which once called into existence "that immense body of folk-lore, or verbal literature, which belongs to no realm or race, but which antedates the oldest Sagas and Scriptures." The interest in legend and fiction is peculiar to no people or age; it belongs to all; known and felt in the early days of

man, it will know no dying "until the eternal doom shall be."

We think it has not been too strongly asserted by a late writer, that novels are an indispensable element in our civilization. They certainly are necessary to a complete national literature. They are often invaluable as a complement of historical works. The *Waverly Novels*, for instance, are worthy of an honorable place on the shelves of any library, for the vivid and natural pictures they give us of the past, of private homes and the market places, no less than of courts and gallant armies; for the information which they give us of the common people, their character and condition, their customs, their dress, their speech; all those things which historians usually pass over in silence, but which are necessary to a full and just conception of any period of history.

The novel is in literature what the social element is in man, and it is no less indispensable. It is more intimately associated with the affections, the sympathies, and the actions of men than any other form of literature. It most emphatically belongs to what De Quincey calls the literature of power, though it is by no means excluded from the literature of knowledge.

No book so stirs and influences the reader as a well-wrought fiction; and in no other way can the vices and follies of society and of individuals be set forth and satirized with such power and effect as in the pages of the novel. In the hands of a master it has been one of the most potent agents of reform.

"Don Quixote" did what perhaps nothing else could have done towards the vitiated literary taste of Spain at

the beginning of the seventeenth century. What a lesson of human folly and insignificance is taught in the wit and satire of "*Gulliver's Travels*."

Nothing in literature has been a greater stumbling block in the pathway of Jesuitism than "*The Wandering Jew*." A novel by Charles Dickens secured the removal from power of an unjust and tyrannical judge, when remonstrance and petition had alike failed. That infamous coalition, the Trades' Union, staggered at a well-aimed blow from the pen of Charles Reade. Who can estimate the good influence of Thackeray's satires upon the vices and follies of fashionable life; and who can tell how much was done toward bringing about the emancipation of a race by the writing of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*?"

It could not have been works like these which Thoreau had in mind when he said, "I never read novels; they have so little real life and thought in them." Such books have been and are a power for good in the world, and though every work of fiction may not rank with them in excellence, yet so far as a novel is worthy in thought, able in expression, and wholesome in its influence, it merits a place in the current literature of the age.

Many of our leading religious teachers, such as Beecher, Edward Egglestone, and E. E. Hale, are beginning to reveal their conviction that there are a good many minds which must be taught and influenced through the imagination, and, by their own handiwork have placed their seal of approval upon the novel as a means of moral and religious reform.

But novels, we regret to say, are not

an unmixed blessing; all story-writers are not genuine benefactors. The majority of novels, it is to be feared, are either positively injurious, or of very questionable utility, and are therefore unfit for publication. And yet they find ready publishers and hosts of readers. These are the works which induce all the evils of novel-reading, awaken prejudices against all works of fiction, and provoke hasty condemnation of the good with the bad. Now, the duty of all that are interested in the formation of a complete national literature, and the prevalence of sound morality in this country, is neither to cherish any unwise and foolish prejudice against one of the most essential parts of literature, nor to be totally indifferent as to the character of the novels which are most read and admired, but simply to learn to distinguish carefully between worthy and unworthy publications, and to give to the former the praise, and to the latter the censure, which they deserve.

The fictitious writings of to-day may be divided into three classes; the first including all that are positively beneficial, the second all that are positively pernicious, and the third all that are of doubtful worth. The welfare of society demands the existence of only the first of these classes. All novels, then, which we feel to be truthful in their influence, or about whose influence there is reason for doubt, should be condemned at once as unworthy of perusal and favor.

Prominent among all questions of reform, should be this of reform in popular literature. It is doubtless correct, however, to consider the relation of literature to society to be that of effect

to cause. The condition of society determines the character of its literature; the latter may be looked upon, to a certain extent, as an expression or portraiture of the former. In general then, it is well said that in order to purify and reform a corrupt literature, it is necessary first to purify and reform the society which has produced that literature. Yet we must remember that although a literature is primarily a passive creation, it is far from being merely this. Imbued with the genius of its authors, it becomes a living agent, and acting reflectively upon society it tends to strengthen and extend the peculiar influences which, operating upon its writers, gave it existence. Does it not seem wise, then, in attempting a social reform, to attack, and denounce, and strive to suppress corrupt publications? Unless this be done, a most subtle and powerful evil is left almost undisturbed, to work in opposition to the progress of new and better ideas. To reform a corrupt age it is necessary to mingle with positive teachings and fervent pleas unsparing denunciation of the various forms of vice, and among these, an unwholesome, pestilential literature. During the years of Cromwell's power, the Puritans, in their efforts to remodel society, were severely intolerant of anything approaching levity, and even of whatever was designed to instruct, if, at the same time it served to amuse, whether in social customs or in literature; and later, when the yet pure in heart strove to rescue England from the moral rottenness of the times of Charles II., they rebuked the gross indecencies of the drama, and the shameful immorality of the novel. Reformers of to-

day will do well if they keep these examples in mind, and if, moreover, in their demands for a yet purer and worthier literature, they condemn not only the moral and literary looseness of the Restoration, but also the extreme asceticism and intolerance of the Commonwealth.

It will be a happy time for our country when our literature shall fully present the golden mean between these two extremes. That the time is coming when it will do so, we may do more than hope, we may almost believe. Some progress has already been made, and although the end to be reached is yet a great way off, there is advancement towards it from year to year. Many things seem to indicate this. The next few years are to be years of reform and progress. The age is growing more intelligent and thoughtful. The popular taste for literature is becoming higher and purer. A better order of journalism is growing up. The best works of the best

writers, of this and previous generations, are being more freely circulated, and more generally read, than heretofore. Works of fiction, which are more extensively read than any other, are gradually acquiring a superior tone. "Horroristic" novels are on the decline, being supplanted by those which are more probable, natural and healthful.

If all who read, and all who have any control over the reading of others, in our country, will uphold and extend the fame of such novels as, being ably conceived and expressed, present wholesome and instructive views of life, and are full of noble incentives; and, at the same time, will do all in their power to destroy the popularity, and even the existence, of such as administer to a depraved taste, however smoothly and eloquently written, we cannot doubt that we shall speedily behold the sunrise, succeeding the present dawn, of a most glorious day for American fiction.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

I.

OF the many places of interest in and about Paris, which attract the traveler from a foreign land, there are few, if any, more interesting than l'Église des Invalides—the Church of the Invalids—where rest the ashes of the first Napoleon. Having visited this several times, it may be interesting to read a description of it, imperfect though it must necessarily be.

The Hotel des Invalides is situated upon the south side of the Seine, a little farther down the river than the edifice of the Corps Legislatif. Like most of the public buildings of Paris, it has an ample ground and a fine location. In front, stretching away to the river, is a large terrace, or esplanade, about a quarter of a mile in length by an eighth in width. The sides, to the dis-

tance of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, having been planted with trees in 1750 and 1818, are now well grown, and add not a little to the beauty of the Common.

The hotel, upon this front, is six hundred and twenty-five feet in length, four stories high, has three grand entrances, and abounds in columns, in statues of bronze and marble, representing Peace, War, Time, Study, and is surrounded with military trophies in great number.

Under the reign of Henry IV., in 1596, an Asylum for Invalids was formed in an old convent in the Faubourg St. Marcel. Louis XIII. removed this institution to Bicêtre, and under Louis XIV. the foundations of the present edifice were laid. The whole now covers twenty-eight acres of ground, enclosing fifteen courts. The government of the establishment is admirable. All soldiers actually disabled by their wounds, or who have served twenty years and obtained a pension, are entitled to the privileges of the Institution. About twelve hundred, I believe, including officers, are there at present. The hotel will accommodate five thousand. There are still about nine hundred left of the soldiers of the first Empire, and a few of the Republic.

Just in front of this large building are little parks and miniature gardens, beautifully laid out; and skirting the whole, resting upon the border of the immediate court, are a quantity of large guns taken in battle, consisting of cannon, howitzers and mortars, some of which are remarkable for their finish. Austria, Prussia, Russia, Holland, China and Algeria, contributed their share, and each of these old thunderers

would tell a stirring tale if it could speak. But I must not stop to say more of the hotel directly, for it is the church I wish to write of now.

Approaching the Invalides from the north, from the Seine, the church lies back, or upon the south side, of the hotel. Outwardly it is a magnificent structure, and was built by the famous architect, Mansard, and finished in 1706. The body of the church, one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, is nearly square in form, two stories high, with two principal fronts, a northern and a southern one. The latter has two rows of columns corresponding to its two stories. The lower are of the Doric order and the upper of the Corinthian. Upon each side of the circular flight of steps leading up to the southern entrance of the church, in niches, are placed colossal statues of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and allegorical figures are placed in front of the pilasters of the upper story.

It is absolutely impossible for me to give anything like a complete and accurate account of the external appearance of this or of any of the marvelous monuments of Paris, simply for the reason that there is so much to be described. The buildings are always mammoth in their proportions, and scarcely a square foot of their surface is plain, but the whole carved and ornamented in all possible ways, and so presenting a richness of architecture that at once fascinates and bewilders, at least, an inexperienced traveler.

Pardon this digression, and let us come back to our description. Above the upper story and rising out of the central roof, is the drum, surrounded by forty coupled columns; then comes an

attic, or second partition, adorned with twelve arched windows, and above this towers the dome proper, surmounted with a lantern, spire, globe and cross, reaching in all a height of three hundred feet. This dome and its spire are one of the most beautiful things in Paris, to my eye. Twelve gilt ribs divide its surface into so many compartments, each adorned with trophies, arms and various devices, also gilt, and the entire spire and its accompaniments rising out of the dome are one solid blaze of gilt, which glistens like the purest gold, and being at such an immense height, so symmetrical in proportions, and so grand in size, it can be seen in its splendor for miles away. Viewed from St. Cloud, Montmartre, Père la Chaise, or some other of the high hills which overlook Paris, it is a strangely beautiful sight; especially when the western sun sheds its mellow rays athwart the sky, and kisses its golden crown. But, if outwardly this church is wonderful, within it is, if possible, still more striking to the visitor. Let us enter at the southern door. The plan of the interior is this: It is really divided into two distinct apartments, the entrance from one to the other being through a lofty, arched portal, closed by an iron gate, above and back of which is an immense curtain of drapery. Within this second apartment the services of the church are held, and the military mass performed every Sabbath by the veterans of the hotel. But it is the first, or outer division of the church, which particularly interests us now. Its general form is circular. The nave and the transept make an exact cross,

each of the arms being equal in length, and extending in the direction of the four cardinal points. Between these are four circular chapels, each having three lofty arched entrances, one facing the centre of the church. In the centre, directly beneath the dome, is the tomb of Napoleon, which we will describe farther on. Over the entrances to the chapels are bas-reliefs, illustrating events in the life of St. Louis.

The first chapel, at the right as we enter the church, which is called the chapel of St. Augustin, is painted above with scenes from the life of that saint. In the centre of this chapel stands the tomb of King Joseph of Spain, eldest brother of Napoleon I. It is a sarcophagus of black-and-white marble, perhaps eight feet in length and four in height, resting upon a block of Alpine marble, of a greenish-black hue. This black-and-white marble, of which there is a large amount employed in this church, especially about the High Altar, is pretty, and peculiarly suited to funereal uses. It was recently discovered at the foot of the Pyrenees, and is such as the Romans used to transport from Africa. I can hardly describe it, but if we were to imagine a piece of Castile soap, in which the light veins had a snowy whiteness and the red ground-work an ebony blackness, and the whole wearing a polish equal in smoothness and luster to that of glass, we should have not far from a true conception of the reality.

Between the first and second chapel, at the end of the eastern arm of the transept, is the monument of the celebrated warrior, Vauban. This is a black marble sarcophagus, upon which

the figure of Vauban reclining, is sculptured, with the statues of Genius and Prudence standing beside the hero, while behind is an obelisk bearing his arms and surrounded by trophies. Next, we enter the second chapel, the chapel of St. Ambrose, the oval ceiling of which is painted with scenes representing events in his life. Next, we have the High Altar at the northern end of the nave, directly opposite to the door by which we entered. Ten steps of white marble lead up to it. Its table and entire base are of the beautiful black-and-white marble, with a sprinkling of Alpine green, and four spiral columns, three feet in diameter and twenty-three feet in height, of the former material, with their pediments and capitals exquisitely gilded, support a rich and massive canopy, also profusely gilt. Beneath this canopy is the form of the Saviour, cut in white marble, nearly life size, nailed to a bronze cross, as in Catholic churches of Paris generally. The snowy whiteness of the altar steps, the sombre hue of its winding pillars, and its massive base, and the golden splendor of the canopy and appurtenances, are peculiarly striking.

The third chapel, ornamented with bas-reliefs and sculptures, contains paintings illustrative of the life of St. Gregory. Passing now to the western arm of the transept, we find a monument to Turenne, who is represented as expiring in the arms of Immortality, with the frightened eagle of the German Empire at his feet. The fourth chapel, the chapel of St. Jerome, has paintings of incidents in his life. Here is also the tomb of King Jerome, which is, as

the others, a black-and-white marble sarcophagus, upon which rests a statue of the King. Behind an altar, in this chapel, is a small sarcophagus containing the heart of the Queen of Westphalia, and also another monument, like that of the King, containing the remains of the young Prince Jerome.

We have now passed entirely around the church and back to the entrance. Let us now look upward and view the interior of the lofty dome. It rests upon four main arches, which form one of the three entrances to each of the chapels, and between these arches, upon the lower surface of the drum, are paintings of the four Evangelists. Next above are twelve medallions, portraits of Clovis, Dagobert, Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, Louis-le-Debonnaire, Charles-le-Chauve, Philip Augustus, St. Louis, Louis XII., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Next above, between the twelve arched windows of the drum, are twelve paintings representing the apostles, which must be at least fifteen feet, as they appear, at their great elevation, to be of life size. High above all, upon the ceiling of the dome, is a picture fifty feet in diameter, containing thirty colossal figures. The painting represents St. Louis presenting his sword to Jesus, surrounded by angels; and it is so high that although fifteen feet in diameter, it does not appear to be more than one-third of that.

The ceiling above the High Altar represents the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Trinity, surrounded by angels. All of these paintings are richly colored, and considering the difficulty of

the subject treated, are certainly masterpieces.

Another, and the principal object of interest here, remains to be described. We have passed around upon the border of the circle, and its central portion remains unvisited. Upon entering the church we see, directly beneath the dome, and before us, rising from the pavement, a circular wall of white marble, about four feet high and eighteen inches thick, enclosing a diameter of fifty feet. We approach and find many a visitor there, standing with uncovered head and in thoughtful gaze, peering down at something within. Let us, too, look from the snowy wall. Ah! there sleeps the great Napoleon, Leaning upon that marble barrier, what a place for meditation! What a world of tumultuous thoughts comes rushing on! How vividly memory retouches here the fading tints of her historic canvas, stretching from Corsica to St. Helena, lone isle of the sea, where once

"He" who now "sleeps his last sleep,
And won his last battle,"

lived a chained monarch, pining in untold agony, and died a thousand deaths. Yes, right here rests all that is earthly of him, who, beginning his marvelous career in this very city, unfolded day by day a genius which the world has seldom seen; who tossed aside rulers, kingdoms and empires as toys, and at last succumbed only to all Europe allied.

The marble wall of which we spoke encloses a circular crypt, or chamber, about fifteen feet in depth, the pavement of which is decorated with a wreath of laurels in mosaic, within

which is a circle of dark marble bearing the names of eight of Napoleon's principal victories, while without the wreath is a rich orange-colored marble, branching off in starry points. Under the sides of the chamber, and supporting the marble railing above, are twelve colossal white marble statues of angels in female form, each with wreaths in her hand, and representing victories. In the centre is Napoleon's tomb. It is an immense monolith of porphyry, weighing one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and was brought from Finland. This granite is extremely hard, of fine grain, of a reddish color, very similar to that of coral, and was polished by steam power, manual labor being insufficient. In length this sarcophagus is thirteen feet, six broad, and about the same number in depth. The body is formed like an ordinary casket, the sides flaring a little, and the lid resting upon it, having a curved upper surface, hollowed in the middle and resembling a scroll at the ends. Upon this lid beautiful bouquets and garlands are placed daily. The sarcophagus rests upon two pedestals of porphyry, and these upon two blocks of green granite, one placed above the other. To the top of the tomb from the pavement is thirteen and one-half feet. Within this are three other distinct coffins, those of cedar and lead brought from St. Helena, and one of mineral substance, called *algaila*, brought from Corsica. The crypt is provided with twelve bronze lamps, copied from terra-cotta models found in Pompeii, and its side walls are ornamented with ten large white marble bas-reliefs, allegorical in their repre-

sentations. Admittance to the crypt is gained through an entrance opening back of the High Altar, and passing beneath it. A little to the right, and left of the entrance, are the tombs of Generals Bertrand and Duroc, the former of whom after having been with the Emperor through almost his whole career, followed him to Elba and then to St. Helena, to share his exile and his sorrows; and the latter, whom Napoleon loved as a brother, and who fell

in Silesia in 1813. Two huge bronze statues, one representing civil and the other military power, holding cushions bearing the imperial crown and sceptre, guard the entrance. The door is of bronze, and above it, upon a black marble slab, are the following words, quoted from the Emperor's will:—

“Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Francais que j'ai tant aimé.”

THE MAN WITH A REPUTATION.

IT matters not what year or what month the events to be related herein, took place, suffice it to say, that “once upon a time,” having become wearied of home, I started on a ramble through False street, which is the principal avenue in Vanity Fair.

The buildings here are quaint and old-fashioned, for they were erected soon after the “creation,” and, perchance Adam and Eve, after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, may have found shelter in one of them. Their occupants are transient, and it is said that people soon become tired of the place. Nevertheless, as I glanced at the throng about me, it seemed as though all Christendom was hurrying along the street.

It is not my purpose to describe False street, or its inhabitants, for such would be a fruitless attempt, but a certain character whom I observed in the motley crowd. His countenance was that of a decrepit old man, some sixty-

five or seventy years of age—a countenance which at once arrested and absorbed my whole attention, for the history of a life's struggle and despair seemed to be written there.

He was tall in stature, but very thin. His dress was that which is called shabby-genteel. “I will follow this man,” I said to myself, “and endeavor to know more of him.”

For half an hour the old man held his way along the crowded thoroughfare, then a change in his demeanor became evident. He walked more slowly and more hesitatingly, looking up inquiringly at the flashy signs over the shop doors, until at last his eyes seemed to rest on the one desired. The name was, “Miss Fleeting Fame,” and in the store window there was a gorgeous placard with the words, “Reputations of all Kinds,” engraved upon it.

He entered.

The interior of the shop presented

a view of the strangest aspect. Upon the walls hung portraits of those unto whom Miss Fame had, in years past, sold her choicest articles. There were Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and a hundred others represented in rainbow colors. Here and there, scattered about the room, were relics of antiquity. There were diseased ambitions and shattered hopes, arranged in a glass case, marked, "curiosities."

Then, at the back end of the store was the laboratory where Miss Fame manufactured reputations. The fire in the furnace burned bright, and threw out a warmth that kindled the blood in one's veins to a feverish heat. Near by were deposited glass jars filled with gasses used in the various compounds. One of these vessels was labelled, "Explosive gas—for sensational reputations," another, "Harmless gas—prepared for College Commencements," *et cetera*. Placed on a counter which extended from front to rear, was a large show case that contained the wares for sale. Behind this, stood the proprietress, Miss Fame. Her countenance was beautiful in every lineament; her figure perfect symmetry, and her manner enticing.

After taking a hurried glance around him, the old man advanced timidly towards her.

"Good morning, Mr. Ambition!" said she, proffering her hand.

"What!" exclaimed he, retreating a step, "you know my name?"

"Oh, yes," she replied with a little laugh, "your resemblance to the Ambition family is quite striking, and they are my constant visitors."

"Ah! yes, my relation—I've heard my uncle, Unlimited Ambition, speak of this place when I was a boy," and he glanced down into the show case. Reputations for statesmen, philosophers, warriors, authors, artists, and in fact, every conceivable kind of reputation known to the world, were lying there in wait for purchasers.

"You want one of my jewels?" asked Miss Fame, smiling in a bewitching manner.

The old man looked around to see if any one was observing him, and then whispered something in her ear. She nodded, and opening the aforesaid show case, presented to him a glittering bawble—a reputation. He took it nervously in his hand and examined it carefully for some moments.

"There seems to be a little flaw here," said he, holding it up for her inspection.

"The gilding is worn a little, but I can burnish that over so it will be perfect."

"The price is enormous!" said he, looking at the trade-mark.

"But the article is invaluable!"

"Yes, yes, I have struggled all my lifetime to obtain it," and he handed her the required sum.

This purchase money was composed of drafts upon the Banks of Labor, Passion, Conscience, and Avarice.

With trembling hand the old man seized the reputation, and placing it in an inside pocket, next to his heart, buttoned up his coat, and hurried down the street. Again I followed, close behind him, and once, while jostled by the crowd, I found myself at his elbow. His mien was altered,

and his eyes now shone with a new lustre. There seemed to be some wild emotion struggling in his breast.

He urged his way steadily and perseveringly through the crowd for some distance, when suddenly there seemed to be a commotion among the people. Some would stop and look back after him with wonder, as he passed along, others with knowing looks whispered to their neighbors, and a few even moved from the sidewalk, to make room.

"They know," thought I, "that the Goddess Fame has smiled upon him."

At one of the street corners the old man halted, and a friend saluted him familiarly.

"So you have obtained it at last?"

"Yes."

"At a great price?"

"Fifty years' hard labor."

"And is this reputation worth so much?"

"This is what perplexes me. I fear I have been duped. It will cost me as much trouble to keep my reputation as it did to obtain it."

Here they were interrupted by a little man, dressed in black, who, taking Mr. Ambition's arm, drew him aside.

"My dear Mr. Ambition," said he, "I wish to negotiate with you for your next prose work. What say you to a thousand for the copyright?"

"Well, really, Mr. —, Mr. —."

"Mr. Ketchem," said the little man, bobbing his head and smiling. "Ketchem & Cheatem, Printing House Square."

"Ah! yes, Mr. Ketchem," and the old man began to grow dignified. "I can't say, I have not —."

"I'll give you double that amount!" exclaimed a second party, coming up in haste, and quite out of breath.

"And I'll treble it!" cried another, hurrying across the street.

It was evident now that Mr. Ambition had purchased a literary reputation, and these gentlemen were publishers. In a few moments the crowd had collected to a vast number; the bids were running high, and the excitement was becoming intense.

In the midst of this great auction, the old man stood quiet and serene, waiting to "knock himself down" to the man with the longest purse. Over his face played a smile of triumph, for now surely his reputation would yield him ample reward for all past suffering and obscurity. But, lo! in an instant every voice was hushed, and a calm rested over the multitude, while every eye was directed to the lower end of the street. There, drawn up in battle array, was a band of literary warriors — critics! their muscles knotted for the conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle on their brows.

The command, "forward!" rang out upon the startled air.

"Up the street came the rebel tread;"
The N. A. Review riding ahead.

With one glance, the old man perceiving this great general, saw his fate, and prepared to face the enemy, and die like a hero. His friends shrunk away in terror, and the populace fell back with awe as the warriors drew near. Then there was a brief halt, and the critics drew their mighty quill daggers, after which the order to "charge," was given. One desperate struggle — and all was over. Ambi-

tion lay writhing in his blood—gasping—dying.

The sight made me sick at heart, and, turning away, I ran with incredible swiftness down a crooked street, which led from the neighborhood—

the whirlpool that engulfs all who enter its bounds; the kingdom of Fleet-ing Fame and Prince Ambition. I returned to my peaceful fireside, where since I have been contented to remain.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., *Manager.*

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WHEN these lines reach the reader, everything will wear, or seem to wear, a New Year's guise. The old year will be gone, and with it the last faint echo of the merry Christmas bells. It will be the time to "Let the dead past bury its dead," to form new projects, kindle new hopes and aspirations, achieve bright successes, and, in a word, be thoroughly happy. There will be delightful winter evenings when the curtains are drawn and the lamps lighted, and the cheerful, crackling fire leaps, and flickers, and dances as if in very joy at dispelling Jack Frost and casting a ruddy glow on all about it.

Such a season will it be, reader, when we come to your notice for the first time; and we feel very good natured about it, and accordingly make our politest bow, and wish you the happiest, merriest year in your life. And it is our desire to be on terms of good-fellowship with you during the coming months, and to lay before you our choicest sheaves for your amusement and entertainment. For we believe there is a place for us at your fireside, and our only anxiety is that we should fill it in a manner that will make our company agreeable.

The publication of a magazine in connection with the college has long been agitated, and now that it is under-

taken we hope the enterprise will be seconded by all that are friendly to BATES and the cause of education and culture. We make no beggar's plea; we ask no charitable donation; we do not even ask to be saved from possible financial disaster. All we ask—and we do it modestly and deferentially—is *a large list of paying subscribers*. This is what we want, what we hope to deserve, and what we mean to have—only this and nothing less.

The conductors of the STUDENT do not propose to confine its pages to any particular clique of undergraduates, but they cordially invite all who may desire to contribute to it; so that for each month nothing but a first class selection may go to press.

What we desire is to open a field and work for all willing hands, to make the STUDENT a magazine that shall take rank with the best of college publications and reflect credit upon our *alma mater*. That the alumni will feel an interest in our success, and that each and all will come forward to our aid, we feel confident.

To our sister colleges we acknowledge that BATES is comparatively young in years, that it does not as yet bear antiquity's stamp, nor boast of a long line of graduates, but we do it with no feeling of shame—nay, we even take pride in admitting our youth and in

looking forward to the promise of our maturity.

With these few plain words we ask you to accept us into your society for what we are, and not to stand upon the order of our ancestors, or our aristocratic acquaintances, or our rich connections.

—The winter vacation is a luxury peculiar to student life. The business man takes his summer journey to the mountains or the sea shore, and returns to his counting room for another year; but the college student enjoys the additional luxury of a long vacation in winter. It may be questioned whether, as a luxury, the winter vacation is not generally a failure, but, at any rate, it is a reality, and so cannot be avoided. It means to the college student in general, and to the Maine college student in particular, a change from making recitations to hearing them—from the college chapel to the country school-house.

At the close of the fall term the Freshman packs his trunk with a tremble of anxiety, as he looks forward to the new work upon which he is about to enter; the Sophomore, thankful for having survived one winter vacation, has shadowy hopes of living through the next; while Juniors and Seniors look down upon these amateurs with all the dignity of professionals, complaining, however, that the art of school teaching has sadly degenerated since their time. Even the taciturn Pillkins waxes eloquent on this theme. "If," says he, "the Freshmen dread winter vacations now, pshaw! they ought to have taught school when I

was a Freshman. It was quite a different thing, I assure you—quite a different thing. Oh, the art of teaching has sadly degenerated since then, sadly degenerated!"

And Freshmen, listening with open-mouthed wonder, are glad that the art of teaching has degenerated.

For weeks before the winter vacation begins, nice points of grammar are discussed at the tables, and the professors are harassed with innumerable questions, never before propounded. In short, the importance of winter vacations lies as much in their anticipation as in their reality. It would be useless labor to enumerate all the little cares and vexations to which the country school-teacher is subject. The subject himself, if he is an honest man, keeps them locked closely in his own breast.

In this way the winter vacation becomes a test of character. Among college students, if a Freshman never mentions his first term of teaching, he is set down as thoroughly honest.

—It is one of the hardest things in the world to improve spare time. There are a few twenty-two hour working seamstresses, and such like, who have no spare time. With such exceptions in view we make the general statement that all men have more or less leisure. Here we find that we have exposed ourselves to blows from every side. "Spare time," cries the angry mechanic, "spare time! Up at five, breakfast at half-past five, then hurry away to work my ten hours; don't talk to me of spare time."

"Spare time!" growls the merchant,

as he points to a huge pile of letters and his ledger, "I have none." "Spare time?" asks the lawyer, looking gloomily at the documents scattered around him, "here are my briefs to write, witnesses to hunt up, pleas to make, letters without number to answer—plenty of spare time I have!" "Spare time!" exclaims the student, as he rests his aching head upon his hand, and gazes half dreamily, half thoughtfully at us, "spare time is something I have yet to learn the meaning of," and he turns again to his books.

So it is the world over. Everyone thinks that he of all men has the most to do. Each speaks complacently of what he has done and is doing, and looks upon one who speaks to him of spare time as a fool or a madman.

"There is a man who can improve his leisure time as he likes," says the laborer, as the millionaire rides by in his splendid equipage.

Perchance at that very moment the millionaire turns to his wife and remarks, "What a pity it is that these laborers will not improve their spare time in disciplining their minds, and thus confer a blessing not only upon themselves, but also upon the communities in which they live. All they have to do is to work eight or ten hours a day, and draw their pay at the end of the week. They have no business cares, such as I have, to worry them by day and torment them by night."

Everyone thinks that all except himself have spare time; therefore, let each one, in this as in all other matters, mind his own business. While, then, these long, bleak winter evenings hold out such inviting opportunities for

improvement, let us see that they are not neglected. Of course we shall offer no suggestions, nor presume to lay down any rules for improving spare time. To one fully alive to the importance of improving leisure moments, there will be no trouble about the means.

—Now that the weather forbids, to some extent, out-door sports, college gymnasiums will be more than ever frequented. None stand more in need of exercise than do students. Think not that we are about to torture you with any extended remarks on the importance of exercise, that is too hackneyed a theme. We only wish to call your attention for a moment to the matter of college gymnasiums. You trustees of colleges and all who have an interest in such matters, will you give us your attention and permit us to ask you a question or two? Do you think that all college gymnasiums are fitted up as they should be? Do you think that our gymnasium has sufficient apparatus? Of course you will all admit that it ought to have the necessary apparatus. Do you think it ever will? if so, when? Oh, how the hearts of all our students would leap for joy if they could hear a definite answer to this last question!

—We hope the readers of the *STUDENT* will pardon the delay of publication, and also the absence of the engraving of Mr. Benjamin E. Bates, which was advertised to embellish this number. The engraver failed to forward the plates as early as we expected, and, consequently, obliges us to reserve it for the February issue.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE Juniors call Rhetoric "The Bain of their lives."

The young lady who occupied a certain student's thoughts, has got a new dwelling.

Eloquence is reason set to music, and, like reason, should never be perverted to base purposes.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph—because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

Says one: A dandy is composed of ninety parts of pride, two parts of speech, and one part-your-hair-in-the-middle.

Why are doctors of divinity and medicine alike? Because they exert themselves to prepare men for the world to come.

What is the difference between the tower of Babel and a reigning belle? One has caused confusion of tongues, the other confusion of hearts.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of the precept is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.

"A complex notion," said a Professor of Rhetoric to a dignified student, "may be explained by stating its constituent notions. How then would you define some word used in the Physical Sciences, as equilibrium?" An expression of deep thought settled upon the student's countenance. Then almost immediately, he replied, "Perfect gravity." The audible smile which played over the faces of his classmates, showed that there was no equilibrium there.

"Brain workers," remarks an English journal, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers." Although the brain bears but a small proportion to the whole body, in weight and size, it receives about one-fifth of the blood sent by the heart into the system. According to careful estimates and experiments, it has been ascertained that three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. If these things are so, two things should be borne in mind: First, that it is reasonable and right that brain laborers should receive a higher compensation for their time than manual laborers; second, that students who are growing physically, and engaged in *hard* study, should be furnished with a very nutritious diet.

A good story is told about Coleridge and his essay at reporting the debates for the *Morning Post*. One day Pitt being expected to make a great speech, Coleridge was sent down to Westminster to report it. In order to get a good place, he went early in the day and took up his position; but the fatigue of waiting several hours, with perhaps no refreshment meanwhile, was too much for the young poet, who fell into a state of drowsiness, from which he never emerged that night. Half sleeping and waking, Coleridge "followed" Pitt as best he could, and from his notes, memory and imagination, he concocted a brilliant speech, which duly appeared. On the following day Canning called at the office of the paper, to inquire the name of the gentleman who had reported Mr. Pitt's speech. To Coleridge's chagrin, this information was refused to Canning, who expressed his opinion that the report of the speech did more credit to the imagination than to the memory of the reporter. Failing as a reporter, Coleridge began to write political and literary articles.

At the examination of women for Cambridge (Eng.) University, held last June, one hundred and thirty-two candidates successfully passed the

ordeal, which is twenty-three more than the year before. The examiners express surprise that none of the candidates showed any great knowledge of divinity, notwithstanding religious feeling is so widely spread among women. In English history the answers were decidedly good, and in English language and literature, out of one hundred and nineteen papers, only fifteen were unsatisfactory; the others were creditable, and eleven were excellent. Of these eleven, four papers were of very great merit in all respects — for knowledge of facts, for clear and vigorous expression, for real independent thoughtfulness. In English composition the average quality of the essays was good. The papers sent up in Latin were, it is said, on the whole very fair. There was considerable grammatical inaccuracy in the Greek; in French literature there was lamentable ignorance; in mathematics only two candidates appeared, and neither could pass; there were only seven aspirants for logic, out of these three failed; and in political economy there were only ten who presented themselves for examination. In drawing, and the history of art, the number of candidates was too small to warrant general observation, and there were only four candidates in music.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE spring term began January 9th.

One new man has joined the class of '76.

A few lights are missing in Parker Hall this term.

Professor Bowen has purchased G. W. Garcelon's house and grounds on College street, where he is at present living.

The Bates College grounds have materially enlarged the past year, so that they now contain nearly fifty acres. When graded and adorned, as they ultimately will be, no college campus in New England will be more spacious and attractive.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The Freshmen have lost one from their number, Mr. A. W. Ayer. He was obliged to leave college and return home, owing to the illness of his father. Mr. Ayer was one of the best scholars in his class, and his loss will be felt by all. We understand that he was married in November.

President Cheney's and Professor Stanley's new houses have made a great change in the appearance of the eastern side of Mt. David. Both houses have many architectural beauties, and are ornaments to College street. The grounds around them, as well as Prof.

Stanton's lot intervening, have been graded, and will doubtless be laid out very tastily. This part of the city is destined to be one of the very prettiest for residences.

Every cent which Vassar has received has come from men. The only gift known to have been received from a woman, was one of one hundred and nineteen books from the wife of an officer in the regular army.

As we go to press, we learn with regret that Mr. Abel Freeman Goodnow of '73, died on the 18th inst., at Athens, Me., where he had gone to take charge of Somerset Academy. Mr. Goodnow had been in poor health for some time, but his death will be quite unexpected and deeply felt by his many friends.

The authorities at Harvard have under contemplation an important change, by which attendance upon recitations will not be compulsory. The examinations will be as stringent as ever, and the responsibility of neglect to attend the recitations will rest upon the student, and the penalty will come in the loss of degrees. With this change will come the substitution of lectures for recitations. The experiment will probably shortly be tried upon the present Senior Class. The abolition of morn-

ing prayers is also contemplated. A change will be made in the annual catalogue, and in addition to what has hitherto been embraced in it, some of the early history of Harvard, the provisions relating to the course of study, etc., and the examination papers of last year will be included, the volume being entitled the "Harvard University Catalogue."

Helping young men through college is a putting of money to one of its highest uses. This has long been an admitted truth in well informed circles, but the financiers are at last finding out that it is a good way of investing surplus capital. They quote the lucky generosity of Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, who united with the late William H. Seward, a few years ago, in helping George Waters to go through Hobart College. Waters became the owner of a mine in Nevada, and deeded one hundred feet to each of his benefactors.

Recently, Waters sold his share of the mine for \$400,000, while \$40,000 has been placed to the credit of Messrs. Seward and Pomeroy—*College Courier*.

Dartmouth has students, the present year, from twenty-three different States and Territories, and also from Nova Scotia, Canada, Liberia and Japan. The whole number of its alumni is three thousand six hundred and eighty-three. To the ministry, the college has given more than nine hundred of her sons. There have been thirty-one judges of the United States and State Supreme Courts; fifteen senators in Congress, and sixty-one representatives; two United States ministers; four ambassadors to foreign courts; one postmaster-general; fourteen governors of States, and one of a Territory; twenty-five presidents of colleges; one hundred and four professors in academic, medical or theological colleges.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—G. S. Ricker is pastor of a church in Richmond, Me., and is meeting with excellent success.

'68.—Oliver C. Wendell is located at Lowell, Mass., as a civil engineer.

'69.—G. B. Files is Principal of the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

'70.—A. L. Houghton is pastor of a very flourishing church in Lawrence, Mass.

'70.—Lindley M. Webb has been admitted to the bar, and is practicing in Portland.

'71.—J. N. Ham is Principal of the High School at Augusta.

'72.—Alonzo M. Garcelon is attending lectures at McGill Medical College, Montreal.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge's card lies on our table. He is Principal of the High School at Eastport, Me.

'72.—George E. Gay lectured, January 5th, in the Free Baptist Church, Auburn.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1867.

GIVEN, REV. ARTHUR.—Born Feb. 27th, 1841, at Wales, Me. Son of Arthur and Joan Given.

1868, Principal of New Hampton Institute, New Hampton, N. H.

1869-70, Principal of Maine State Seminary, Lewiston, Me.

1871-72, Student at Bates Theological Seminary, Lewiston, Me., and tutor in Bates College.

1873, Ordained and installed pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Bangor, Maine, Dec. 8th.

Married, December 22, 1868, to Laura Durgin, daughter of William and Nancy Durgin, Sanbornton, N. H.

Child, Horace Malcom, born Oct. 27th, 1872.

Post-office address, Bangor, Me., box 766.

A NEW CHARTER FOR THE COLLEGE.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE
THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND
SEVENTY-THREE.

An Act granting a new charter to Bates
College.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and
House of Representatives in Legis-
lature assembled, as follows:—*

SECTION 1. The institution of learn-
ing called Bates College in honor of its
first and principal benefactor, Benja-
min Edward Bates, of Boston, Massa-
chusetts, and now located in Lewiston,
in the county of Androscoggin, in this
State, shall remain established there
under the same name.

SEC. 2. The property and govern-
ment of said College shall be vested in
Oren B. Cheney, and in his each and
every successor as President; in Eben-
ezer Knowlton, Benjamin E. Bates,
James G. Blaine, Dexter Waterman,
Abial M. Jones, Alonzo Garcelon, John
A. Lowell, Nelson Dingley, junior,
Isaac D. Stewart, William B. Wood,
Enoch W. Page, George F. Fabyan,
Henry Williamson, Horace R. Cheney,
Albert H. Heath, and their successors
as a Board of Fellows; and in Samuel
Farnham, Bradbury Sylvester, Benja-
min Dore, Arthur Given, junior, How-
ard W. Littlefield, George T. Day, Wil-
liam H. Bolster, Joseph W. Perkins,
Levi W. Gilman, Atwood B. Meservey,

Ethnan W. Porter, Jason Mariner,
Benjamin J. Cole, Charles A. Moo-
ers, John D. Philbrick, DeWitt C.
Durgin, Cyrus H. Latham, Joseph S.
Burgess, George W. Bean, Charles F.
Penney, George W. Howe, George D.
Vittum, Moses H. Tarbox, Azael Love-
joy, Charles S. Perkins, and their suc-
cessors as a Board of Overseers; and
the said President, Fellows and Over-
seers, their successors and associates
are hereby constituted a corporation
under the name of the President and
Trustees of Bates College, and by that
name shall have power to prosecute
and defend suits at law, to have and
use a common seal and to change the
same at pleasure, to take and hold for
the objects of their association by gift,
grant, bequest, purchase or otherwise,
any estate, real or personal, or both,
the annual income of which shall not ex-
ceed two hundred thousand dollars,
and to sell and convey any estate, real
or personal, or both, which the inter-
ests of said college may require to be
sold and conveyed.

SEC. 3. All property and estate,
real or personal, or both, which may at
any time by gift, grant, bequest, pur-
chase or otherwise, come into the pos-
session of the said corporation, shall
be faithfully devoted to the education of
youth by maintaining a college or uni-
versity in Lewiston aforesaid.

SEC. 4. The said corporation may

adopt such rules and regulations, pass such laws and by-laws, the same not being repugnant to the laws of this State, as they may deem expedient for the management of their affairs, and for the proper discipline, order, and general prosperity of said college; they shall have power to establish in said college such courses of study, departments and schools as they may elect; they shall choose the treasurer of the college, and all necessary officers, professors, and instructors, and shall have power to remove the same at pleasure; they shall have power to confer such degrees as are usually conferred by colleges or universities established for the education of youth: *Provided* all professors and instructors shall be chosen, and all degrees conferred, on nomination by the President: and they shall be and they are hereby invested with all the powers, privileges, rights and immunities incident to similar corporations.

SEC. 5 The President shall be chosen by vote of a majority of the whole Board of Fellows, with the concurrence of a majority of the whole Board of Overseers. He shall be the executive officer of the college, and as such shall execute all its laws, votes and measures, unless otherwise provided for; shall superintend its general affairs; nominate, as heretofore provided, all professors, instructors and candidates for degrees; preside, when present, in all meetings of the Board of Fellows, and in the Boards of Fellows and Overseers when met in convention as hereinafter provided; call special meetings of the corporation whenever in his judgment such meet-

ings are necessary; make at the meetings of the corporation an address in writing relating to the affairs of the college, with such suggestions and recommendations as he may deem advisable; vote in the Board of Fellows, in the Board of Overseers, and in the Boards of Fellows and Overseers met in convention, whenever the Fellows, the Overseers, or the convention, as the case may be, are equally divided, or whenever his vote would change a result; and perform such other duties as are usually incumbent on such an officer. He may be removed from office by vote of a majority of the whole Board of Fellows with the concurrence of a majority of the whole Board of Overseers: *Provided* reasonable notice shall have first been given him in writing specifying the grounds of removal, and a full hearing upon the specifications shall have taken place before the corporation.

SEC. 6. The number of the Board of Fellows shall not, at any time, be more than fifteen, and it shall not be necessary for more than seven of them, or six with the President, to be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; they may adopt such regulations and by-laws for the transaction of the business of their Board as they may deem expedient; they shall choose a Secretary of their Board who may or may not be a member of their Board, and who shall be the Secretary of the corporation; they shall fill all vacancies occurring in their Board, and may declare a vacancy in their Board whenever, in their judgment, sufficient cause exists for such vacancy.

SEC. 7. The number of the Board of Overseers shall not at any time be more than twenty-five; and it shall not be necessary for more than nine of said Overseers, or eight with the President of the College, to be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The said Overseers being taken in the order in which they are mentioned in this act shall be divided into five classes, the first five to constitute the first class, the second five the second class, and this order to continue through the list; and the term of office of the first class shall expire at the close of the annual meeting of the corporation in this year eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and at the close of each succeeding annual meeting the term of the class next in order shall expire; and the vacancies thus created shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers, two of them to be from persons nominated by the alumni of the College from their own number; and the five persons chosen annually to fill the five said vacancies shall continue in office for the term of five years unless removed for sufficient cause: *provided*, that if the said Alumni shall decline or neglect to nominate persons for two of the said vacancies, the said vacancies shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers; or, if the said Alumni shall, in the judgment of the said Board of Overseers, nominate unsuitable persons for Overseers, the said vacancies shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers, independent of such nomination. *And provided further*, that all vacancies created by death, resignation or removal, shall be filled by the said Board of Overseers;

and provided further still, that no alumnus shall serve as a member of the corporation until at least the fifth year from the time of his graduation.

SEC. 8. The said Board of Overseers shall choose a President and Secretary of their Board, the latter of whom may or may not be a member of their Board; may adopt such regulations and by-laws for the transaction of their business as they may deem expedient; may determine, with the concurrence of the President of the College and the Board of Fellows, the times and places of holding their meetings, and may declare a vacancy in their Board whenever in their judgment sufficient cause exists for such vacancy.

SEC. 9. The said Board of Overseers shall have power to concur or non-concur in any act, vote or order of the said Board of Fellows, and to propose to the President of the College, or to the Board of Fellows, such amendments thereto or such original actions as they shall deem expedient; and no act, vote or order of the said Board of Fellows shall have any effect or validity without the concurrence of the said Board of Overseers; *provided*, that the said Board of Fellows shall have the special powers mentioned in section six of this act without such concurrence. *And provided further*, that degrees may be conferred in joint convention of the two Boards; and that any matters contained in the addresses of the President and in the reports of the Treasurer, may by unanimous consent be considered and acted upon finally in joint convention.

SEC. 10. The corporation may ap-

point an executive board consisting of the President of the College and such other members of the corporation as may be deemed necessary, to whom full power may be delegated to act for and in behalf of the corporation from one annual meeting to another.

SEC. 11. All powers granted to the corporation in section seven of the act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, entitled "An act to amend the charter of Bates College," shall continue vested in the said President and Trustees as mentioned in this act.

SEC. 12. This act shall not affect the tenure of office of any person holding any office or appointment under the said act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight; and all rules, regulations, laws and by-laws adopted and now in force under the said act not inconsistent with the provisions of this act, shall continue in force until altered or annulled by the said President and Trustees mentioned in this act in the manner provided in this act.

SEC. 13. The annual meeting of the President and Trustees aforesaid shall be held on the day preceding the Commencement of the College, and special meetings may be called by the President of the College as heretofore provided, or by any three Fellows and four Overseers, due notice being given of the time and place.

SEC. 14. The act approved February fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, entitled "An act to amend the charter of Bates College," so far as it is inconsistent with the provisions of this act and all acts and parts of acts so far as they are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

SEC. 15. This act shall take effect from and after its approval by the Governor and when it shall have been accepted by the corporation of said College.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,)
January 14, 1873.)

This bill having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

EDMUND F. WEBB, SPEAKER.

IN SENATE, January 14, 1873.

This bill having had two several readings, passed to be enacted.

J. B. FOSTER, PRESIDENT.

JANUARY 14, 1873. Approved.

SIDNEY PERHAM, GOVERNOR.

— On page 10, for "guest" read quest; also on page 13, at bottom of first column, the word "correcting" should be inserted after towards; and on page 14, first column, for "truthful" read hurtful.

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FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.	REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D., Professor of History.
REV. JOHN JAY BUTLER, D.D., Professor of New Testament Literature and Homiletics.	REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M., Professor of Systematic Theology.
JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.	GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, A.M., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.	THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M., Professor of Hebrew.
RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.	REV. WILLIAM H. BOWEN, A.M., Professor of Sacred Rhetoric.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Terms of Admission.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Cailline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK**: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS**: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH**: In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular course of instruction is that commanded by the leading colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry may receive assistance every year of the course—it is hoped \$100 a year.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries, free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 25, 1873.

FALL TERM BEGINS.....AUG. 21, 1873.

For Catalogue or other information, address

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VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

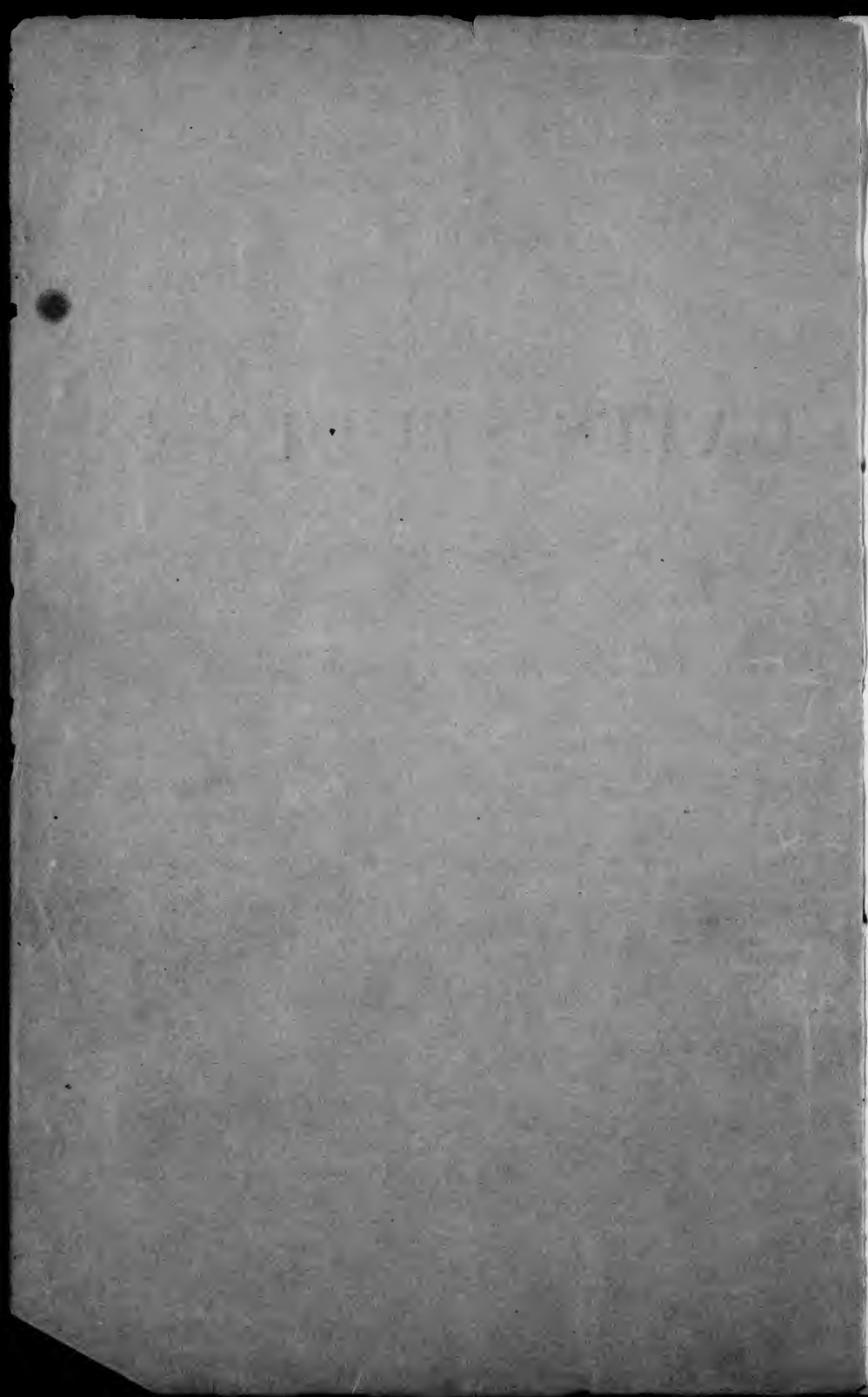
Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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LEWISTON:
NELSON DINGLEY, JR., & Co., COLLEGE PRINTERS.
1873.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

MY CHUM AND I;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

II.

SUNBEAMS dancing across the ocean and flashing in at the windows, together with noisy waves and the odor of fresh-baked beans and brown-bread, announced to Chum and myself that it was Sunday morning—the beginning of the longest day of the week, in the Pettifer Neighborhood.

When we made our appearance at breakfast, the person mentioned as Uncle Davy Grier was walking up and down the dining-room floor talking to the others of the Pettifer household in an excited manner. He ceased speaking upon seeing us, and the captain and his sister seemed somewhat embarrassed. Neither one offered to introduce me to him, and in fact he gave them no opportunity, but stepped to one of the windows and turned his back towards us.

Breakfast was conducted on a different plan from supper. To begin with, the family stood around the table while Uncle Davy invoked a divine blessing. It was rather long, or at least it seemed so upon the first morning, for I had

not learned it then so I could repeat it myself, and consequently had no assurance that it would ever come to any final amen. Poor little Ebb suffered martyrdom during the exercise. His young limbs were not equal to the task of standing it out. He turned and twisted, and stood on one leg at a time, and looked wofully wistful at the old man. But he kept on, on, on, until he grew frightfully red in the face and his creaking voice failed him outright, then—he fell in a heap into his chair, and the crockery gave one prolonged rattle of relief.

When Chum called Uncle Davy an old fossil, I think he described him as concretely as possible. He was small in stature and lean—withered. His face was a multiplication of wrinkles, and the color of saffron, while his head had long since given up all attempts to grow hair. He had very large ears, but they rendered him little service, for even the captain's lusty voice could not penetrate them. He stooped at an angle of forty-five degrees, and when he stepped on one foot the other had a

curious way of flying up like the limb of a penny jumping-jack; or, perhaps I might say he had the spring-halt. His eyes were small and sparkling. In regard to his age I cannot be very positive, but Chum thought it probable he had been left over from the last century.

This description is not a caricature. No, far be it from me to even attempt a caricature of Uncle Davy Grier.

Well, Chum saw that I was wondering what could come next, and, moving his foot under the table so as to touch mine, he nodded towards the clock behind me. I turned leisurely and looked at the old machine, but noticed nothing there which might explain his meaning. So he again nodded significantly, and Ebb and Flo, catching sight of this deaf and dumb performance, began to laugh. Philothety favored them with an annihilating glance, which attracted the captain's attention; and we all should have been staring at the clock in a few moments, if Uncle Davy had not got up and approached it. Then I understood that Chum's purpose was to draw my attention to a huge Bible, covered in dirty calf, which the old man now took down from the top of the ancient time-piece.

After wiping his nose with a bandana handkerchief for a moment or two, and cleaning a huge pair of spectacles, which he adjusted upon that organ, Uncle Davy announced that we would read now from the Holy Scriptur' in order to prepare us the better to undergo the trials of another day. Whereupon he turned to the third chapter of Lamentations and began: "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod

of his wrath." Away he went, now slow, now fast; pronouncing sometimes three or four verses in one breath, knocking out a syllable here and there, stuttering the big words and swallowing the little ones.

This half-hour of reading cost considerable exertion, and when he was done Uncle Davy became very deliberate, taking great pains to place a long piece of rope-yarn in the book at this identical chapter, so that he might have no trouble in finding the place on the morrow. Then he took off his spectacles and, having consigned them to a tin case, sat quiet, looking pensively at a crack in the floor.

No one moved. A dread silence held the assemblage spell-bound.

"Now we'll unite in supplication," said he, falling on his knees.

This was the way he had of announcing his programme as he went along.

The poor old man must have spent a good part of his life in perfecting this prayer. For it was unique. I never, before or since, met anything in the language like it, and Noah Webster would certainly have hid his head for shame had he heard the number of words Uncle Davy used which are wanting in his great dictionary. In length this prayer was just twenty minutes, no more nor less. While it was being measured out, the captain employed the time in surveying his wooden leg and rubbing to brightness the brass ring which adorned the end of that article. Philothety bowed her head over the coffee-pot, and kept up one continual firing of amens.

When Uncle Davy had finished, he

arose and shuffled out of the room; and this was the last we saw of him during the day.

A curious, mysterious old man, whom I soon learned to regard with feelings akin to awe.

Although he never made his appearance among the family only at breakfast, one was constantly meeting him in strange and out-of-the-way places, starting up and vanishing like a shadow. He seemed to have a terrible dread of meeting any one face to face, and at such times the expression upon his countenance was that of great fright. He spoke to Chum and myself only once during our stay with the Pettifers. And this was one morning after breakfast, when his mind seemed unusually burdened.

"Young man," said he, looking inquiringly over the rims of his spectacles at Chum, "did you ever see Robinson Crusoe?"

Chum answered that he had unfortunately been born a few years too late to enjoy such a happy privilege.

"Yes, of course—what am I talking about?—he was a great man, a *great* man, will you remember that?"

Out came Chum's pencil and notebook instantly, and the fact was duly recorded, after which the old man left us, probably settling it in his mind that we both were extremely young and ignorant.

A wing had been joined to the captain's house, especially, as it appeared, for Uncle Davy to live in. And I suspect the interior of this abode was as strange as it was thought to be, for there were many weird stories about this peculiar individual floating around the

Neighborhood. The door was kept fast against intruders, and across the windows, which were small and like loopholes, bars of strong wood had been nailed, making these apertures resemble those of a jail. Two monstrous black cats were Uncle Davy's only companions; and that they might have some means of exit and ingress, he had cut a hole in the roof near the chimney, and fashioned a cover which worked on a hinge so that it would open when pressed against, and after the animal had passed out or in, immediately fly back.

Like the old man, these cats were shy and reticent. One seldom saw them out in the day-time, but frequently at the "witching hour of night" they stalked abroad and held long and protracted meetings on the ridge-pole of the house, in a language wholly their own.

That there was something wrong with Uncle Davy Grier, and that the captain and his sister took pains to keep close communion on the subject, was plain. How he came to live with them, why he set himself apart from the rest of the family in that prison-like wing, or what made him haunt the lonely grave as some restless spirit from the boundaries of another world, were mysteries indeed to Chum and myself.

But the secret came out after a while, or, at least, part of it. We were sitting one night before the fire-place in the old dining-room, Chum, myself, and the children; and the candles had not yet been lighted, for the burning logs served to illuminate the place quite well enough. Moreover, it was

Chum's delight to spend that part of the day between darkness and daylight, which I think might well be called God's hour, near a fire in sober silence. He liked to watch the glowing coals form themselves into fantastic pictures, and to fashion grotesque figures out of the flickering, tipsy shadows on the wall. Ebb had stretched out his little body on a fox-skin rug at the feet of Flo, and cushioned his head in her lap. Nothing pleased this little man more than to have Flo pet him; and she did it in the most charming manner. The love between these children was something sacred. Such an affair as a quarrel was never thought of. They seldom played with other children, but would go roaming together about the beach a whole day, gathering shells with which they ladened miniature ships and sent them on disastrous voyages.

Oh, it seems a long, long ago! and yet, as I pen these words, that pretty child-face comes up before me, and I see it just as plainly as then, when sitting in that homely old place, with nothing to set it off but large blue, half-wondering eyes and tangled knots of nut-brown hair.

"I wish he would go away; I don't like him at all," said Ebb, raising his head and looking towards the window.

There seemed to be some strange instinct in the child, which always warned him of Uncle Davy's presence, for, at this very moment, the old man was peering in through the glass at us. He drew back, however, and disappeared as soon as he saw we were observing him.

"You're naughty to dislike Uncle

Davy so much, Ebb," said Flo, reprovingly, and twisting a lock of his glossy black hair around a pretty little finger.

"Why?—no, I a' n't."

"Aunt Phil says he's crazy. Does n't that mean somethin' awful, Mister Guild?"

"Yes, Flo; it is something very terrible indeed."

"He's afraid ef everybody 'cause he believes they're goin' to kill him. He's afraid ef you and me, Ebb."

"Wal, he tells whoppin' stories 'bout little boys and girls bein' all burnt up; and he says there'll be a cross in th' sky and a big angel 'll blow his horn. It's wrong to tell stories, and that's what makes him afraid."

"Perhaps so," said Flo, looking at the blazing wood, "I don't know." Then after some moments of silence, "I wish he would n't go to mamma's grave so often."

"How do you know that Uncle Davy goes to that grave, Flo?" asked Chum, with some surprise, for neither of us had ever seen him there except at night.

"Oh, I go there, too, some nights when the wind blows hard, I think mamma must be lonesome, and wants me. Uncle Davy keeps somethin' buried near the grave-stone, and he always runs away when he sees me coming. Just as ef I could hurt him?"

From these few words dropped by the children, and some others afterwards, by a friend of the family, John Myrtle, we made out that Uncle Davy had had long ago what he believed was a presentiment that he would ultimately come to his death at the hands of an assassin. This had so worked

upon his mind that he had become partially insane, and hence, the barred windows, the timid, shrinking figure, and the terrible dread of being in the presence of other people.

In fairy love we read of wondrous transmutations and disguises. How evil spirits have come in the fairest and saddest forms; how fell and shrew-eyed witches have waited in forest glades by night, in shapes of the loveliest nymphs. So in every leaf and bough, and even in the pretty face of an innocent child, and the whistling wind, and the dash of the sea, did Davy Grier seem to find some cause for apprehension of wickedness.

But—this chapter should be about our first Sunday in the Pettifer Neighborhood, instead of Uncle Davy.

Did we go to "meetin'?" Yes, of course! The captain, after taking an observation of the clouds, vouched to us that the wind was "backin' round and lightenin' up th' weather," so that there could be no reasonable fears of a storm for at least twenty-four hours. I make mention of the time we might expect it to remain pleasant, because it was always a question of some importance, as service began at about eleven in the forenoon and continued until four in the afternoon.

Now I believe some of my readers must know that the teacher's, or teachers', first Sunday at meeting is rather a severe and awful occasion; that everybody and everybody's children deem it their privilege to stare at and criticise the forthcoming pedagogue to their hearts' content; to set him down as a little too small or young, or

right-smart, or a pert-looking chap. Of course the Pettifer Neighborhood was there, the whole of it. Sunday was a sort of a general muster-day, when every man, woman, and child, turned out in "go-to-meetin'-clothes." The Reverend Christopher Olewinkle, propped up by the very stiffest and most immaculate of shirt bosoms, sat aloft in his pulpit, stern and foreboding. Covering his crown there was a stubby red wig, which persisted in dropping over his forehead, and waging war with his bushy eyebrows.

In the front gallery, opposite the pulpit, the choir was seated; and when the minister had read the hymn, the congregation arose and gave this young singing-school their attention to the length of six stanzas. Then came the sermon, which was delivered extempore, in a voice like the rush of mighty winds, and accompanied with indescribable gestures; yet it was good and practical, if not quite logical, and affected the hearers,—though a few did go to sleep and lose the best part.

Back of us sat two fat old ladies that were much interested, and in front there was a phthisicky little man who kept a shawl muffled about his head, leaving uncovered only the bald portion; and when he coughed—which he did every other minute—he jounced up and down on his seat like an India-rubber ball. Off to the right sat a lean, spare woman dressed in black, with her head bent forward, and her hand placed at right-angle to her ear, so that no word of the minister should escape her hearing.

Now imagine, reader, a lazy, idle

boy perched on a high board-fence near the meeting-house, gazing composedly at the congregation within, and possibly I have not failed in representing to you how this Sunday gathering appeared to Chum and myself.

It was near the time of sunset when the devotional exercises came to a close, and the people issued forth from the church. As Chum and I passed down the aisle, he touched my arm and whispered:

"Look at that pretty face near the door, Sid?"

Only a momentary glance, and then the face was lost in the crowd; but, somehow, an instant was sufficient to fix every feature perfectly in my memory, and to observe that they were very different from those of the other girls standing there.

Yes, this was the first time Chum ever saw Mary Myrtle, but I don't propose to say anything more about her here, because he didn't; and,—she certainly will get possession of my pen before I have proceeded much further with this story.

POTESTAS IN POSSE.

I DREAMED I had the poet's power to sing
And struck the harp of language; but it gave
To my unholy touch no answer, save
An empty sound of some forgotten thing;
So empty, that the melodies that ring
Through every archway of my spirit's nave,
Ceased on my lips, as if a sudden wave
Had chilled the music which they strove to bring.
— One day the Saviour, to his pitying breast
Clasped me and smiled, and, smiling, made me whole;
The wakened harp sprang trembling from its rest,
While o'er its strings soft strains of music stole;
In sweet accord, my hallowed lips expressed
The sacred rapture of a ransomed soul.

THE PAINTER'S MISSION.

TRUE lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Art are blessed beyond the power of words to tell. They need not perpetual sunshine to be always glad. Their profound sympathy with

all created things admits them into the Holy of holies, where is felt the presence of the Infinite, and it is known to be a blessed thing for man to live, even when the voice of song is hushed, and

the gloom and tempest prevail. Who are they that live in a world of beauty which they cannot see, for they are blind? Who are they that breathe in air filled with the sweetest harmonies which they cannot hear, for they are deaf? Surely not those who feel the hidden soul of things, knowing their diviner qualities, but those who know them not, those who live beneath the blue skies and among the joyful hills, as in a dreary dungeon. To such, how much is denied, what wealth of sensibility, what glory of imagination. "No one receives the true culture of a man, or knows the highest goodness, who does not feel beauty." Through the tough fibres of some souls the spirit of the beautiful sends no thrill; "other souls," says the poet, "have lost all things but the love of beauty." The former are sadly poor, and yet how capable; the latter are inexpressibly rich, but the infinite is still before them. To love the beautiful is to love Nature and Art; to love Nature is to love God; to love Art is to love the only expression of God which man can give, other than a life of faith, and hope, and charity.

The painter's calling is no less sacred than the poet's and the preacher's. His inspiration is drawn from the same divine source, and descends no less abundantly. He, too, has a right to stand at the altar of the beauty of truth and holiness in the temple of God.

The office of art, according to Emerson, is to educate the perception of beauty. This we accept to be the chief business of the painter. His aim is essentially the same as the pure-

minded poet's—to refine and elevate the soul. They differ merely in their expression of the great purpose and spirit within them. The one addresses the soul through the eye, the other through the ear. The one represents Nature, the other interprets it; and yet, not only so, for the poet is often a representer and the painter an interpreter. He feels this who gazes with admiration upon the vast panorama of Milton's epic, or stands lost in profound meditation before the frescos of Angelo.

Is it not better to know God as a God of infinite beauty, than as a being deformed by anger and hate? The painter, then, will deal mainly with Nature's brighter suggestions and fairer forms, and with so much of power as is his, will present us the beauties of azure and blushing skies, and suggest to us

"The air salubrious of the lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of the dewy vales,
And music of the woods."

He will also show us many things which, without his magical aid, we should never behold, except by the dimness and impotency of our own fancies—the scenes of other times, and the beauties of other climes than our own.

"We admire the painter's magic skill,
Who shows us that which we shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into ours,
And throws Italian lights on English walls."

And more than this. "In our fine arts not only imitation, but creation is the aim. In landscapes the painter should often give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know." The ideal of the poet embodies the perfect love, peace, holiness of the millen-

nium,—that of the painter, the beauty and excellence of a new Eden, and combined, what a picture they present of the glorious state and circumstance of human perfection.

The painter, that we may justly appreciate Nature, incites us to the study of its grand and minute forms, its blending of colors, its wondrous fitness of parts and symmetry as a whole. We come out from the artist's studio with intenser interest in the outward world, desiring to see if these things be so, which he has told us, and observing, we enjoy, as never before, the purple mist of the valley at eventide, and the delicate hues that glorify the heavens. A bursting flower, a waving cornfield, the smiling sea, a softly emerging star, awaken within us the long-latent admiration which they merit. The genius of the artist has embraced our souls.

"Nature, that great missionary of the Most High," wrote Mrs. Child, "preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers. If we were in harmony with the *whole* we might understand her. Here and there a spirit, less at discord, hears semitones in the ocean and wind, and when the stars look into his heart, he is stirred with dim recollection of a universal language, which would reveal *all*, if he only remembered the alphabet." Such a spirit is the true artist. He is one of Nature's apter pupils, and although he may know but little of the secrets that only God and the angels know, yet, because he sees more, knows more, feels more than we, he becomes our eloquent teacher, and we are his willing pupils; and in pro-

portion as he imparts to us his own insight and enthusiasm, he proves himself the true artist and our benefactor.

And yet, the painter must not only give us ideals and teach us love for the beautiful; there is a lower branch of his art which claims some attention, and which avails to interest and move even those dull souls that never delight in his higher works. The painter lights in the heart the flame of true heroism, teaches worthy lessons of patriotism, philanthropy, moral greatness, by placing before us representations of the grandest and most significant scenes in history,—the winning of a battle, the making of a treaty, the landing of some exiles, the signing of a declaration of human rights, or a proclamation of the enfranchisement of a race. Among the proudest monuments which any age can leave of itself, those which a grateful posterity will most prize, are representations of its worthiest events by the best painters of the time. This fact is not so well understood as it should be, or once was. The mediæval historical painters were more conscious, apparently, of their duty to their age and to posterity, in this respect, than the painters of to-day. What will future generations care for our fanciful pictures of antiquity? Will their imaginations be less lively than our own, or their artists less skillful?

Finally, no more potent teacher of morals exists in this world, than a great painter. It is related by Ruskin that Raphael, in his youth, went to Rome to decorate the Vatican. Before that event, the arts of Europe were almost wholly consecrated to Christianity; the subjects of the great ideal

paintings were religious, but a change was at hand. In the first chamber which he decorated, the young artist placed on opposite walls a picture of the world of Theology, presided over by Christ, and a picture of the world of Poetry, presided over by Apollo, thus elevating to the level of the object of religious faith the not altogether harmless creation of a poetic, sensuous fancy. "From that chamber," says Ruskin, "went forth the doom of the arts of Europe." The pure spirit of Christianity fell back a little before the partial return of the spirit of a pagan mythology. Naked Venuses replaced the chaste Madonnas, and rosy Cupids

figured on walls and canvas, instead of the sweet-faced cherubs.

The effect of the revolution which then began in the morals of art is still visible in the works of literature and art that everywhere abound. Whether it shall wholly pass away, remains to be seen. Very many of our living artists are true to the interests of morality and religion, very many are not wholly so. But as in social customs, in literature, so in art, all unhealthful tendencies will be avoided by the worthy workman, and condemned by the pure in heart whose desire is to see God, and him only, in the works of his hands.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

II.

LUCKILY I made the trip of the Rhine, that pilgrimage the desire and delight of every foreigner, at a period when, if the vineyards were not in their maturity, the grass and the foliage were in their glory, and as yet unharmed by the drouth. The most interesting portion of this famous river lies between Mayence and Cologne, and is the part generally visited by tourists. But to me every rod of it is beautiful. Entering recently at its very mouth, where it leaves the fair Lake of Constance, and sailing for a few hours down its current, which at first flows smoothly and gently, and then gradually increasing in speed, becomes more troubled as it moves onward, and at length sweeps on fearfully and plunges in a snowy foam of rage over the airy

falls at Schaffhausen — if the scenery upon this portion appeared less grand than farther down on its seaward course, still it has something of the gentleness and sweetness of early childhood, in contrast with the luxuriant bloom and sparkling vigor of youth and ripening manhood.

The great interest of the Rhine centers in its historical associations principally, and if one visits it, as many do, without any special reference to these, I can readily understand how he experiences that feeling of disappointment which you hear not unfrequently expressed. The simple scenery is not so diversified, and perhaps not so thrilling, as upon our own beautiful Hudson. It has more the aspect of the upper Mississippi; and yet not

quite its mellow sameness. Many lines of large and handsome steamers fly hourly over its surface between Mayence and Cologne, touching at the cities of lesser note, and at the many little villages lying along on either bank between these two points. From Mayence to Bingen nearly, the shores are not abrupt, and the mountains on either hand lie back in the distance. But from Bingen to Coblenz the river is fairly walled in by mountain ranges, whose countless summits, sometimes round and smooth like a huge cone, sometimes steep and jagged and frowning like a grim monster, sometimes light and airy, shooting their pinnacles up heavenward, keep watch and ward over the fair daughter of waters, who, singing as she goes, has for ages held them all enchanted by the witchery of her song.

The river is very winding, so that you rarely see more than a quarter of a mile above or below you; the mountains at these bends are almost invariably huge ledges and cliffs, with their faces rising perpendicularly hundreds of feet, and nearly all of them crowned with a grim old castle, some of them habitable even to-day; while others, vast and strong in their proportions, are crumbling under the weight of ages, but more frequently under the murderous and sacrilegious hands of the French, who, in the past centuries, have time and again devastated this land. Many of these ruins are immense, and situated as they are at heights and in places almost inaccessible, it must have required years of agonizing toil to construct them in their pristine form; and they tell a sad

story of the servile wretchedness of the peasantry, and of the barbarous manners of the Middle Ages. Wherever it is possible, the mountain sides are covered with vineyards, not unfrequently reaching to the very summit, and they are made and tended with the greatest care; little walks being built across the steep slopes, and the soil itself is often carried up in baskets and spread upon the rock, to make the garden in which to plant the vines. You may sail for hours along the more level shores of the river, and as far as the eye can see, on either hand there is one unbroken vineyard. The little villages along the shores are quaint indeed. The houses are small, made of stone, have tile roofs, and are generally gloomy in appearance. The village generally consists of but one street, and that is narrow, and runs right upon the edge of the river. The cliffs come so close to the water at their base as to admit but a single row of these houses, each with its little garden plat, a few rods square, in front. They are dreary, and the poor peasants inhabiting them know little of pleasure and nothing of luxury.

The shores of the Rhine, instead of being fringed with long mountain chains are, most of the way, bordered with broken lines and solitary mountains, and it is the deep gorges and wooded dells lying between these and at right angles to the river which give especial beauty to the scenery. Charming excursions can be made through them back to the table lands above, and it is from the heights only that the beauty of the Rhine can be really appreciated. The current of the river is

strong, the water of a light, clear, greenish hue, and generally unruffled in its movement. The different cities upon its shores, like Mayence, with its old Roman relics, and its rich history in past centuries; Coblenz, with its gigantic fortifications; Bonn, with its famous University; and Cologne, with its wonderful Cathedral; together with many little villages nestling by its waters, all are deeply interesting to the traveller and repay a careful visit.

But it is the weird stories and the quaint old legends of the Rhine that delight the world. There is scarce an island or rapid in its waters, or a cliff, a gorge, a promontory, or a castle upon its shores, that is not the lurking place of some fiend or fairy, who, if less potent than in former ages, yet dwells there still, as veritable a personage to the credulous peasantry as the Holy Virgin herself. That strange mingling of chivalry and barbarism which characterized the Middle Ages, played its wildest freaks here, and the legendary lore of the Rhine, sometimes light and fantastic, but more frequently sombre and sentimental, yet always fascinating, is an inexhaustible source of delight to the readers of the world.

There is a beautiful little tower in the Rhine near Bingen, relating to which there is a curious legend, which has been happily versified by an English author. The ruin is called the "Mouse Tower." It was originally designed as a station for collecting toll on the river, and was probably erected by Archbishop Hatto, who, although a good man and a benefactor to his coun-

try, became, through the rigidity of his ecclesiastical discipline, obnoxious to many of his contemporaries. Hence the strangely ridiculous story that follows:—

"The Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
But he had not charity!
He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
Or lift them both to *pray*;
But, alack! to lighten man's distress
They moved no other way.

"A famine came; but his heart was still
As hard as his pride was high;
And the starving poor but thronged his door
To curse him and to die.
At length from the crowd rose a clamor so loud,
That a cruel plot laid he;
He open'd one of his granaries wide
And bade them enter free!

"In they rushed—the maid and the sire,
And the child that could barely run—
Then he closed the barn and set it on fire,
And burnt them every one!
And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
And cried to his archer-train,
'The merry mice! how shrill they squeak!
They are fond of the Bishop's grain!'

"But mark what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel Bishop fell!
With so many mice his palace swarm'd
That in it he could not dwell.
They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They ate each savory chip up,
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the Bishop!

"He flew to his castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair;
But they found the road to his new abode
And came in legions there!
He built him in haste a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance;
But they swam the river and scaled the wall
And worried him past endurance!

"One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter;
They had picked his bones uncommonly clean,
And eaten his very mitre!
Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz:
And oft, at the midnight hour,
He comes in the shape of f^og so dense
And sits in his old 'Mouse Tower.'"

BOGGLES.

CONSERVATISM *versus* Radicalism. This was the subject our professor gave us for that-day week's composition.

Boggles looked mystified. Muggins was astounded. Boggles proceeded to his room in deep thought. Muggins went to his home, not far away, and wondered what the professor meant by giving such a subject to Freshmen in their second term.

Muggins consulted Webster. He weighed the merits of conservatism and radicalism, and finally decided that the balance fell in favor of the latter. Meanwhile Boggles, though having pursued a similar process, had arrived at a conclusion directly opposed to that of his friend. Theodore Boggles, from that flourishing and celebrated town of Bogville, Maine, after having considered the matter for a whole hour, concluded to adopt the principles of conservatism. Let this testimony forever stand forth gloriously to bear witness to the virtue of old customs and old institutions.

I must delay, for a moment, just here, to give a reason for the writing of this sketch. There are some, yea, many, men in this world who, though their lives are spent in doing good, and elevating their fellow-men, seem never to be appreciated. Boggles is one of those men. That is, I cannot refer to any particular act of goodness, or any deed by which he has succeeded in elevating his fellow-men, yet this could hardly be expected of Boggles,—a Freshman in his second term. But

Boggles is a man of talent and, as such, he is not appreciated.

I never saw the name of Boggles in print only at the time of our prize declamation, when he was marked excused. For reasons like these do I undertake to proclaim the name of one so shamefully neglected.

Said Ludenberg to me one day, pointing to Boggles, "There is a character."

Ludenberg is our only Bostonian, and when he points to a person who didn't come from Boston, and says, "There is a character," then there *must be* a character. And Ludenberg said to me emphatically, referring to Boggles, "There is a character."

But we have not to depend upon this assertion alone. I heard Judith Mudder exclaim to her friend, Mellie Dorr, at a party, "What would our parties be without Boggles? Doesn't he always propose the right thing at just the right time?"

"Sure enough," answered Mellie, "and then he is so droll with those jokes of his."

This conversation gives some idea of the estimation in which Boggles was held by the fair sex. Yet, even here, he was not fully appreciated; for there wasn't a girl in the company who would have chosen him for an escort, provided there was any other gentleman remaining. Why, I can tell no better than why the name of Boggles is not known in every household in the land. I only know that such was the case.

And Boggles felt it? To be sure he did. Muggins has often told me that Boggles lamented his ill-success among the ladies, most deeply. So, when I had heard the conversation just mentioned, I hastened to repeat it to Muggins, knowing that it would soon reach the ears of Boggles.

From that day till the time of our story, Boggles was in the highest spirits; for he prided himself upon those jokes of which Mellie had spoken, and when anybody complimented them he was sure of the eternal friendship of Theodore Boggles. He was possessed of a nature too noble not to scorn the insinuations of a flatterer; but when he recognized, as he did in this instance, a natural outburst of praise coming spontaneously from the heart, then, like any other sensible man, he could not restrain a feeling of pride,—I had almost said vanity; and when you remember that he had been attacked in his weakest position, I think you should excuse even a feeling of vanity in the heart of our hero. He now felt that there was one, at least, who recognized his merit and was not ashamed to confess it. Not that his merit had never been recognized before. Muggins always spoke well of Boggles, and Boggles knew it and liked Muggins for it. But, somehow, these last expressions of appreciation seemed more tender and beautiful than any praise which Muggins could give, and he vowed that he would make himself still more worthy of esteem, and put to shame all who had been wont to scoff at him.

He had just become thoroughly imbued with this determination when, on

the morning alluded to, our professor announced "*Conservatism versus Radicalism*," as the subject of our next composition.

That afternoon, as soon as Muggins had concluded a second consultation with Webster, he started for the college and, in a few minutes, loitered into the room of Boggles, hoping to find a listener to his profound opinions on Radicalism and its province. He found Boggles very busily engaged in writing.

"I say, Boggles," he began, "what are you? radical or conservative?"

Boggles looked up. "Ah, halloo, Muggins! Glad to see you."

"I should say so," returned Muggins. "Here I have been talking to you and you have paid no more attention to me than if I were in California. But what in the world are you doing?"

"Writing my essay," answered Boggles dreamily; for he was thinking of those glowing sentences with which he would electrify his class on the following Wednesday.

"You are radical, of course," said Muggins.

"No!" said Boggles, gravely and thoughtfully, "I am conservative. After due deliberation, I have adopted this side of the question. My reasons you will learn next Wednesday."

"Conservative!" cried Muggins, as soon as he could master his astonishment. "Conservative! and beginning your composition a week before it is to be read! Why, this is the very essence of radicalism. Boggles, there is nothing more certain than that you have made a mistake."

But Boggles was not to be driven

from his position by any arguments which his friend could bring to bear upon him. In fact, it was one of the guiding principles of Boggles' character not to surrender a post once willingly taken. Yet, Boggles was not stubborn. Far from it. On the other hand, he was always ready to listen to reason. But the fact proves that he had that stability of character without which he would have been unworthy of even an imperfect sketch like this.

However, it was evident that Boggles had been seized by a new ambition. He devoted his time to writing; and even the half hour during which he was accustomed to prepare his daily recitations saw him smiling over the latest progeny of his brain, or apparently in the highest degree of agony over the prospect of its always remaining the latest. And so he worked almost incessantly from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, when he declared his theme to be completed.

Next day, Boggles returned to his old routine of action. That is, he slept during the service and afterward declared that he believed he never heard Mr. Black preach so close, so able, so logical a sermon as he preached that morning. But on Monday, Boggles acted in a very mysterious manner. Two or three times during the forenoon he came to me, opened his mouth as if to speak, and, after thinking a few moments, made some commonplace remark about the weather and turned away. At length, as I saw him approaching in this manner for the fifth time, I said: "Boggles, do you want to speak with me?"

"Oh, yes," he answered quickly,

"about my theme. Come into my room a little while, till I read you some parts of it. I want to see what you think of it."

I was surprised. I had been aware all day that something of great weight was bearing upon the mind of Boggles; but I had expected nothing like this. And why? Because I knew that the breast of Muggins was the repository of all his confidences, and I was, indeed, surprised to find that he could trust me, too, with a knowledge of his new ambition.

After we entered his room, he continued: "It is the most comical thing you ever heard. If you won't laugh, then I don't know! Won't this bring down the class, though?"

Here Boggles pulled a large roll of manuscript from the back part of his book-case and commenced reading. There was a slight tremor in his voice, when he began, but this soon wore away and he had completed thirteen pages of foolscap in a most admirable manner before the thought occurred to me that I was expected to laugh at all the funny places. And I was still wondering if any such had escaped my notice, when these words fell upon my ear:

"Oh, these Radicals, these Radicals! Who shall say that they can be denounced too severely? They destroy the peace of families and the happiness of society. Why, I have known one of them to be so carried away by his theories that, after having given orders to be buried in the family vault, he committed suicide so as to get a change of air. In a word, their insanity can only be compared to that of the man

who put a smoked herring in his coat-tail pocket and imagined himself a mermaid."

Boggles paused, and I saw that my time had come; so I threw myself upon the floor and remained in a perfect agony of laughter for the space of five minutes. At the end of that time I managed to cry out: "For Heaven's sake, Boggles, don't read any more. I shall surely die if you do."

"No danger," said he. "You have heard the last sentence."

I assured him it was by far the best composition I had ever heard, and then crossed over to my own room to meditate upon the events of the afternoon. After I had seated myself, it occurred to me that, after having read his essay, Boggles had appeared a little cold. Indeed, he had merely listened to what I chose to say and then dismissed me without a word. "Never mind," I said, "I suppose it is all right. At any rate, I will think of pleasanter things."

"There must be," I continued, something in my face or in my general appearance which invites confidence; for Boggles trusted me, and Boggles is a sensible fellow, if there ever was one."

And, Tuesday morning, when I saw Boggles glide mysteriously out of his room, leaving the door ajar, and in a few minutes return with Ludenburg; and, moreover, when I heard his words to Ludenburg about "bringing down the class," I began to think that Ludenburg, too, possessed an inviting face and appearance.

"Strange," I mused, "I never thought of it before; but it's so. How

natural it would be to tell him a secret!"

But when, at supper time, I recalled having seen every member of our class pass in at the same door and come out smiling, I was obliged to acknowledge myself stupid for having never perceived the same quality in each of them.

Wednesday morning, the sound of the chapel bell fell unnoticed on the ear of the sleeping Senior, disturbed the slumbering Junior, awakened the drowsy Sophomore, and brought the restless Freshman to his feet in the twinkling of an eye. Alas! that that morning, which had looked so bright to us in anticipation, should be so cloudy in reality.

My language is figurative. In other words, Boggles was nowhere to be found. His absence was first noticed at the breakfast-table, where his presence was always counted on as a certainty.

"Don't be afraid," said Ludenburg. "He will be here as soon as the professor."

But the professor came and Boggles did not. What could it mean? At length we ascertained that he had taken the early train for Bogville and that was all. Why he had gone, and above all why he had gone without informing us of his intention, were questions which none of us could answer.

On the third day, however, Boggles returned and made an explanation of his strange conduct. It would be sheer presumption in me to attempt to give that explanation in the exact words of Boggles himself. It is sufficient to know that he had left us a few days before in anger and disgust.

He was aware that the indulgence of such feelings towards classmates demanded a very strong reason. Such a reason he believed he had. He preferred not to give it, but, if pressed, he would say that it was our total failure to appreciate his theme. We had every one laughed at the wrong sentences!

Since those days, Boggles has assumed the Sophomore dignity; and he sometimes alludes to his dissertation on "*Conservatism versus Radicalism*," as an instance of his Freshman folly. But I still retain its history as a pet illustration of the fact that some men are never appreciated.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

HOW swiftly time passes! We have stood but a moment upon the threshold of the folding doors which separate the years that are past from the years that are to come. Time hurries us on to the work of another year, and, but for Memory's magic wand, those folding doors are closed to us forever.

We are now in Cupid's own month. It is Valentine month. Now the shop windows are filled with valentines of every description. Now the mail bags and door-bell wires are thoroughly tested. Now everybody seems brimful of love and mirthfulness.

Scarcely has the echo of the many happy New Years died away, when we see fluttering at every corner and hanging from every door knob, those missives of "fact, fun, and fancy." It seems as though all were trying to reiterate their New Year's expressions of love and good will.

Among the many symbols we see upon Valentines, there is one people never tire of using. It is the heart. All, from the prattling child to the blushing maiden, recognize and feel the power of this symbol. It is full of meaning. It speaks to our hearts. Some symbols are devoid of all sentiment; some are decidedly foolish; and it is interesting and amusing to sit down to one's table covered with val-

entines, and decipher these hieroglyphics—to draw from them an outline of the disposition and character of the givers. Try it, reader, if you never have, and see if your experience does not accord with ours.

Words, they tell us, are symbols. So we propose, reader, to send you a valentine; and although no artist has inscribed upon it a heart, yet, if you interpret it rightly, it speaks the language of our hearts. For we believe that even our short acquaintance will warrant our taking this as the symbol of our love and respect for you. And surely we ought to think so, for you have generously thrown open your hearts and purses to aid our undertaking.

We hope to be worthy of your confidence, and to have a large subscription list as the result of our labors. And so it is, amid the rustle of envelopes, while we and all around us are blithe, and gay, and happy, that we lay before you the Valentine number of THE STUDENT.

—"He burns the midnight oil." This is quite a common expression, and is generally understood to mean that the person spoken of is a hard-working student. A student's life is not without its trials, hardships and disappointments. Study looks like easy work.

What a difference there is between the dressing-gown, the books and papers of the student, and the shirt-sleeves, pick-axe and shovel of the man who works on the road! The former, however, is no less a laborer than the latter. Indeed, it is now generally conceded that it is harder to work with the brain than with the muscles. Let those who doubt this try the experiment, and they will find that books are not playthings, but tools, which it requires brain muscle to use with effect.

But, if they could speak, what strange stories some lamps would tell of the things they had witnessed at the hour of midnight! Perhaps you think they would tell of "struggles fierce and wild" with Greek roots and mathematical reductions *ad absurdum*. Doubtless many of them would. Some of them, however, if you should talk to them of books would hardly know what you meant, but they would tell of Napoleonic plans, and conversation of great import in relation to such and such affairs.

Now, although the expression of which we are speaking is an unfair, or rather, exclusive, compliment, people have too much common sense to place any real significance in it, but make their estimate of students according to what they can do, and not according to the hour they go to bed. We do not mean to say it is best to adopt the "early to bed and early to rise" system. A certain student once said, "It is part of our business in college to learn how to turn off a great amount of work in a short time." Now, if any one should say to you, "Mr. —, I suppose you burn the midnight oil,"

don't be at all abashed if you have gone to bed every night at ten. Think of the work you have done and see if that satisfies you.

Students, just as in fact all persons, may be said to carry lamps filled with a certain amount of brain oil (if we may use the expression), which burns brightly, shedding a welcome light upon the unexplored paths of human progress, or lighting up with a flickering glare the opposite regions, according as the will turns the reflector.

The world is greatly indebted to kerosene for new theories, for many labor-saving machines, for many a good book; it is equally, if not more, indebted for the same things, to the clear, genial rays of God's sunlight.

—The last Thursday in February is the day of prayer for colleges. It was originally a New England institution, set apart in 1823 — just fifty years ago. It is now, however, generally observed throughout the country.

One of the Christian denominations, without consultation, as we understand, has taken the responsibility of announcing a change of the day to that of the last Thursday in January. This step is much to be regretted, for the very day had become sacred. Most of the New-England colleges, however, Dartmouth leading off, have declined to accept a change. Dartmouth says: "The last Thursday in January is an impossibility at Dartmouth, as it comes in vacation; — so at Brown; and it is inconvenient for other New England colleges."

Bates concurs in the opinion of the majority of the New England colleges

—that it would not be advisable to change the day. The last Thursday in January would be inconvenient at Bates, since many of the students are, at that time, engaged in teaching.

So then we trust that in 1874 there will be a general return to the dear old day. We suppose that religious exercises will, as usual, be held in our chapel on that day this year.

—What's in a name? This question was first proposed by William Shakspeare, two hundred and fifty years ago. Since then it has been repeated hundreds of times without eliciting a satisfactory answer. Notwithstanding all this, we venture very humbly to suggest that there is confusion in a name. We have been led to this belief by our experience in school teaching in the country. There the "college student," or the "young man from college," who comes to teach the village children, is looked upon with a wonder which borders on reverence; while the "college boy," whom they have heard of, is subjected to the sharpest criticism which gossiping tongues can apply.

We confess that to our mind it is difficult to draw the line of distinction; but this only goes to show the more conclusively that there is confusion in a name.

It would seem that one person may

be at the same time a "college boy" and a "young man from college." And yet the two characters are decidedly opposed to each other. The one is a graceless and incorrigible scamp, who divides his time about equally between general deviltry and flirtation; the other is a sober, dignified young gentleman, who is a model of propriety, talks Latin and Greek with fluency, and is freely conversant with as much knowledge as is ever attained by a simple mortal.

Fortunately neither of these is a type of the average college student. He is usually a young man who desires to attain a certain degree of culture, generally, it is true, in the easiest possible way; and he is wronged just as much by being considered a "young man from college," according to a common acceptance of these terms, as by being called a "college boy."

When quite young we had a very erroneous idea of a student's work. For we thought one pursued a college course so that he might know everything there was to be learned. Alas, we did not realize what a terrible loneliness would be his who should "know everything there was to be learned"; or how this wonder-loving people would tear him in pieces in their eagerness to behold so great a monstrosity.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., *Manager.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

STUDENTS' bosom friends—laundresses. Don't be offended ye Muslins and Silks.

A lover of healthy understandings says: A tight boot is like a book-case, for it often holds within it calf firmly bound.

Plug recommends the following as a sure cure for poor lessons: Liberal doses of concentrated study before and after meals.

Never tell folks you can go ahead of 'em, but do it. It spares a great deal of talk and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

A Sophomore astonished his division by translating *immolet æquis hic porcum Laribus*—Let him emulate a pork for his favorable household goods.—*Tale Courant*.

Says an English writer: "The best language in all countries is that spoken by intelligent women, of too high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study."

A dashing officer, meeting Dr. Johnson at a public dinner, endeavored to force him into conversation. Now, doctor, said he, do not look so glum, but be a little gay and lively like others. What would you give to be as young

and sprightly as I am? Why, sir, replied Johnson, I would almost consent to be as foolish.

A Philadelphia professor who wants to breathe the air first and not second hand, has a habit of asking some member of the Junior class to "please open the window just back of you, sir, to let out the remains of the last Freshman class."

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of Young America to his mother. "Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broom-stick, "If I am an old sheep, I *lam'd* you once, and I'll lam you again."—*Williams Review*.

"If I were mistress of fifty languages," said Madame De Stael, "I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house.

"Did they?" asked the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterwards?"

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring

the conceit; "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

At a school in Greene Co., Iowa, the scholars caught a skunk and put it in the schoolma'am's desk, thinking she would "smell a mice," and give them a holiday. She wasn't one of that kind. She took a spring clothes-pin, fastened it on her nose, went on with the exercises, and let the scholars enjoy the perfume.

The night editor of a daily paper wrote the following head line to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion Shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast the next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British Lion Skating in Maine."

Whatever equality may or may not be just, or possible, this, at least, is just, and I hope possible, that every man, every child of every rank, should have an equal chance of education; an equal chance of developing all that is in him by nature; an equal chance of acquiring a fair knowledge of those facts of the universe which especially concern him; and of having his reason trained to judge of them. I say, whatever equal rights men may or may not have, they have this right. Let every

boy, every girl, have an equal and sound education. If I had my way, I would give the same education to the child of the collier and to the child of the peer. I would see that they were taught the same things, and by the same method. Let them all begin alike, say I. They will be handicapped heavy enough as they go on in life, without over-handicapping them in their first race. Whatever stable they may come out from, whatever promise they may show, let them all train alike and start fair, and let the best colt win. — *Canon Kingsley.*

The *Vassar Miscellany* gives us a very amusing poem, founded upon the well-known legend of King Midas, of which we insert a few stanzas.

Vivit a rex in Persia land,
A potens rex was he;
Suum imperium did extend
O'er terra and o'er sea.

His filia rushed to meet her sire,
He osculavit kindly;—
She lente stiffened into gold;
Vidit he'd acted blindly.

Spectavit on her golden form
And in his brachia caught her,
"Heu me! sed tamen breakfast waits,
My daughter, oh! my daughter!"

Venit ad suum dining hall,
Et coffeam gustavit.
Liquantum gold his fauces burned
Loud he vociferated.

Hæc fable docet, plain to see,
Quamquam the notion's old,
Hoc verum est, ut girls and grub
Much melior sunt than gold.

Doubtless this last stanza will receive enthusiastic assent.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

MOST of the students have finished their schools, and Parker Hall begins to look more lively.

The Senior exhibition, and also the prize declamation by the Sophomores, will come off the last of this term.

The Seniors have engaged Thomas Wentworth Higginson to lecture before the literary societies of the College, Commencement night.

Some time since it was announced that a friend of BATES had offered prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars for the two best parts delivered at the next Commencement. The Seniors, while expressing their sincere thanks to the donor, have asked that the prize money should be disposed of in some other way. Original declamations by the Juniors were suggested. To this the Seniors agreed, and the Juniors will therefore appear with original declamations on Monday night of Commencement week.

A bill has been presented to the State Legislature, and referred to the committee on education, providing that the graduate of any free high school, male or female, may enter BATES to obtain a collegiate education, for which purpose an appropriation of \$1,500 yearly is provided for twenty

years, and at the end of that time \$25,000, the principal of which the said \$1,500 shall be considered the interest, shall be paid to the College, provided the institution raises \$175,000 from other sources, within five years, as an endowment fund.

The Kirkland Scholarship in Harvard College, established by the Hon. George Bancroft, amounts to six thousand dollars.

Twenty thousand dollars are being raised by subscription to found two additional professorships in Hillsdale Theological College.

The treasurer of Harvard College acknowledges subscriptions in the aggregate of \$138,636.50, to make good the losses by the Boston fire.

The trustees of Colby University have requested President Champlin to remain during the present academical year, and on Commencement day.

Vassar is mourning over the loss of its riding-school. It puts its lament in language which ought to move somebody to come forward with an endowment.

The matter of compulsory attendance upon recitations is the prevailing theme of discussion among our

colleges. Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, has a very interesting article on this subject in the *College Courant*.

A new disposition of the Japanese Indemnity Fund is being agitated. In the February number of the *Overland Monthly*, Mr. Gilman, President of the University of California, has a very interesting paper bearing upon this subject. The great distance preventing ready communication with their own countrymen, and the severity of the climate, are the chief reasons for advocating a change from the Eastern colleges.

ABEL FREEMAN GOODNOW, who died on the 18th of January, at Athens, Me., was born at Lisbon, N. H., October the 28th, 1843. When about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Goodnow experienced religion, and determined to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. With this purpose in view he first entered the Seminary at Newbury, Vt., and afterwards New Hampton Institution, where he finished his preparatory studies for college.

The task that Mr. Goodnow had set himself was a long one, but he kept steadily on, refusing to depend on his family for pecuniary assistance, though he was aided somewhat and encouraged by many of his relatives and friends, of whom he always spoke with gratitude.

When he died, the end for which he struggled eight years was almost within his grasp, having just entered on the

last half of his Senior year in Bates College. He had gone to Athens to take charge of Somerset Academy during the winter, a school that he had previously taught with success. The deep sorrow of the students and citizens, as well as the liberality of the trustees of that institution after his death, are a true expression of the love and esteem in which he was held by all there. At BATES his genial face and many admirable qualities will long be held in remembrance by his many friends and scores of associates. None that knew him will forget his quick sympathy, his kindly manner, and his readiness to ever help and console the needy.

Says the *College Courant*: Up to the present year 6,988 students have attended Cornell College, of whom 113 graduated. Of the graduates, 66 were gentlemen, and 47 were ladies; 55 were classical, and 58 were scientific; 59 are married, and 49 are unmarried; 8 are dead, four ladies and four gentlemen. The status professionally of the alumni is as follows: 20 preachers, 33 teachers, 2 music teachers, 13 lawyers, 1 doctor, 4 editors, 1 coal dealer, 2 county officers, 1 fruit dealer, 1 farmer, 1 manufacturer, 1 surveyor, 1 merchant, 24 good wives, and 8 unknown. The first class graduated in 1859, and the graduating classes, from that time to the present, have averaged eight. There are enrolled the present term 202 students, 127 gentlemen, and 75 ladies.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—F. E. Sleeper is having a good practice as a physician, at Sabattus, Maine.

'67.—H. F. Wood is pastor of a church at Waterville, Me., and is having excellent success.

'68.—G. C. Chase is Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Bates College.

'69.—C. A. Mooers is Principal of Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'70.—F. H. Morrell is meeting with excellent success as a teacher, at Irvington, Essex Co., N. J.

'70.—I. Goddard's card lies on our table. He is located as a Surgeon Dentist over Cook's Drug Store, Lisbon Street, this city.

'71.—J. T. Abbott is studying law at East Cambridge, Mass.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin is Principal of the High School at Lenox, Mass.

'72.—H. Blake is studying law at Augusta, Me.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

HEATH, REV. ALBERT HAYFORD.
—Born July 19th, 1840, at Salem, Me. Youngest child of Abram Ashley and Florence Heath.

1868, Ordained and installed Pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, Auburn, Maine, Feb. 27th.

1870, Installed Pastor of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I., October, 23d.

Married, Jan. 7th, 1868, to Lucia J., daughter of Nathaniel G. and Sarah Simonds, Charlestown, Mass.

Child, Albert Cheney, born Nov. 10th, 1868

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1872 GREAT 1872

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PRINCIPAL.

Spring Term commences ... Feb. 3, 1873.
Summer Term commences April 28, 1873.
Summer Term closes July 2, 1873.

The SEMI-CENTENNIAL of the Institution will be cel-
ebrated next anniversary.

Business Meeting of the Alumni Tuesday, at 10 A.M.
Lecture by Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH Tuesday, at 8 P.M.
Graduating Exercises Wednesday, A.M.

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VOL. I.

MARCH, 1873.

No. 3.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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1873.



Rev. J. Bates

THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1873.

No. 3.

MY CHUM AND I ;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

III.

I'VE been thinking. That is what my old grandmother would say if she were alive — my grandmother by my father's side. "Yes, my lad, I've been thinking, and I understand it all now. The thing is as bright as the noon-day sun." These words she would repeat dreamily and then take up her knitting.

Well, I've been thinking how it came about, and I am quite sure that it was at the close of our fourth week in the Neighborhood when the Warhorse Literary Association met at the Academy to debate the question: "Is the soldier or the sailor the most useful to his country?" Nothing of much account had happened previously. Teaching a country school is prosy business. The only excitement is at the beginning of the term, while the over-grown boys are looking forward and longing to be subdued. When they have been, and the school commences in earnest, life becomes a routine of monotonous spelling-books, multiplication tables, bad reading,

worse writing, and chewing gum. Our school was a type of all others, I suppose, with its big boys and little boys, its large maidens and small maidens. Some had red hair and some were freckled. There were turn-up noses and turn-down noses, big mouths and little mouths, intelligent faces and idiotic faces; in truth, about every species of the human countenance known by man.

The only thing that was at all alike among them was their family names, and so similar were these that Chum thought we might safely consider ourselves tutors in a mammoth private family.

After the work of the day was done we generally walked to the post office, watched the delivering of the mail, gossiped with the do-nothings who congregated there in great numbers, and then returned to the captain's to beguile the evening as best we might. Sometimes one or two of the neighbors dropped in just to have a little chat with the old captain or Philothety upon the questions of the day, such as the

last donation to the minister, or was Abiel Touser *really* going to marry that Mehitable Mipps, or was it probable that Amos Andrews' ship had weathered the last gale. All topics of interest and importance to the good folks of the Neighborhood.

And this was all, — this was life in a secluded little coast settlement. Rather dull, perhaps you think? Aye, so it was! But nevertheless relished and enjoyed by most of the dwellers there, for the whirl and bustle of the world, with its wranglings, its strivings for gold, and uneasy, restless surging, had not yet got possession of this quiet community.

"It's a right-smart notion and no mistake," is the way Captain Pettifer seconded Chum's proposal to organize a debating society, or lyceum. In fact, the idea was caught up instantly, and thus came into existence the War-horse Literary Association. Chum objected at first to the society being known and styled as the War-horse, but the captain commanded in his loudest voice, "Let th' apple'ation be War-horse," and the appellation was War-horse. The time for the first meeting was appointed and, as the Latin poet has it, "the horses of the sun brought round at last the long-expected day." And the day wore away to twilight, and the evening came, and the old Academy was brilliantly illuminated that night if never before. All the lanterns in the Neighborhood seemed to have come together by mutual consent, and hung themselves in every odd place in the building. And how they *did* show off the young misses who had remained away from school the entire afternoon

to curl their hair on the kitchen poker! A crowd of old sailors was there in their nautical uniforms, who were in the very best humor, talking and laughing, and joking in the kindest manner.

Every now and then the jingle of sleigh-bells caused a general stampede to the door to see who the latest arrival might be. And then — could you have seen the number that came out of these pungs you never again would wonder how Noah got all the animals into the Ark. Such a Babel of confusion with asking and answering of questions. Had Maria come? Yes; and Joe Trott along with her. Then a titter, and remarks sounding like "I guess so," and "I thought as much"; while from the stout maternal parent, incased in pa's buffalo coat, came the injunction to "bring in the warming-pan, Moses; and keep the coals alive, or we'll all freeze are goin' home."

We were ready to begin the exercises about eight o'clock, when the first supply of peanuts had given out, and the minister put in an appearance. The discussion of "Is the soldier or the sailor the most useful to his country?" I feel incompetent to criticise. Neither do I deem it best to say just how many times the Reverend Christopher's wig fell off while arguing a point, nor how Captain Pettifer thumped the floor with his wooden leg when Chum gave the audience the benefit of his opinion, because all this while I should be keeping in waiting two people that were always too modest to crowd themselves into notice.

At the first of the evening I did not see John Myrtle and his daughter

Mary, for they sat at the end of one of the back-forms quite apart by themselves, but when once I had observed them my eyes got in a way of traveling to their part of the house every time I looked up. Perhaps a sort of magnetism was the cause of it, though I cannot say for certain, so skeptical is this age about such things.

There are women at whom after the first meeting you forget to glance a second time, they seem to be such indifferent creations, such imperfect sketches of an idea to be filled farther on in a clearer type; then again there are those that command your homage at once, either by some happy combination of features, or winning grace, or music of the voice. Mary Myrtle could not surely be numbered among the first, and as to classing her with the last I am doubtful, for upon this evening in question, I could not exactly determine wherein her fascination depended.

She was dressed in black,—not fine, glossy black, but black that was gray, rusty and well worn. A very small silk handkerchief of the same color was drawn over her shoulders and pinned where its two corners met her gown in front, making a sort of triangle of whiteness,—some would say, “revealing a neck and throat pure and white as a lily-leaf”; and they would say no more than the truth, only I never like to put things in that way.

So much could I have said of her at this second meeting, but it was not until afterwards, when I had become more accustomed to her face, that I really had any idea of it. For fear, however, that my language may not do

her justice, and that this manuscript may sometime be read by her, I will simply copy a note I found in one of Chum's note-books, which I think must have been jotted down while we were in the Neighborhood. It ran thus: “There is no task more vain than to attempt to make a picture of a woman whose beauty is in her expression—in the shy, elusive, womanly soul which looks through eyes of gray or azure. One may describe them in a charming attitude, their eyes can be said to be changeful things—now blue, now gray, now hazel, varying as their mood varies, but laughing often, while yet the ‘lips hold serious earnestness’; that the hair is bronze, and the features not quite regular; that the figure is rounded and womanly rather than girlish. But with all this the face is masked.”

As Mary Myrtle sat there in the school-room she seemed one by herself. While other girls chatted with their beaux, or whispered wonderful secrets, she remained quietly beside her father.

The old captain had told me more than once that Jack Myrtle was a wonderful man. “He's a man what's had his ups and downs, that he is. But I sometimes think he's clean gone since he tuck up with the Point Light. Jack should are put his head into better bus'ness 'n trimmin' lamps,—though I allers'lowed it's respectable 'nough.” So frequently had I heard these remarks made about John Myrtle that my curiosity was excited to know him, and finding my way to Captain Pettifer, I solicited an introduction.

“Jack,” said he, in his familiar, off-

hand manner; and at the same time pulling his friend by the coat-sleeve. "Jack, here's one of 'em—Jasper. I guess now ef yer'll give him an invitation to th' Light, yer'll find him pooty well up in some ef yer books."

"Happy to meet you, sir," said Mr. Myrtle, obeying the captain's summons: "My daughter, Mr. Jasper."

She glanced up in my face and bowed gracefully. I never forgot that look. I might say that I never recovered from the effects of it, were it not for making you believe that I fell in love with her there and then.

"Quite a lively discussion we have had to-night?" continued Mr. Myrtle.

"Yes," I answered, indifferently, not exactly aware of what he had said, for I was thinking, — well, never mind of what.

John Myrtle was a tall, slender man, past fifty years of age, I should say. His hair and long beard were iron-gray; and in his tanned, chronicled face an artist would have found a record worth studying. The knotted muscles of the mouth and the wrinkles about the brow meant something, as well as his dreamy, thoughtful, sorrowful eyes. He had spent his life among rough, coarse people, perhaps; but the curious flickering shadow of grace that remained in his manner, reminded one that he was a gentleman by birth.

"Speakin' ef discus'ons," said the captain, "reminds me ef that one we had twenty-five years ago, or there'bouts, under these same shingles. We'd jest made a good run over from Liverpool, yer'll mind, Jack?—got here th' night Polly Purtett had th' fit that skeered her into bein' humpback."

"Yes, I remember, quite well," replied Mr. Myrtle, smiling.

"Wal, Mister Jasper, the way Jack gin it to 'em that night a'n't in print, but it ought to be, for I solemnly swear Parson Olewinkle admitted for once he was arg'er'd up a stump squarely."

"So he did, so he did," chimed in Philothety, "I heerd him say as much in rael earnest at Mrs. Mipps's, the time *Mehitable* was born."

Philothety had a way of reckoning her dates by births.

"Ah, yes, that was a long, long ago, John." And he looked at his daughter in a way that seemed to say, "See what a picture I have got to remind me that I am growing old."

"Things have changed, sartin'ly," replied the captain.

"Change is the law of earthly life," Mary ventured to suggest.

"To be sure, my dear; that's jest what I tell yer father when I arg'er with him 'bout givin' up th' Point Light."

"But you know, captain, that father is too fond of quiet and of the ocean to ever remove from the Light. And then don't you believe you would miss us just a little if we went away?"

"Now yer see, Mister Jasper, how a woman 'll trim her sails and swoop down on a man afore he can say Jack Robinson."

At this juncture of the conversation, Chum joined us; and as the captain went through the manœuvre of introducing the "t'other teacher," I was relieved from making any reply to this last remark. Chum always knew what to say, and just how to say it; I never could do much more than to stare at

people through my spectacles. After exchanging a few commonplace words, he fell to conversing, as was perfectly natural, of books and authors, for he said he had heard Mr. Myrtle was a close student in his castle by the sea. Now and then Mary dropped a word or two, and so the talk ran on about something and yet about nothing, until everybody in the room began to think of a sudden about going home. Then of course a great commotion ensued; and no one knew exactly where to look for his hat or her shawl. People that had come to the Academy together got separated, and some were obliged to return either with new partners or none at all. For I am sure that I saw John Myrtle going away with the old captain instead of Mary; and when the lights were extinguished and I began to look around for Chum, he could not be found.

So I walked home alone and sat down in our room to await his coming, wondering all the while where he could be. No; I was not wondering, for I knew pretty well where he might have gone.

A letter lay open on Chum's writing-desk, a letter from the member of our class in college whom he had styled Pious. It had arrived that night, and we had read it together before going to the Academy; and now for the want of something better to do I took it up again and read:—

“At the College,

“Sunday Evening.

“My Dear Guild,—I have heard from you and Sid through Dalton, who is longing for your return, and protests he never was so lonesome as now. And allow me also to say that I am

anxiously waiting for you to make your appearance in the class-room again. First, because we miss you no little; and secondly, because we are having a glorious revival here. Yes, Guild, a *glorious* revival, and I do hope and pray that when you return you will be touched by the Holy Spirit, and feel yourself ready to become a Christian. For our little band of converts needs you, and God needs you to help in His work.

“I know I have spoken to you of this great and important subject many times during our past three years in college, and that you have always evaded good-naturedly any direct reply to my entreaties, but now I want you to be sober and thoughtful. Commune with God, my dear Guild, ask him to give you light, to guide your footsteps and show you how to walk in the way of the righteous. Oh! it is glorious, glorious, to be born again; to know that we are God's own, and may one day hear the words ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

“The time is near at hand when we are to go out from the shadow of our dear *Alma Mater*; and it is my earnest wish that every member of the class shall have taken up the cross before that day arrives. If you will only come out and take the lead I am certain the others will follow. In truth, I think the most of them are looking to you.

“You should have seen how the Chapel was crowded this evening during our season of prayer. It would have made your heart leap for joy, I am sure. Wintercast was so overcome when he arose to ask prayers from the students that he could hardly utter a word. He has given up his pipe, and plays whist no more. Dalton promises to do likewise when you return.

“Now you understand how much depends upon you.

“I know, and we all know, Guild, that you possess rare talents, that you

are ambitious and mean to make your mark and win a great name,—but pause and reflect! ‘For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’

“Yours faithfully,

“JOTHAM TAYLOR.”

Dear old Jotham! how it would have wounded you to see Chum laugh over your well-meant words and kindly interest in his spiritual welfare!

Well, I sat there I don’t know how long after folding the letter and extinguishing the light. The night was very beautiful, with a bright new moon high in the heavens, and the stars twinkling through gauzy clouds. I must have fallen asleep, I think, for some odd fancies got possession of my brain, one of which was that I saw Chum and Mary Myrtle standing, hand in hand, on the rim of the ocean, and when I tried to hear what they were saying, for I could see the smile upon her face and the lips parted as if in

speech, the murmuring sea seemed to catch the whispered words and mingle them with its music. And then suddenly there arose from the waves a horrible green-eyed monster, which, dripping with sea-foam, stood betwixt Chum and me, and —

“Mister Jasper, Mister Jasper,—oh come quick!” were the words that broke the dream or spell; and I knew that Ebb was pulling my coat sleeve and crying pitifully.

“Is this you, Ebb? Why, what is the matter!”

“Oh, quick, quick,—Mister Guild—he’s dead—out here.”

I stopped to ask no more questions, but springing to my feet followed hastily after the little fellow, as he darted through the long entry and out of doors. There, near the steps, where the moon-beams fell full upon him, lay Chum stretched out upon the ground, and Flo in her night-dress, bending over his prostrate form.

TO THE SKY.

ALL hail to thee, thou deeply glorious Sky!
 Where’er I roam, thy beauty greets my eye.
 Beneath thy frequent smile old Earth is glad,
 Or when with gilded green or snow-stole clad,
 And weary man in thee hath felt a power
 To ease the pain of many a dreary hour.
 Can I thy praise withhold? or look above
 And not declare a deep, enduring love?

While waiting on the hill before the morn,
 To see the glorious pageant of the dawn,

With what delight I hail the faintest ray
Of light auroral trembling far away.
And when at noon, thy azure arches high,
I stand beneath, thou pleasant sunlit Sky,
And watch the varying cloudlets sailing slow,
With shadow slight upon the fields below,
Or view the fulgent west at eventide,
While lying lone upon the mountain side,
And fancy sees through half-enclosing trees,
What rich-apparelled ships on golden seas,
Scarce moved along by soft and perfumed breeze,—
Naught can prevent the heart's exultant thrill,
The soul expands, nor will the tongue be still.
And when the weary sun has gone to rest,
And million worlds on high again attest,
Through all the shadowy night their being bright,
With silent joy upon the splendid sight
We gaze,—upon thy face sublime, O Sky!
Beholding the Creator, eye to eye.

I love thee, Sky, in all thy changeful moods,
And sweet it is while wandering through the woods,
To see through swaying tree-tops thy blue eye
Peep through the rifts of fleecy clouds on high,
And cheer my tangled way. And in my boat,
Upon the quiet bay, 't is sweet to float
At summer morn among the odorous isles,
And see thy face new-wreathed in sunny smiles.

Thou all-embracing Dome! how near thou art,
And yet how far. Wide Earth's remotest part
Thou comprehendest, and the loftiest light
That stars the sombre forehead of the Night.
Yet not alone sublime thou art, but old
And everlasting. When through Chaos rolled
The word sublime of God, "Let there be light,"
Thou present wast, and saw the wondrous sight
Of land appearing mid the water's strife,
The springing herb, and new-created life.
Beneath thy constant arch the tribes of men
Arise, and live, and sink to earth again.
And as thou art to-day, a stable dome,
So wilt thou be through ages yet to come.

Silent thou art, save when the thunder's sound
 Rolls echoing on through all thy vast profound.
 And yet, though voiceless to the ear of sense,
 Thou speakest to the soul with eloquence,
 And like a watchful God thou bendest o'er
 Whatever desert, sea, and distant shore,
 And such thy wondrous soothing power,
 O'er saddest hearts in every saddest hour,
 That men look up to thee as on the face
 Of even Him who died to save the race.

OPTIONAL ATTENDANCE ON COLLEGE EXERCISES.

THE suggestion of President Eliot, in his late Report to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, looking towards making the attendance at recitations, public prayers, &c., in that Institution optional, instead of compulsory as now, has called forth various responses from the public press; some opposing the contemplated change and others favoring it; though in the latter case somewhat cautiously, and with becoming hesitation.

Well may this be so. The regulation requiring obligatory attendance is probably as old as the oldest college in America, and has obtained in the schools of all higher grades, not strictly professional, without exception, of sufficient importance to deserve formal recognition.

The high source from which the question has now arisen demands for it a respectful and candid consideration; and, should any practical results follow the suggestion, its possible bear-

ings upon the interests of collegiate education in our whole land, even more imperatively demand, that it should be discussed on general principles, independent of all local and personal considerations.

The discussion has not yet progressed sufficiently far to develop the full animus of the opposition to the present regulation, or to bring into definite form the whole array of possible arguments in favor of the proposed change. Several of the more important, however, have been stated with sufficient accuracy, and it is not difficult to anticipate others.

The reason first preferred in order of time, is the one most naturally expected, viz., that the change from compulsory to optional attendance would bring American colleges into accord, in this respect, with European Universities. This argument has been met by President M'Cosh of Princeton, with a flat denial of the alleged fact upon which it is based, both in general

and in detail. He says, and his personal acquaintance with that whereof he affirms in this case, gives to his statement decisive authority, that in the colleges of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the students are subjected to frequent and critical examinations, recitations as they would be called in this country, of the studies pursued in the presence of competent tutors, and that in all the good colleges of those countries, the tendency of late years has been towards a weekly or daily supervision of studies, so that the change in question would be regarded in Great Britain as a step backward, rather than forward. In Germany, the thorough and rigid training of all students in the gymnasia, preparatory to a connection with the Universities, imparts a degree of discipline and scholarship equal to what is ordinarily acquired in this country at the end of the Sophomore, or even the Junior year. Even with this advantage in favor of these Universities, it is doubtful whether the voluntary principle commends itself in its practical workings, as an example worthy of imitation.

That the German schools are provided with professors of the most eminent culture and scholarship, and that a portion of their students, owing to industrious habits and exemplary devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, graduate in high honor, is too well known to be questioned; but that at the same time large numbers fail of any tolerable success is equally undeniable.

Not to speak of empty benches, except in case of lectures from the most popular professors, it is obvious to say,

that the excessive tendency to idleness, midnight carousals, beer drinking, and sword duelling, if not wholly due to a want of proper restrictions, certainly quite consistent with it, are features of academic life in Germany that one would not wish to see transferred to our shores. Dr. Schaff, whilst warmly approving the voluntary principle as it obtains in the German universities, admits that "to many a youth this academical freedom proves disastrous." Though he thinks a major part are saved, at least, so far as scholarship is concerned, through the "patient and plodding disposition" proverbial to the German student: an argument of slender force when applied to American youth.

And then it is urged that compulsory attendance is adapted to boys in the preparatory schools, rather than to the more matured and better disciplined young men of our colleges and universities. And yet it is allowed that the average age of applicants for admission to Harvard College, varies not far from eighteen years. If this be a criterion for other colleges, then there must be hundreds entering these institutions each year, whose ages vary from sixteen to eighteen; a period of life at which, it is well known, that principles of character and habits of study are far enough from being permanently fixed and safely settled.

Would it be prudent for the authorities of our colleges, would it be meeting one of the gravest responsibilities imposed on those to whom is entrusted the process of fitting our youth and young men for honorable and useful citizenship, to allow them, at such an

age, to choose, wholly without restraint or hinderance, whether to meet the professors and their classes in the recitation room, or pass the hour nobody knows where or with whom?

It is true there are large numbers in all our colleges, whose ages, or established habits of study and thorough devotion to learning, render restrictive regulations, as applied to them, comparatively, if not wholly unnecessary and useless. But even in these instances they impose no burden, scarcely an inconvenience. And students of this class, if I mistake not, will be among the very last to ask for an abrogation of the rule.

Among the many results that cannot fail to follow the contemplated change, may be mentioned the deterioration of scholarship on the part of a very large portion of the members of our colleges, which is even now lamentably too low. It is proposed, however, to check, if not wholly to remedy this tendency, by enforcing strict and thorough examinations at stated periods, say once in twelve, perhaps once in six months; at least at the time of promotion to advanced standing, or of conferring degrees; and in case of failure no promotion to be allowed, and no degrees conferred.

But in innumerable instances this would be placing the penalty, if it be regarded as such, at a too great distance to be practically and certainly efficient, so that failures would be numerous, or success would be attained by an unnatural and unwholesome "cramming" during the latter portion of the probationary period, which would be scarcely an improvement on

failure; for healthy discipline and sound scholarship are the results of slow and steady growth. They can never be forced.

It has not been denied, neither will it be, that in the absence of the obligatory regulation, the attendance at recitations will become largely less regular and certain. The result of this would be, to many, an irreparable loss. Daily recitations not only afford an opportunity for testing what the student has accomplished by himself in his study, but furnish occasion also for correcting mistakes and solving difficulties, which will greatly aid him in his progress from day to day. But the evil spoken of does not end here. The change proposed will tend to encourage idleness, especially during the earlier portions of the periods between stated examinations; and idleness, besides being a crime in itself, falls but one step short of various irregularities of habit, if not of actual dissipation.

But it is urged withal by the advocates of the proposed change, that young men of the age above named, and so on to the period of graduation, to be properly trained to self-control in freedom, should be allowed to taste freedom and responsibility. This statement involves a principle of the very highest importance. It is past all question, that as a preparation for the responsibilities and duties of active life, youth, especially at the period of ripening into manhood, should be freed from external restraint so far and so fast as is consistent with safety to morals, and to the confirmation of right habits.

But there is a difficulty in the application of rules, arising from the fact

that, owing to constitutional tendencies, or early training, some are prepared for freedom much earlier than others, so that in case of large numbers associated in the same capacity, it becomes necessary, just as in civil society, to establish general regulations, ostensibly for all, and yet practically applicable to a less number.

If it be implied in the argument in question, that the present compulsory regulation tends to break down the spirit of independence in our young men and render them servile and unduly conservative in after life, it will be a sufficient reply to say, that the Alumni of our colleges are largely found everywhere and in every department of human activity, in the very front ranks of the toilers for progress and improvement. Or, should it be alleged on the other hand, that this undue restraint, when relaxed, will lead to abuses of liberty and to unrestrained license, it is obvious to remark that many a man, prompt and regular in his professional or business habits, has occasion to bless his Alma Mater for confirming, if not even inducing in him, such uniform habits and tendencies as he has found indispensable to true success and permanent prosperity.

But there is another class of persons scattered all over the land, equally interested in this question, but whose voice will scarcely be heard in the present discussion. I refer, of course, to the parents and immediate friends of the students in our colleges.

It is well known that there is abroad a general impression, whether well or ill founded it is not necessary here to inquire, that in college life there are

peculiar and dangerous temptations to idleness, and consequent irregularity of habit of some sort. And this occasions constant and painful anxiety on the part of parents. There is to them, however, a most timely and grateful relief found in the consideration that their sons will be brought into daily contact with wise, judicious and cultured teachers, who will aid them in their studies, and, if possible, impart to them a portion of their own love of truth and enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge. They feel assured that habitual neglect of study, and any considerable irregularity of habit, will not be possible; or if possible, will not long be kept from their knowledge.

Now change all this, and how are they to assure themselves that the studies are not wholly neglected, and habits and character correspondingly suffering? To be sure, one arguing in favor of the change in question, speaks of the "well guarded enclosure of college life"; and another assures us that the wisdom of experienced professors will devise "safeguards that will prevent irretrievable disaster." But what these safeguards are to be, we are left to painful conjecture, and even to absolute doubt of their efficiency, whatever they may be, in case the present restriction be broken down. Certainly the result of this will be to increase the distance, already too great, between teacher and pupil, and this of itself will tend to weaken, if not to break, the force of all social and moral restraints.

The above considerations, favoring the retention of the compulsory regulation, as it now stands, will hardly be

met by the assertion that it is a mistaken view of the whole question to suppose that it is proposed to make the change a sweeping one, when in fact, no serious thought is entertained of extending it beyond the Senior Class, and this possibly by way of experiment.

No such limitation is even implied in President Eliot's proposition, but quite the reverse. Indeed, it appears obvious from his whole statement, that he would not think it unwise to apply it equally to all classes. In any case, it is obvious, that the innovation once begun would not stop with the Senior, or even with the Junior or Sophomore Classes.

Such, then, are the probable results of the movement, if carried out, on the interests of higher education in our own land, and even in other lands, that it cannot fail to awaken a profound interest on the part of all intelligent and earnest educators in the schools, and excite uneasy apprehensions in the minds of many true friends of our colleges everywhere.

It was intended to consider somewhat particularly that part of the proposition which contemplates making attendance on public prayers, as well as recitations, optional. Some of the

arguments already adduced will bear with equal, if not with still greater force on this part of the question. But full justice cannot be done to it in this paper.

It must suffice here to say, that God has set his seal of approval to the formal and uniform recognition of his name and authority in all our colleges and higher institutions of learning,—has set it, by the renewal to spiritual life of so many hundreds, and even thousands, who have gone forth from these halls of learning, as Christian men, to aid in purifying society and religiously blessing the world.

It is far enough from the intention or thought of those favoring the change in question, to dispense with public prayers in college; but the question, coming up just at this time, when the spirit is becoming rife among us that would not only do that unseemly thing in all our public schools, but also banish from them every trace of religion, possibly on this account may awaken a deeper interest in the minds of good men. Christ and his claims are now too little known in the halls of learning, so that one cannot consent to even a seeming abridgment of whatever recognition of these remains, without the strongest and most satisfactory reasons.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

III.

FRANKFORT is one of the great money centres of Europe. From 1815, the period of Napoleon's overthrow, up to 1848, the era of the third French Revolution, Austrian paper, almost alone, held the market here; but when the various European governments were shaken and seemed likely, many of them, to go by the board in that stormy period, the banks and speculators of Frankfort made their first purchases of American paper. Being considered perfectly safe, it gradually worked its way upward; but the hard times of '57 cut it down, and the Austrian stocks rose again. Then in '59 came the Italian troubles, and the American rose anew. The great Rebellion followed, and then came the wonderful fluctuations in the money market here as well as with you. The war of '66, between Austria and Prussia, sent the Austrian paper tumbling again, and opened the way for a still larger influx of the American securities, now regarded as perfectly safe.

In the Frankfort market are found, to-day, Austrian, American, French, German, Italian and Turkish stocks chiefly. The Austrian may be divided into two principal divisions, *i.e.*, State and non-State paper. Of the former there are two kinds. First, ordinary bonds, with interest payable annually or semi-annually. The second is quite unlike anything we have. For instance, the Austrian Government, at Vienna, wants 2,000,000 thalers to build a park or public building. A banker gives it,

say, 1,800,000 thalers, receiving thus at once 200,000 bonus. He then issues bonds, notes, to the amount of 2,000,000 thalers, say at 100 thalers each. The Austrian Government guarantees them, and the public buys them. Now, instead of paying interest on the bonds, a sum considerably less than the interest of the whole loan is divided into portions ranging from 500,000 to 100 thalers, and four or five times each year, at Vienna, there is a drawing, a lottery, honestly made, and each bondholder stands his chance for one or more of the prizes. This method he prefers to receiving a fair rate of interest. No prize is less than the face of the bond, and the holder can, at any time, sell, at the exchange, his bond for at least its par value. He has the chance of drawing a prize four or five times a year, and the bonds often run for fifty years. Sometimes the plan is to pay a small per cent., and diminish the prizes accordingly. In either case, the Government or the banker makes a handsome speck, as less than the legal interest is returned to the bondholders.

Of the second class of Austrian stocks (the non-State), the principal are the railroad, the industrial, and the credit stocks; some of the former, however, being guaranteed by Government, as railroads are a public good. But through all of these the lottery system runs the same. It is remarkable how wide-spread it is at present. War, which, at any moment, is likely

to break out between Austria and Prussia, renders all real estate possessions here dangerous property, since in war, insurance avails nothing, and almost every man, woman and child, having any money to invest puts it in paper. This unsettled state of the European finances, where the slight indisposition of an Emperor or King creates a panic, and croakers see the annihilation of governments impending, renders all home paper here unstable, compared with American stocks, now that we have outlived our terrible civil war.

A visit to the Frankfort Borse (*i.e.*, French Bourse, English Exchange, and American Gold Room) is quite entertaining. Here the Jews predominate, and to see all the tricks, rigmroles and pranks of the old speculators is novel, at least. The room itself is a study; dark, of a half Moorish and half Gothic style, having a little statuary, stations for the sellers and clerks, and a crowd of screaming money-maniacs of all ages, from blooming twenty to hoary eighty. There is, of course, less excitement here than in the Bourse at Paris. In fact, I doubt if such another Bedlam as that exists. There, the building is immense, and to stand in its lofty gallery and look upon from 300 to 500 men, with hats off, hands in the air, filled with papers, swaying to and fro, and every soul of them screaming: Yes, yelling like very demons, while the sweat runs down their burning faces in streams—to see this is terrible; but when added to the sight is the horrible din of voices which well nigh stuns you, nothing more is necessary to convince you that civilization is a myth and humanity a hoax.

The amount of paper which changes hands daily, at the Frankfort Borse, is astonishing. Not unfrequently 150,000,000 thalers in stock are bought and sold in a few hours. When gold in America was at its highest premium, millions of dollars worth of bonds were bought here by the money-kings, at the rate of thirty-eight cents on the dollar. What a harvest for them, but what a famine for us! Immense fortunes were made in a day, and the market here is now filled with every species of American paper, from Government bonds down to the latest railroad stocks.

Many, especially the Jews, who deal at the Borse and buy or sell, daily, thousands, have, perhaps, actually but a few hundred dollars, or at least never risk more than this in their speculations. They often proceed in this way: The buyer says I will take 20,000 thalers of a certain paper at, say, ninety-five, to be delivered in twenty days. The time expires. The price is now, say, ninety-nine. The buyer says to the seller, you may pay me the four per cent. gain and keep the stock, which stock, by the way, may be with him merely imaginary, and has been sold over and over again in the same manner. Beaming countenances, false letters, lying reports, &c., &c., all play their role among the old heads, and up goes the price, some veteran buying mildly, apparently. The young and the green bid high, and when the figures are right the sharper sells, and puts another golden lining in his pocket. None can equal the Jews in these sly tricks, and starting with a penny they end as millionaires. But

many a poor wretch walks out of the Borse ruined, and in its depths the sullen Main listens to his death-gurgle.

When Frankfort holds its annual Horse Fair, or Horse Market, as they call it, the city presents all that commotion and life attendant upon such occasions. There are, perhaps, a thousand horses brought in, and quite a large variety of breeds among them, the French and English, however, predominating. England, France, Holland and the various German States, all contribute to the number, and buyers and sellers from nearly all Europe are on hand. The horses are divided into two lots, draft and driving horses, and are stationed in two different parts of the city. The former are in the square, about the Goethe monument, known of old as the Ross Market—the Horse market—but which now one often calls the “Goethe Place.” Here the thoroughbred French horse, heavy-limbed, small-headed, thick-necked, short-backed, heavy-maned and broad-hipped, is the principal character; but, coming as they do, chiefly from borders of France, they have none of that fancy trimming and silken gloss which their more famed compatriots wear in the Parisian markets. They are ponderous fellows, most of them, always fat as butter, good-natured and wonderfully strong. They are tied to ropes running through the square in parallel lines, and between these rows the dealers are cracking their whips and their jokes, while their jockey boys, in clouds of dust, are running up and down with the horses, displaying them to the crowds. The prices seem to range from \$75 to \$200, and all horses

sold are guaranteed a certain number of days; so that if any disorder or defect appears within the specified time the seller must refund the money. Flags are flying, everybody is jolly, and the barrels of beer that go down are shocking to malt.

Upon the other side of the city are the nice driving horses, at the city stables, and they *are nice*, indeed perfect beauties, and as well behaved as they look. The thousand and one kings, grand dukes, dukes and princes of Germany, make their purchases here yearly, together with the army of wealthy men, so that the very cream of the equine stock is brought here for sale. The beautiful English horse takes my eye. He is tall, clean-limbed, round-bodied, with arching neck, small head, open nostril, trim ear, projecting eye, full chest, bright bay color, a step as nimble as a squirrel's, and a style that'll make the children by the roadside drop their playthings in admiration.

Into the Horse Fair the lottery enters also. A committee, consisting of the first men of Frankfort, have charge of the matter, and the whole affair is managed with scrupulous honesty, not to fill their own pockets, but to enhance the agricultural interests of the community. The tickets, which have been selling for months, are a thaler (about seventy cents) each. The prizes consist of horses, carriages, harnesses, blankets, whips, and everything pertaining to this department, besides a liberal supply of watches, works of art, &c., &c. The first prize is an elegant turn-out, a coach and four fine English bay horses, with all the fixings, the whole worth here about \$2,500. The drawing takes

place in the large concert hall, at the close of the Fair, and the scene, which is naturally exciting, is rendered still more attractive by the display of the artistic prizes in the hall, and the stirring music of a fine band. The manner of drawing is this: On each side of the director, upon the platform, is placed a wheel or revolving drum; in the one there are as many numbers as there have been tickets sold; in the other are the numbers which are fixed to the prizes; two men whirl the

drums; two others, without looking in, draw out each a number. At each trial the director announces the numbers drawn, one the number of the ticket, and the other the number of the prize belonging with it. When the first prize is won, a loud cheer arises through the crowded hall, the band strikes up a gay air, and a general jollification ensues. The next day the journals publish the result, and away go the prizes over all Europe. So goes the world in Deutschland.

A DAY'S JOURNEY.

OF all days in the year, that was the loveliest, which was mentioned in the calendar of that year as the 20th day of May, 1871. And of all gay parties, that was the gayest, which set out from Lewiston, on the morning of that day, to visit the Old Manning House in Raymond, where Hawthorne passed a few years of his early life.

There were Ellsworth, Johnson, Wiggin and I. The two former, though they had already received the rolls of parchment which reward the successful completion of a college course, were not, on that account, ashamed to associate with undergraduates, but were, all in all, two as genial A. B.'s as ever wore the title.

I remember how I proposed the visit early in the Spring, and how, on this bright May morning, I was surprised at breakfast, by a voice from the

street, shouting to me to "hurry up if I wanted to go to Raymond." I did "hurry up," and, in a few moments, found myself behind Johnson, in a two-seated carriage which was to be drawn by a span of fine-looking, dark red horses. Johnson had come for me first, and we were to gather in the rest of the party on the way.

At the first corner, Wiggin climbed into the back seat with me, and we dashed off down the street with such sparkling faces, that many a gray-haired old man and blushing maiden stopped to wonder what could be our errand, and did not cease until enlightened by the evening edition of our enterprising *Journal*. But we cared little for their speculations so long as the way was clear before us. Down through the streets, already busy with a city's traffic, and across the old and rotting bridge at a rate which threat-

ened to bring down upon us the penalty of the law, and we were in Auburn and at Ellsworth's door.

"Well, boys," he tried to articulate, as he seated himself by the side of Johnson, "we must dispose ourselves comfortably, if we are to ride forty miles to-day."

But his sentence was chopped into a dozen pieces, as the horses, obeying a command from Johnson, started off at a round pace over the uneven road. The caution was not needed, however, for the freshness of the morning breeze forbade lassitude, and brought on its wings just the right train of thought for those about to visit the old-time abode of America's great romancist.

"Then you had a very sober and quiet journey," says one.

Not at all, my dear friend. We were just as happy and boisterous as Hawthorne would have been, had he been with us. Not a whit more so, I verily believe.

Occasionally, we would strive to awaken melodious echoes by the sonorous intonations of four strong voices exerted to their utmost tension. Then would we listen, for a few moments, to the songs of the early birds. But their performances painfully indicated that they had never taken lessons of a modern singing-school teacher; for they sang the same old tunes our boyhood's ears had heard. So we soon ceased to listen, satisfied that in one respect at least, Art can improve upon Nature.

The roadside scenery was not particularly striking, except that it was all glorified by the indescribable charm of Spring.

"Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies."

The trees, after having stood forth for long months in a dreary nakedness, seemed to be just recalling the early lessons of modesty which their mother, Nature, had taught them, and were donning a new garb of perfect green.

Oh, Nature was in a merry mood that day, and she seemed to be playing her tricks for the especial purpose of amusing us. For example, a large oak, doubtless fifty years of age, was standing on his head at one side of the road, his limbs extended in a most ridiculous manner, appearing not to realize the laughableness of his situation in the least. For ourselves, we could not help smiling at the odd figure which his posture presented; yet we regretted exceedingly that the venerable creature should incur so much criticism from a simple ignorance of the customs of good society.

Off in the fields, a woodchuck now and then sat watching us as we passed, or a flock of noisy crows sailed off scornfully into the distance. Once, as we were traversing a long extent of forest, we met a most hideous looking man. He resembled the old "Grab Man," as my childish fancy painted him, years ago. He had an empty bag thrown over his shoulder, as if he were all ready to stow away the first hapless youth who should cross his path.

Arrived at Raymond Village, we inquired the way to the Manning House.

"Oh!" exclaimed our informant, "you mean the old house where Nat Hathun used to live! Wall, you jest

keep right on about two miles, and then turn to the left and keep on agin till you come to a large, square house and there you are."

It was "high noon by the hot sunbeams" when we reached our place of destination, and sought the nearest grove where we might partake of our picnic dinner undisturbed. It was a romantic place, such as Hawthorne might have delighted to revel in. Tall pine trees swayed gently overhead, and a dry, clean sward was spread beneath our feet. Near us, on our left, were a dozen little groves, each a counterpart of our own, and all set off by a background of black, interminable forest. On the right, golden sunbeams glanced up from the clear waters, and dodging the frequent trees, struck us full in the face whenever we looked that way. We afterward went down to the water's edge and out upon the bosom of the lake, where a scene of startling beauty burst upon our view. There were — but I restrain my pen, for I have almost reached the prescribed limits of this article.

The Old Manning House looked more like a small church than a large dwelling house; and, indeed, at this time, it was used by some religious denomination for church purposes. It was impossible to determine what had been its original color, and the warped clapboards were rapidly falling off. Through what had been an attic window, a broken-backed chimney could be seen, looking as if it had been crushed in an effort to pierce the roof. We could not enter the room which Hawthorne had occupied, for the upper floors had been removed the better to

accommodate the powerful lungs of the weekly preacher; but we could see the window through which every morning he had looked forth upon the new day. We lingered long about the place, and did not come away without some substantial memento of our visit. The good people of the village were very kind and attentive. Two of them had seen "Nat" and known him.

"Nat was a cute fellow at askin' questions, Nat was," said one of them. "He was allers tryin' to find out new things."

Returning, we did not retrace the steps of the morning, but took a route which would offer us new scenes and landscapes. There was none of that boisterousness which had characterized our morning journey. All that had disappeared before the thoughts which the scenes of the day had awakened. Besides, our way lay through the thick, dark woods, and the fantastic movements of the trees as we hurried past, the subdued murmur of the swaying forest, and withal a certain indefinite sense of majesty, had a soothing, quieting influence which placed silence on our lips. A flock of wood-pigeons, flying off into the twilight of the woods, induced no comment. Out of the woods our way led over a lofty hill whence we could look down into the valley and see the diminished trees, robbed, by the distance, of half their stately grandeur. Yet it was not without a feeling of complacency that we beheld the sight, — so proud is man to look down upon that to which he has been accustomed to look up.

Once, while we were still miles away, we saw Mt. David and the Col-

lege nestling at its foot. Then the roar of the falls became audible above the rattle of wheels and the sighing of the evening breeze. Again we crossed the old bridge which then spanned the Androscoggin, and again we traversed the city's streets; but the noise of traffic had ceased, while darkness and a hush were fast creeping over the city.

"It was a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time was quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration."

And so that day, which had brought us a deep and solemn pleasure never to be forgotten, passed out in quietness and peace,—lingering a little above the western hills, till the stars came forth, and the moon, rising with queenly majesty in the east, signalled across the heavens that she was ready to resume her sway, unaided, over the broad expanse and myriad worlds of Night.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WHILE it gives us great pleasure to chronicle among our *Items* several instances of munificence to our sister colleges, we are happy to record the generous proposal of friends to donate one hundred thousand dollars to BATES, on condition that the College raises the same amount within five years.

This willingness, on the part of business men, to aid our colleges, ought to encourage and stimulate to still greater exertions the many colleges of our country. It is truly encouraging, for it shows that the work which the colleges are doing is appreciated. Since, however, they have not reached, by far, the maximum of their power, such instances of liberality ought, as we have said, to rouse them to put forth all their efforts to reach that point.

The object of a college is not, as so many think, to turn out polished men — men who shall be simply ornaments to society. The aim of such an institution should be in accordance with the demands of the people. Now, the world needs, and is continually demanding, practical men, men who can do something. Hence, the aim of the colleges should be to send out, not ministers, or doctors, or lawyers — but men. In other words, the aim of the college should be to help young men, by a systematic course of training, to perform

better their *active* part in this active world of ours, no matter what may be the business of their lives.

We regard the present offer, so generously made to BATES, as peculiarly significant. It shows that BATES, though young in years, has, to some degree at least, met these demands. It is an evidence that BATES is making herself felt as an educator.

The great question, then, for us is, shall the required hundred thousand dollars be raised? Or rather, *how* shall it be raised? All know the financial condition of BATES, all understand how much better she could do her work if she rested upon a foundation financially solid; that is to say, if she had a large endowment fund. Therefore it behooves all our alumni, who love their *Alma Mater* and rejoice in her prosperity, to do all they can towards raising this amount. It is a time now, if ever, for all friends of the College, and all true friends of education, to do a good work. The number of our students is constantly increasing, our College needs more money, and must have it, to carry forward her work successfully. This brings us back to the all-important question, how shall this money be raised? We shall not presume to lay down any specific method. We believe that the necessary amount can be raised — yea, we

believe it *will* be raised. Let all the friends of BATES consider carefully the work which must be accomplished by them within the next five years.

—Many times during the winter, "long and dreary, cold and cruel," and especially since our hearts sighed with the winds the dirge of the departed year, we have caught ourselves exclaiming with Thomsonian fervor,

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!"

It is related that our Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed in the Mayflower, intended to pitch their tents near the mouth of the Hudson; but for some reason, perhaps because, being strangers to the New World, and buffeted by storms, they lost their way,—they finally immortalized Plymouth Rock, leaving to a more southerly coast only the wrecks of their good intentions.

When we reflect that, had they settled where they first intended, we, their descendants, might have escaped the severities of these northern winters, we are thankful that we are philosophers, and have learned the folly of indulging in useless repinings. But, after all, what matters it; better days are now before us. Blustering March has blown brief February from the stage, and though Spring is not yet etherealized, brighter times are on the wing, and we can almost hear the song of the first robin, and smell the fragrance of the sweet May-flowers.

The Spring Term is drawing near its close. Now that the village pedagogues have returned from their winter schools, the college halls and grounds have well-nigh lost the desolate look which they are wont to wear

during the winter months. And, just now, the students are students in the true sense of the word. From the learned Seniors, who are warmly praised for the altogether unprecedented success which attends their efforts to translate Butler's Analogy, down to the faithful Freshmen, upon every brow sits, not only the good nature, but also the look of profound wisdom, which made Mr. Dick a marked man in the eyes of Miss Betsey Trotwood. But, be it added, beyond the look of wisdom, any comparison of a really earnest student with the "childlike and bland" Mr. Dick, of course fails.

—Charles Lamb said in one of his essays, that he had no ear for music. We have two ears, and unfortunately certain persons have discovered that they are both for music. These musical geniuses seem to consider it their duty to furnish music gratis for the above-mentioned ears, at all hours of the day and night.

Good music we love. But *such* music — music

"Like the loud note of angry swine
Petitioning for swill,"

we can forego.

Whether such persons are naturally religiously inclined, and so feel compelled to spend the greater part of their time in prayer and praise, we know not. Perchance they feel bowed down with the weight of sins innumerable. If such is the case, it occurs to us, as we look down from our window upon that snow-covered reservoir, that it would be an act of kindness on our part to consider carefully and discover,

if possible, "what art can wash their guilt away."

Doubtless all our students would enjoy good music. We have some fine musicians among us. We could have good music, vocal and instrumental, if the students would only organize a club. Why could not such a thing be done?

If there are any who desire to have good college singing, for the purpose of cultivating their voices, and for the entertainment of themselves and their friends, let them take measures to bring about so desirable a thing. We ourselves, and doubtless all, would be willing to assist in such an undertaking. Still, it is a question in our mind, whether it would not be better for college students to leave their musical instruments at home, and devote all their spare time to the cultivation of their intellects. However this may be, it is a fact that there is nothing cultivating or elevating in the "harmonious discord" produced by the *continual* grating of horse hair upon the India-rubber

intestines of a defunct cat. We prefer to hear Tom Felis himself. With the increasing number of students, and, *of course*, the influx of musical geniuses, such a state of things is rapidly growing from an annoyance to a positive nuisance.

—Many of the students enjoyed some rare music in the College Chapel, one recent afternoon. The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, during their stay in Lewiston, visited the College, and sung in the Chapel to an appreciative audience. If the cause which they represent were not enough of itself, some of the finest harmonies we have ever heard produced by a chorus of human voices could not fail to arouse our warmest sympathies and well-wishes.

They are soon to sail for Europe, we understand, and we cannot doubt that the success and praise which everywhere attends them, will be given abroad to these singing representatives of a newly emancipated race.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., *Manager.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

PROF. — "What is the nature of heat? " Student — (who didn't expect to be called up there) — "It's warm."

Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men, in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.

Startling discovery! A student, after prolonged investigations, has discovered that there are three hundred and sixty geographical poles. This is truly an age of progress.

Sophomore (who never reads novels) commenting on Arthur Bonnicastle in *Scribner's* — "What a splendid thing this Arthur Bonnicastle is; it was the favorite at the reading circle in the neighborhood where I taught, this winter!" Teachable Junior — "Is it a novel?" Soph. — "No, indeed; it's altogether different from a *novel*!"

Passenger, who wants to get aboard of a Hartford horse car, which looks as if it had seen too much service: "Noah, stop your ark." Noah feels a little indignant, and does not stop. Again he hails: "Noah, stop your ark." Noah holds up with, "Come, hurry up, the animals are all in except the jackass."

Why a ship is "she." Some heartless wretch (who should be punished by being tied to a post, with his face within six inches of kissing distance of a pair of bewitching "cherry lips" — feminine lips — with the certainty of never reducing that number of inches between him and bliss,) says a ship is called *she*, because a man knows not the expense till he gets one; because they are useless without employment; because they look best when well rigged; because their value depends upon their age; because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home.

A college diploma is of no value at all, except as it represents a certain amount of hard study, continued long enough to give the student a profounder knowledge than is obtained by merely learning the names of things, and covering, as far as possible, all kinds of learning. Other things being equal, the boy who studies for seven years, will make a more capable man than the one who studies only for five, irrespective of the diplomas received; while it is always to be remembered that the most valuable lesson taught at the best of our institutions of learning is the art of study. — *N. Y. Evening Post*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Spring Term closes March 26th.

We understand that the Sophomores are to have a lecture in Ornithology once a week, next term.

The bowling alley has lately been repaired. We hope it may be used more and abused less in future.

All our readers will be glad to learn that friends of BATES have generously offered to donate \$100,000 as an endowment fund, provided the College raises \$100,000 within five years.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed here as usual, February 27th. The afternoon recitations were suspended, and a prayer-meeting was held in the Chapel. The meeting was quite well attended. Some interesting remarks were made by Profs. Hayes and Stanley of the College, and Prof. Rich of the Theological Seminary; also by Rev. E. N. Fernald and Rev. Dr. Balkam.

The Prize Declamations by members of the Sophomore Class, came off Friday evening, March 21, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the audience was not so large as could have been desired. The following members of the Class participated: J.

R. Brackett, J. H. Hutchins, H. F. Giles, H. S. Cowell, G. W. Wood, A. T. Salley, F. B. Fuller, F. H. Hall. Ballard's Orchestra furnished music for the occasion, and, as usual, gave perfect satisfaction. The committee of award were Rev. Uriah Balkam, D.D., J. B. Cotton, Esq., W. H. Lambert, A.M. The prize was awarded to G. W. Wood.

Wabash College is rejoicing over a gift of \$50,000 from Chauncey Rose, Esq., of Terre Haute.

Hon. Samuel Miller of New Haven, has given ten thousand dollars to Yale College for the endowment of a fellowship, to be called the "Douglas Fellowship."

The income of the University of Michigan is \$76,000, while its expenditures are \$92,000. The studies of the Senior year in the University are to be elective.

The Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, D.D., has declined the Presidency of Colby University, preferring to continue in the Professorship of Theology in the Crozer Theological Seminary.

The oldest and youngest man, at the time of entering Harvard College, in the present Senior Class, were respectively 29 and 15; in the Junior Class,

28 and 14; in the Sophomore Class, 23 and 15; and in the Freshman Class, 27 and 15.

Trinity College (Hartford, Ct.) has at length succeeded in obtaining a new site. She sold her present location about a year ago, to the city of Hartford, as a site for a new State House. The new location embraces nearly eighty acres, and cost about \$200,000.

The great German University, the University of Berlin, which has given to Europe many of her greatest philosophers, theologians, and scientists, and has so long been the most celebrated seat of learning on the continent, is on the decline. Leipsic has out-stripped it in numbers, and, it is thought by many, will soon succeed to its envied position of supremacy. Berlin has, in a short time, fallen from 2,503 students

to 1,990; while Leipsic has now 2,315.—*Tyro.*

Mr. Theodore Lyman of Brookline, Mass., promises to add to the subscription started to replace the losses of Harvard College in the Boston fire, one-twentieth part of the money subscribed, up to a gross subscription of \$400,000. He is to pay this proportion only on subscriptions that shall be made before Jan. 1, 1874.

Cornell University has lately received an autograph drawing and description of an electric telegraph instrument, contained in a letter written by Samuel F. B. Morse to the Hon. Archibald L. Linn, on the 23d of January, 1843, that is, at the time when the distinguished inventor was engaged in persuading Congress to make appropriations for a practical trial of his invention.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—W. S. Stockbridge is pastor of the Congregational Church in Woonsocket, R. I. He was presented with a son, Feb. 14, 1873.

'68.—C. G. Emery is teacher in one of the public schools of Boston, Mass., with a salary of \$2,000.

'69.—Wm. H. Bolster is pastor of the Congregational Church in Wiscasset, Me.

'70.—E. A. Nash is Clerk of the Municipal Court in this city.

'71.—G. W. Flint is Principal of Francistown (N. H.) Academy. He was married, recently, to Lizzie Monteith, daughter of W. R. Monteith, Esq., Barnet, Vt.

'71.—C. H. Hersey is studying law at Bethel, Me.

'72.—J. S. Brown is the successful

Principal of the Lyndon Literary Institution, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

PARSONS, JOEL STEVENS.—Born June 7th, 1840, at Norway, Me. Son of William and Dorothy Parsons.

1868-70, Principal of Public School, Collinsville, Ill.

1871-3, State Agent for Sewing Machines in Minnesota.

Married, July 28th, 1869, to Lou. F. Folsom, daughter of Major M. and Sarah Folsom, Newburg, Me.

Child, Sarah Ottie, born Aug. 27th, 1871.

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PRINCIPAL.

Spring Term commences ... Feb. 3, 1873.

Summer Term commences April 28, 1873.

Summer Term closes July 2, 1873.

The SEMI-CENTENNIAL of the Institution will be cel-
ebrated next anniversary.

Business Meeting of the Alumni.....Tuesday, at 10 A. M.

Lecture by Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH.....Tuesday, at 8 P. M.

Graduating Exercises.....Wednesday, A. M.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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VOL. I.

APRIL, 1873.

No. 4.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

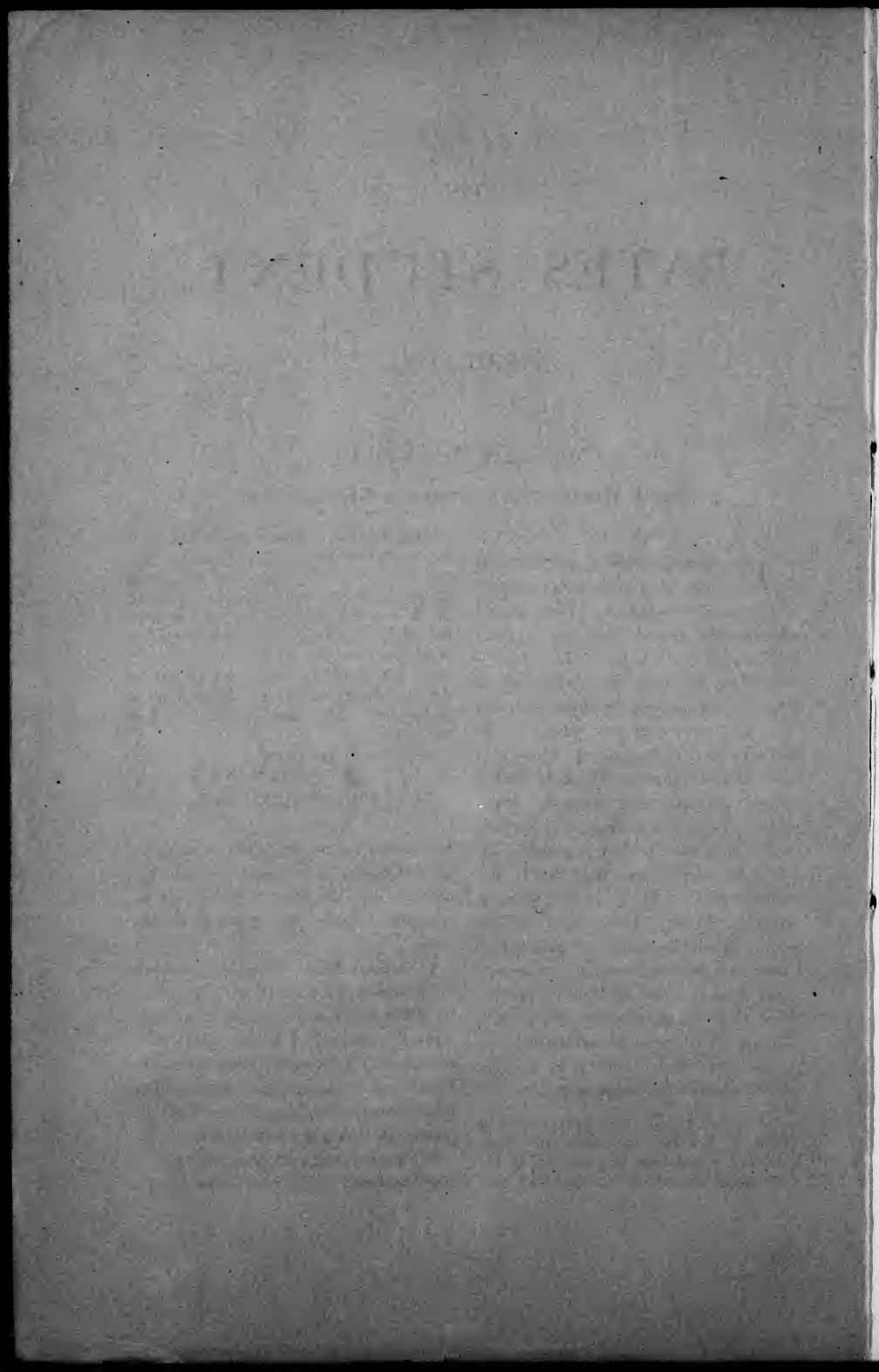
EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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LEWISTON:
NELSON DINGLEY, JR., & CO., COLLEGE PRINTERS.
1873.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

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MY CHUM AND I ;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

IV.

OF course Chum was n't dead. If he had been this chapter would be bordered with black, and you would take the hint at once that you were to read an obituary notice. In which I should do my best to eulogize all of Chum's virtues and to make you believe he never had any vices, as do obituary writers in general. Dead ! It makes me shudder to think of such a thing. He was only stunned. Over his left eye there was an ugly cut which bled freely, but after bathing and bandaging it, he declared to me that the wound was nothing more than a scratch. Though I do believe if the unkindly weapon that inflicted it had struck but an inch lower, Chum would never have laughed so lightly over the affair as he did the morning after, when Captain Pettifer came bustling into our room, and handed to him an epistle, couched in the following words :—

“Capen Petifer,—“yerve gut a Villin in yer House woos name is Gild and i rite this tu give yer notice i em goin tu clean him out are this

ear naborhood. I am a poor lon widder wich i no but i aint a goin tu lou eny stuck up skool marster tu punch mi youngist boy in the head and brake the bile wich hes gut under his arm not ef i no miself so he can't pull a kord line fer teu months are comin. Jake is a good boy when let alon so ef the marster gives me tew dolars i wunt go tu law. Tell him so rite now immeditely

“from yer frend,

“HANER TROT.

“p s i em goin fer the justis ef the piece.”

“‘Goin' fer the justis ef the piece' !” cried Chum, in an ungovernable explosion of laughter. “And pray, captain, who is the ‘justis ef the piece' ?”

“Anthony Bike,—he that keeps th' tavern up at Trottses Bluff. But don't let it fret yer, Guild ; I'll fix it all right with Jim Pease. I allers stand by a messmate ef he's on his weather-beam, I do,” and the honest old sailor winked mysteriously, bringing down his emphatic limb in a substantial way.

“Thank you, thank you, captain. I shall certainly need your services if I

am to be entangled in the meshes of the law."

"Th' widdler's gut her spunk up and 'll fight hard. She 'll git Beans, I s'pose, but it's gen'rally 'lowed round here that Pease can steer th' closest to th' wind, that is, yer know, keep th' case well luffed-up afore th' jury."

Who the captain had reference to by Pease and Beans, was rather indefinite to us at first, but we afterwards learned that they were the two individuals that held undisputed sway over the Pettifer Neighborhood court of justice.

The reader is probably aware by this time that Chum had been engaged on the previous night in a combat with Hannah Trott's son. It seems that the said youngest boy, who was known in the Neighborhood by the name of Picked Evil, had resented a thrashing which Chum had given him in school for some misdemeanor. Deeming the night of the debate the fitting time to take revenge, he waited near the house for Chum's return, and perceiving him alone, began operations by springing upon him as he entered the gate. Whereupon a rough-and-tumble battle ensued, in which Picked Evil, according to his mother's most elegant composition, got rather badly handled. Chum's practiced arms could deal pretty hard blows, and although Picked Evil was quite a giant in strength, he found to his grief that his clumsy limbs were no match for them. They hammered him unmercifully; and had it not been for the arrival of some auxiliary who attacked Chum from the rear with a heavy club, Picked Evil would undoubtedly have been a subject for the doctor during the rest of the year.

It took nothing more than twelve hours for the news to travel the length and breadth of the Pettifer Neighborhood, and before night the great question pending in every household was whether the master would pay up, or fight it out with the widow. That Chum *didn't* pay, it is probably unnecessary for me to say. His relish for the ludicrous was too keen to spoil what promised to be so interesting a proceeding as going to law with the Trott family.

When the constable came with the warrant of arrest he appeared a little flustered, as he expected Chum would show fight, and be a difficult customer to handle. But we got into his sleigh in our most civil manner, and didn't show the least sign of excitement or of being terrified by the dignity of his office, which kinder put him out, he said, for he didn't know how to take the chaps with their oily ways.

"I should say, Mr. Constable," began Chum, "that your mare is a blooded horse, eh?"

"Wal, now, I dunno; perhaps she is. I ain't much ef a judge, I ain't," and gathering up the reins, he inflicted the whip sharply upon her back. "She comes ef good stock, I reckon, — had her sence she's a colt."

"Yes, I noticed her breed at the first glance," replied Chum.

"Raelly, now?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Perhaps, now, yer somethin' on a hoss; I hear yer from college? Ef yer see any undiscovered points in the mare I'll be obliged to yer to enlighten me."

If Chum had not favored me with a

frown I certainly should have laughed outright at these last words. For, instead of discovering any new point in the mare, it would have been more difficult to find anything that wasn't a point or an angle. She looked nothing short of forty years old, and as if she had been fed on sawdust since her maidenhood. Her legs were covered with bunches, and threatened every time she took an extra spurt to give out all together.

Chum said he thought her neck was after the fashion of a trotting horse, and perhaps her eyes showed high blood, too. But the constable seemed a little doubtful about this, for he said that the left eye had been stone-blind these dozen years, and he sometimes thought the right one was getting in a bad way.

"Over-feeding, over-feeding!" exclaimed Chum, in a decided manner.

"Do tell! I never thought of that."

"Certainly, my good sir; you may depend upon it. High living heats the blood, turns the liver wrong side out, and irritates the eyeballs."

"To be sure, that's rational."

The praise bestowed on his old horse brightened up the official, and after a few moments of silence he, all at once, became confidential, saying in a low tone, "She's gut Pease, I heer."

Chum pretended not to understand him.

"Pease, I say, — the lawyer."

"Oh, yes, what of him?"

"Nothin' much, only he's smart. Come nigh ridin' into Congress on a cow case he had afore th' 'Squire last fall."

"Then I am undone, I suppose?"

"Maybe not, maybe not. Yer've gut grit, and that goes a long ways round here."

When we arrived at the Bluff we found the tavern filled with a motley collection of hangers-on, whom curiosity had drawn together upon this interesting occasion. The magistrate, a stout, red-faced man, apparently possessing more knowledge of liquor than law, was seated before a small pine table with pen, ink, and paper; and as soon as the constable ushered Chum in, he intimated by bringing down his heavy fist on the table and bawling silence, that the court was opened and in readiness for business.

Pease, the illustrious, then in a very consequential manner, arose to his feet (he had been seated upon a log of wood near the fire, speaking in mysterious whispers to Picked Evil and the widow), and after discharging a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and hemming and hawing, and looking daggers at Chum, opened the case with the following exordium:

"May it please the hon'able Court and gentlemen, as the attorney fer the plaintiff in this important case, I remark, *firstly*, that I expect and have no doubt I shall have a fair and impartial hearin' and decision from this highly enlightened Court. My client, who is a youth ef the highest standin' in this respectable community, — aye, the apple ef his fond parent's eye, has been willfully and feloniously assaulted while peacefully pursuing his way along the quiet thoroughfare ef his own native town. Yes, may it please yer honor, he has been assaulted; he has been assaulted! I say! and by

whom, yer honor? I'll tell yer by whom — by lawless rowdies."

Just at this moment Captain Pettifer came hobbling in, quite out of breath, and accompanied by a tall, lank looking individual, who, throwing his head forward of the captain's shoulder, interrupted the pettifogger with, "Look-a-y'ere, Pease, I'll have yer up fer def'mation ef character."

Pease paused, I might say there was a terrible pause, while the illustrious scanned his adversary from the toes of his boots to the crown of his head.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Beans?" said he, with a look of great contempt. "It's you that's a-goin' to advocate the schoolmaster."

"Yes, it's me, and when yer address *me* yer may put are handle to my name, Mister Pease, if yer please," and this new champion advanced as near to the grandiloquent Pease as the crowd would permit him.

"As I said before, yer honor," continued Pease, in the coolest manner, "I think it a disgrace to the human family that such men as the criminal at the bar" (a flourishing gesture towards Chum) "should be permitted to per-owl about our beautiful Neighborhood in the dead hours of the night to waylay honest, innocent people. It's *contra-ry* to the principles of the Constitution, *contra-ry* to the principles of the law, and *contra-ry* to good order, and must be stopped; and, may it please yer Honor, this man should be made an example ef, and heavy damages be given to my client."

"Ahem! Mister Trott will yer take the stand?"

After some hesitation Picked Evil got upon his feet, and giving Chum a wide birth, walked to one side of the justice's table. He was a delicate looking boy, measuring something over six feet in height and weighing perhaps a hundred and eighty pounds. His face was large and bony, and ornamented by a beak nose, which had probably suggested the nickname he bore. The arm with a "bile" under it he carried in a sling.

"Now yer'll please to state to his Honor the particulars of the assault upon yer individual person."

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but the truth," exclaimed the justice.

"Aye, he'll do that," put in Beans; "like the glorious Gen'ral Washington the boy was never known to tell a lie."

"Silence! silence in the court, I say!"

Picked Evil's story was in substance, that while on his way home from the Academy on the night of the debate Chum had attacked him without any provocation; that he (Picked Evil) would certainly have shown him what right-smart fighting was if some one hadn't come and took the school master's part. Who that some one was he couldn't tell, because he knocked him down and then run; but he reckoned it might have been the master's mate, Mister Jasper.

During the recital of this woeful tale it took the combined efforts of the captain and myself to keep Chum from laying violent hands on Picked Evil again, to teach him, as he said, how to tell the truth.

"Keep yer sails trim, Guild, and don't let the wind out," persuaded the captain, in a whisper, "'cause we're goin' to tack ship now and run em down. Beans, he's gittin' himself ready to pull taut."

Mr. Beans at this particular moment was straightening himself into a theatrical attitude, and winking mysteriously at the justice.

"Yer Honor, the defence 'll be short, brief, and to the p'int. I've an infant, a pure and unperverted infant, who knows no guile, that was an eyewitness to this most cowardly, villainous, scandalous, cold-blooded, premeditated, corporeal assault upon my peaceful and quiet-lovin' client."

"Amen!" cried Pease.

"Mister Pease if yer please, keep yer breath fer yer prayers."

The judicial functionary commanded order, order.

"Order it is, yer Honor. Now then, Sonny, step up this way," and to our surprise little Ebb went forward.

"Sonny, jest yer tell now what yer saw from the top story ef the house where yer live."

"I was lookin' out th' winder, and when Mister Guild come in th' gate, Picked, he jumps on him; but oh, didn't Mister Guild give it to him!—right end over end."

"Laws, jest as ef th' 'Squire's a-goin' to mind what that boy says!" said the widow, contemptuously, from her corner.

"Missis Trott."

"Mister Beans."

"I'm a goin' to have a coroboration ef this boy's testimony."

The widow looked puzzled. "Coroboration" wasn't laid down in her dictionary.

At a nod from Beans Ebb went out, and after a moment returned, leading Flo by the hand.

"Will yer Honor please to observe what this little girl says?"

The justice signified his assent to listen; and poor Flo, trembling a great deal and very much frightened, related the circumstances of the affair quite the same as did Ebb.

"And didn't yer see Joe Trott come up behind the Master?" queried Beans.

"Oh, yes sir, I did; and he hit Mister Guild dreadfully with a great, big club."

"It's a lie, the hull ef it," shouted Pease. "Beans you manerfactured the yarn yerself."

"A what?" asked Beans, placing his hands on the back of a chair and throwing his ungraceful figure forward until his neck seemed ready to part company with his body altogether. "A what?—Do I hear with my ears?"

"A lie!"

"Gentlemen and the Court, I call yer to witness he said a lie, for which I desire yer presence out on the potato patch while I lick him within an inch ef his precious life."

In vain did every one cry "order," because every one did his best to cause disorder. The table and chairs were immediately thrown into confusion as well as the justice himself. The widow screamed; the constable laid down the law right and left with a black bottle; and all the while Pease and Beans were in a deadly struggle on the floor.

But there is always an end to the roughest storm; and of course the pugilistic exercises of the crowd terminated when every one had fairly got the wind knocked or kicked out of him. The illustrious possessed a bloody nose and blacked eye, while Beans showed a broken tooth. This is about all the damage that was done, though the contest, I have since learned, is spoken of as the great battle between Pease and Beans.

When the justice had succeeded in arranging his crumpled crown, and had wiped his watery eyes until they looked quite like carbuncles, he expressed himself to the effect that this ere thing had gone 'bout fer 'nough, and ef Mister Pease and Beans would step round with him into the back room they'd bring the case to a decision.

How they did it was never known to any one except themselves, but Captain Pettifer intimated to me, as his private opinion, that Beans jest treated to Medford rum all round. Be it as it may, Chum was acquitted, and the widow, though quite beside herself with anger, nevertheless managed to speak her mind freely concerning civilization and various demoralized people not far distant, etc.; after which she made a hasty retreat, accompanied by her hopeful offspring.

V.

All day long dark, heavy clouds surcharged with snow, hung in the west, and then as the afternoon wore away the wind rolled the huge burden nearer the zenith, till finally the swaying,

scudding mass gained full possession of the sky. Over sea and land shadows upon shadows crept, growing thicker and thicker, and an eddying, blinding deluge of flakes was swept hither and thither by the irritating war of fighting winds.

And this, I believe, is the way the storm began.

If, my reader, you have ever been on the coast during the winter season you surely haven't forgotten that roar of the surf, that grating and grinding of the shore-ice on the rocks. What a dismal, melancholy sound was it this night! What gloomy fancies ran races in my brain! All the dreadful shipwrecks I had ever heard or read of seemed to pass before me like the pictures of some horrible phantasmagoria. Though the fire on the hearth was just as cheerful and brilliant as usual, I couldn't somehow content myself to sit beside it. The window was the place that attracted me; and sitting there with the curtain half-drawn I watched the light at the Point, the sea all white with foam and leagues of angry breakers. And there was another as restless as I, — Uncle Davy Grier. From the time the wind began to blow the hardest, I had noticed him with his curious-cut garments drawn closely about his shrivelled and crooked body, wandering up and down one of the crags that skirted the shore. And every now and then shading his eyes with his hand he would bend forward and look far out to sea, as if endeavoring to pierce the very horizon itself.

"Th' ole man's a little light up aloft when a storm's brewin'," said the captain, observing him.

"He acts strange, certainly," I ventured to say.

"He's lookin' for Reuben, poor ole man."

"For Reuben?"

"Yes; he's been lookin' fer him this many a year, — many a year, Mister Jasper." And then after a pause he said more to himself than to me, "and Reuben 'll never, no, never come."

I wanted to know who Reuben was, but I withstrained my curiosity, for Chum was always chaffing me about being too inquisitive. But things will come around strangely sometimes, and no mistake. What I mean, and intend to tell you of, happened an hour or two after the above words between the captain and myself. Just as the back log had been rolled into the fireplace and the poker hung on its proper nail, who should come in out of the storm but John Myrtle and Mary — the very two of all others in this wide world that we wanted to see on this particular night. We? I mean the Pettifers of course. Chum and I had got into a habit of including ourselves with the family before we had been in the house a fortnight.

"Well, really, Mr. Jasper," said the light-keeper in a cheery voice, "your fire means to bid defiance to the 'cold, chilly blasts of —' what is the month, Mary, my dear, that the poet has in his verse?"

"Oh my, how the snow *does* blow! I think it has run quite off with my breath."

How lovely she looked! What a beautiful color suffused her cheeks as she laughingly held her numb fingers before the blaze.

Now I imagine that every lady reader will ask right here, while Mary shakes the snow from her clothes, what on earth could have brought her out of doors upon such a night as has been described. Well, you see, Ebb was ill with a fever. He had been in his bed more than a week, and during this time Mary Myrtle had taken turns with Philothety in nursing the little patient. To-night, as he was something worse than usual, she had come to remain with him until morning.

"Why do the poets, Mr. Jasper, write such beautiful lines about winter, when it is so freezing and disagreeable?"

"Nonsense, Mary; the poets sing about everything. It is their trade," said her father, taking one of the empty chairs beside the hearth.

"Perhaps that is truth; I never thought of it before."

Be it written that Mary uttered these words thoughtlessly, for her attention was riveted at that moment upon a knot in her hood string, which she was trying to untie. Having succeeded, she laid the bonnet aside and stole just one glance at the looking-glass to see if her hair was exactly as she wished it to be before going into the sick chamber. Have I forgotten to mention that Chum was in there? Yes, Ebb liked to have Chum sit with him, because he could tell wonderfully interesting stories that made the little fellow forget his pains and fall asleep.

Well, after Mary's exit John Myrtle and I sat conversing for some time. Then the entry door opened slowly and Davy Grier came in. He looked at neither one of us, but stared at the un-

curtained window behind me. Then approaching Mr. Myrtle—still keeping his eyes on the window—he pointed his bony hand towards the panes, saying in a chilly whisper, while his face turned deathly pale:

“Look, look, do you see it, John Myrtle?—the face of Reuben. He’s come back to me again. Oh my God!” and he fell to the floor, apparently lifeless.

We started to our feet, for our nerves had received something of a shock, so impressive was the manner of this strange man. Mr. Myrtle bent over him and felt his pulse.

“He has only fainted,” said he. “Let us carry him to the other room where the air is better.”

It required very little exertion on our part to bear his emaciated body through the entry way and so on to what was called the porch, where we sat him down in a chair. After a moment or two he began to show signs of returning life, and Mr. Myrtle thought it best to leave him alone, as the sight of us would probably bring back to his mind the face at the window.

“I suppose this all appears very strange to you, Mr. Jasper?” he said, when we were again in the dining-room.

“Do you believe he really saw anything?”

“I can’t tell. Perhaps so, for people do say that the dead come back to the living; and—let me see!” stopping his walk up and down the floor and counting his fingers, “this is the fifth time he has seen the face, I think. The first time was during a terrible gale at Sydney, Australia, just after we

came down from the diggings. We worked a claim together for two years, David Grier and myself; and a better, braver man than he I never met. But—the face, Mr. Jasper, is said to be that of a man he killed in the diggings. The story runs that Reuben was a half-brother who went out from England to Australia with him; that they acquired a large fortune, quarreled over it, and so forth, and so forth. It’s the same old tale that was told of many partners in the gold mines. How true it may be in his case I can’t say, for I never heard a word of it from his lips. But if such a murder did happen it probably occurred during the raging of a storm, since it is always at such times that he sees the apparition, or whatever it is.”

“The presentiment that has so weakened his mind might have arisen from the remorse that such a crime would be likely to bring to him.”

“Very probable, very probable. The presentiment came to him on our voyage from Sydney to New York only a few weeks after he had seen the face. When we arrived he was quite insane, and I hadn’t the heart to leave him in charge of unknown people, so I brought him here, hoping he might recover; but as he didn’t John and I agreed between ourselves to build a wing on to the house for him to live in. Hark!”

We listened,—and heard a dull, rumbling sound like thunder mingled with the noise of the wind.

“What is that?” asked Chum, coming in haste from Ebb’s room.

Another explosion followed, louder and heavier.

“Quick! a lift with my great-coat, if

you please. There's something wrong at the Cape. They're firing the signal-gun."

"I'll go, too," cried Chum, seizing the captain's pea-jacket.

Although not of a particularly excitable nature the spirit of the moment gained possession of my nerves, and hurrying on my cloak I followed after Chum and Myrtle as they sped on towards the Cape.

The snow had fallen to considerable depth, and the sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam. Every now and then the flash from the cannon lighted up the neighboring jagged peaks, and in the intervals of the storm I could hear the shouts of men. As I came up to the group of figures assembled on the cliff, I heard Chum asking in an excited tone:

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?"

"Why, you see, sir, a boat couldn't live two minutes in the surf," replied an old tar. "We tried to launch the yawl from the Light, and it went to pieces right under our hands."

"What, then, in the name of heaven are we to do? We can't stand here like cattle and see that vessel with her whole crew go down only a few rods from shore?"

"If we could only get a rope to them," said Mr. Myrtle, "every one could be brought ashore."

"But it ain't a possible thing," exclaimed a number.

"It is," cried Chum; "I'll swim to the vessel myself."

"The first wave will dash you to atoms against the cliff."

"The rope, the rope. Bring the rope."

"Why, Guild, you are mad to think of attempting to live in that boiling water," argued John Myrtle.

Chum walked to the edge of one of the hanging rocks and looked down.

"What depth is the water below?"

"Forty fathoms, at least."

"And how far to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

I saw that Chum meant to try the feat, and I was fully alive to the danger he would encounter, yet I believed in him, just the same as I always had since the first time I looked upon his handsome face.

"Now then, there's no time to be lost; lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The old sailors must have noticed that there was evidently a method in his madness.

"Mr. Myrtle, oblige me by putting the rope in a double coil round my chest."

"Guild, don't go I beseech you; let me try it."

"Tie the rope, please; I am a good swimmer."

The rope was tied to suit him.

"Who among you will pay it out?"

"I, of course," said Mr. Myrtle; "no other hand shall touch it."

"Well, then, stand aside all of you, and let me have a clear start."

He walked to the edge, looked over to see how much the cliff shelved off; then stepping back a pace, he leaped down into the dark depths.

What an awful moment was the

next! Every eye was bent upon the roaring waters.

"He pulls the rope! He's rising with the wave!" shouted John Myrtle, paying out desperately.

It might have been ten minutes, or no more than five, before we heard, above the voice of the storm, a loud yell, followed by a cheer from the deck of the vessel, and knew by the drawing of the rope that Chum was there, but it

seemed years to me. Aye! I believe I lived a short life-time in those minutes.

The next thing to be done was to send off (by means of the rope Chum had carried) two strong cables, and then await the arrival of the crew. In half an hour's time they were all safely landed, and after giving three as loud and hearty yells for Chum as ever came from human lungs, we all started for the light-house.

A SPRING-TIME CAROL.

I SING for the love of the singing,
 And not for the sake of the song;
 In the air there's a melody ringing,
 I'll seize it and bear it along.
 'Tis heard in the rush of the river;
 'Tis felt in the breath of the breeze;
 'Tis seen in the robe which the Giver
 Bestows on the wakening trees.

The gossiping swallows repeat it;
 The robin responds with a will;
 The eagle is hasting to meet it,
 Where it rests on the far-distant hill.
 'Tis the world in its purest emotion;
 'Tis the song which God's grateful ones raise;
 When all Nature is loud with devotion,
 And silence is vocal with praise.

There's a tear on the cheek of the morning;
 A blush on the forehead of night;
 But the tear is a gem of adorning,
 And the blush is a sign of delight.
 Man's mourning alone is outspoken;
 Earth stifles her sorrow in song,

And her music is ever unbroken
While man helps to bear it along.

And shall I, who am blessed beyond measure,
Not join in the pæan sublime?
Can I hinder my heart's swelling pleasure,
And be guiltless of fault or of crime?
No, I'll sing for the love of the singing,
And not for the sake of the song;
In the air there's a melody ringing,
I'll seize it and bear it along.

THE VALUE OF EXAMINATIONS.

THE report that the authorities of Harvard College had resolved to abandon compulsory attendance upon recitations and prayers has already called forth considerable discussion. As this question of compulsory attendance is, doubtless, to remain an open question for some time, the present discussion is timely and valuable, since it will tend towards a just understanding and settlement of the various points in dispute.

When attendance upon recitations is left to the option of the pupil, his standing can only be determined by examinations; so that the value of examinations becomes really a fundamental question in the discussion of this important educational topic.

The value of an examination depends upon, at least, two things. The first thing is the object sought to be attained by the examination. Is it to learn just how many facts have been acquired,

and the order and time of their acquisition? Is it to determine the exact space passed over, and the facility with which the mind of the scholar reproduces the very things found in that space? It would seem from the usages of examiners that this is the object sought, and, if it be, is any process of argumentation needed to show that examinations are utterly without value?

Who, that has had any experience in learning or teaching, in examining or being examined, does not know that inordinate *cramming*, even to the production of mental dyspepsia, will be resorted to as a means of preparation? Who does not know that many a scholar has a prodigious memory but very little power of thought? and who does not know that such examinations tend to stimulate this mere memorizing power, while the thinking power, which is by far the noblest faculty of mind, is permitted to become dormant, or, at the

utmost, to attain only a sickly growth? This cannot be the true object of examinations; yet, are they not generally conducted in such a manner as to give foundation to the conviction that the acquisition of facts is considered to be the main thing in an education, that the mind is regarded as a well-planned and cunningly-devised storehouse, needing to be filled, rather than a springing germ, needing help towards growth and development?

Is not the real object—the only worthy object—of an examination, the determining of the exact growth of mind during the time devoted to those studies which are under investigation? What is education, if not the means for the attainment of growth? What is an examination, if not the means of ascertaining what growth has been attained?

The time for mere cramming, it is to be hoped, has gone by forever. The education demanded by the age is that which results in mental growth. What studies shall be pursued in the attainment of that growth; the manner of conducting recitations; compulsory or voluntary attendance upon those recitations, are all unsettled questions. Probably they will never be settled in a manner satisfactory to all; but the great fact that education is the drawing out, the development, the growth of mind, is settled and will remain settled; and the only examination, worthy of the name, is that by which the amount and quality of mental growth is determined.

It is evident that the quality of the growth should be investigated, since mental, as physical, growth may be

unhealthy, abnormal. So that the true object of an examination is the determining of the quality and extent of mental growth, rather than the number and kind of facts acquired.

The next thing upon which the value of examinations depends is their thoroughness. That an examination should be thorough, to accomplish any satisfactory results, is an axiom. A little skimming over the surface will determine nothing as to the value of real acquisitions which lie deep down in the mind. The deep soil must be turned up before its character and worth can be ascertained.

How, then, shall an examination be made thorough and searching? One answer, perhaps inadequate, is by having competent examiners. How often do college boys tip the wink to their mates when they see staid and reverend gentlemen come into the recitation room and look upon their exhibitions of learning with a dullness that is profound! They know too well that the rust is so very thick upon the minds of these venerable examiners, that they are utterly incapable of performing the tasks set for them. And when they know it, it may readily be inferred that their teachers know it; and the conclusion is quickly arrived at that such an examination will be a farce, and a ridiculous one too.

The common way of conducting an examination is to let the professor propound the questions himself. Once in a while a superficial or meaningless question will be asked by one of the learned (?) examiners; but the professor does the most of the work himself. How terrible the temptation to make

the class appear well, none but a professor can know. Is it a wonder that he should yield to it, and that he and his classes should practice the grossest frauds? They are doubtless "pious frauds"; at least, they should be, when practiced by a theological professor. All of us who have been through the *trying* ordeal of an examination know only too well the tricks and subterfuges resorted to in order to make a class show off. A little story—who knows that it is not true?—will serve as an illustration.

A certain professor of Ecclesiastical History, in a certain Theological Seminary, had been in the habit of examining his classes invariably in that portion of ecclesiastical history which relates to events before the advent of Christ. He had contrived to ask so very many questions on this portion of history that the time would slip away, and the class have to be dismissed without any examination whatever upon the later history of the church. The committee at length found some fault, for a wonder, since examining committees are generally so very easily satisfied. So the professor planned a change of base—a *coup de maître*. He drilled his class most thoroughly upon the history of events, from the fourth to the tenth centuries; he managed to leave the questions he proposed to ask where his pupils would be sure to find them; and when the day of examination finally came, he picked up his book, and with much apparent casualty opened it, saying coolly, "I have opened at the fourth century, I guess we may as well commence here." And so the examination proceeded until all the prepared

questions had been propounded and brilliantly answered up to, and including, the very last question upon the tenth century, when the professor very naïvely said, "Well, I suppose we might go on in this way all night, but I am tired, and I guess we'll stop here!" What a farce! what a cheat! what a lie! To prevent similar "pious frauds" examiners should be chosen that are competent.

But there is at least one thing further needed to make an examination thorough. It should not be confined to the grooves which have been closely followed in the course of preparatory study. It is so easy to glide along in cut channels that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein; but the independent mind will hew a way for itself, even through solid granite. Manly, independent thinking is needed above all things; and does it not seem that an examination should reveal the real condition and progress of the mind? In order to this, is it not necessary that all props and stays should be removed, so that it can be seen whether the mind depends upon itself, or leans upon a foundation laid by other hands? Of what advantage is it, for instance, that the pupil knows every rule in the Greek Grammar, fine print as well as coarse, if he does not understand the real genius of the Greek language? What is the form without the substance? Breadth of questioning in the examination will do more to determine the scholar's real attainments than multitudes of questions prepared to accord with a predetermined formula.

Now let us have examiners qualified

to do their appointed work well; and let them give some breadth of scope to their questioning; and we shall be assured of a thorough examination. Then let us have some end in view, worthy of the time, and labor, and expense, attendant upon examinations, and we shall be assured that they have a real and growing value; we shall have no doubt but that they subserve an important end,—one that can be attained in no other way.

—Perhaps it is worth while to remark that late papers contain a paragraph in which we are gravely informed that the report that Harvard had abolished, or is soon to abolish, compulsory attendance, upon recitations, is untrue. Nor has required attendance at chapel been abolished, the chapel having been closed of late for repairs. Which paragraph seems to illustrate that wise old saying, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

A VISIONARY ADVENTURE.

I WAS a student and a recluse. From youth I had grown to manhood with no desire to leave my sylvan solitudes for the din of the great cities. The clouds, the hills, the laughing waters, books, my own serene thoughts—these were my loved companions, and I wished for no others. I was not, however, a hater of my race. Rather did I glory in man, recognizing no higher being, and this was my sin. I read my libraries over, and marveled at the record they contained of human achievement. I was often struck by what I conceived to be the majesty and perfectness of man. I recognized no other God than the principle of life which pervaded the universe and appeared to attain its highest form or expression in man.

Walking one day by the river side, I fell to musing, as was my wont, on the mystery of man's being, not hesitating to assign to him the chief place

in the life of the universe, because of the glory and perfection of his nature. Ah! I knew not then, as I do now, the depravity of the human heart.

When I, at length, aroused myself from my deep meditation, and lifted my eyes to learn into what place I had wandered, purposing to retrace my steps, I discovered that I had unconsciously penetrated into what appeared to be the depths of an enormous forest. The trunks of lofty trees reared their giant forms on every side. The air was laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. All the foliage seemed vocal with the music of singing birds.

Astonished, and yet pleased, with my unexpected surroundings—for the forest, though dense and overhanging, gave evidence on every hand of careful cultivation, inasmuch as everything was orderly and neat, there being no tangled undergrowth of brake and brush and trailing vines, but instead

an unobstructed passage over smooth, grassy and winding walks — being pleased, I say, and also intent upon exploration, and upon learning where I was, for I was obliged to confess myself completely lost, I mended my pace and strode rapidly through the beautiful avenues of the labyrinthian wood. As I moved hurriedly onward, anxious thoughts and uneasy feelings gradually replaced the pleasurable emotions which I had first experienced on recovering from my abstraction, and my anxiety was increased when I observed that the dim twilight of the woods was beginning to deepen into the gloom of night, and that I frequently met with trees and turns which appeared somewhat familiar, so that I was led to conclude that, confused by the mazy intricacies of the way, I had for some time been pursuing a circular course and was no nearer emerging from the woods than at first.

When I became fully convinced that this was indeed true, in despair of soul and weariness of body, I threw myself on a mossy couch at the foot of a tenderil-covered oak. The gentle breezes of early evening sighed through the overhanging branches, and now and then the feeble ray of some new-born star would penetrate the foliage and meet my upturned gaze. I had just begun to soothe my troubled spirit by a return to my usual trains of thought, when suddenly the soft, sweet sound of music far away, saluted my ear.

I started to my feet and leaned forward to catch the winning notes. After a moment's pause, I hurried in the direction from which the music seemed to come. Before I had proceeded far

the distant sound of voices became distinctly audible. Encouraged by this, I neared, ere long, what, from the sounds I heard, I judged to be a scene of mirth and festivity. A moment more, and from behind a sheltering tree I gazed full upon a vision of bewildering enchantment. A spacious and beautiful grove extended before me, lighted by many a torch and pendent lamp. White statues gleamed here and there through the dusky woods, and the dancing waters of many a fountain sparkled like showers of beautiful gems. A band of musicians, reclining upon the green sward of the centre, toward which the ground rose in a slight and graceful swell, sent forth from their instruments far sweeter strains of music than ever before it had been my lot to hear, to which, groups of dancing maidens, robed in white and wreathed in flowers, added the harmony of their tuneful voices.

With ravished ear I stood spell-bound. Surely, sweeter sounds from siren tongues never lured unsuspecting mariners on treacherous rocks, than those which well-nigh deprived me of the power of motion and speech.

But soon the chorus ceased, and the spell was broken. Then mirth reigned, and

*"From crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilled."*

Other forms emerged from the depths of the forest, and youths and maidens, old men and matrons, with joyful faces and happy voices mingled and conversed together.

"This is the life of the world as thou hast pictured it," breathed a

low voice in my ear. I turned quickly, but saw nothing in the dark shades behind me.

"Yes," I whispered to myself, "such is the society of perfect beings, from which I ever live secluded. But solitude for me is better than even the society of gods."

For a while I hesitated whether to step forward and announce my presence, or remain yet longer a secret spectator. Presently, however, as two of the merriest maidens came tripping lightly toward my place of concealment, I determined to emerge and address them. Accordingly, as they came near, presenting myself with a low bow, I began in my most courteous tones: "Fair and gentle ladies, pardon the intrusion of——"

Immediately a film passed over my eyes; my tongue was paralyzed; I felt the sweep of a chilling wind, and heard it whistling through the forest.

Ere long I saw again, but O, the great change! There was indeed the same grove, but gone were the beautiful lights, the statues, the fountains, the maiden bands, the sweet musicians, the forms of noble men and matrons.

A dim and lurid light pervaded the dismal place. Amid uncertain shades, weird and eerie, stood each form of tree or bush. Even the troubled air breathed doleful sighs and suggested invisible terrors. I stood as amid the damps of an opened charnel-house, and an involuntary shudder passed through my very soul. I would have turned and fled, but could not. Ere long, phantoms, with the forms of human beings, began to pass and repass and assemble before my eyes. White

and awful faces, disfigured by suffering or violent passion, looked out from the gloom. Sighs, groans, curses, and fiendish laughs fell upon my unaccustomed ear, and as I stood, filled with amaze and horror, the whole place presented a scene more sad and terrible than I could ever have conceived.

I saw the shriveled, shivering form of a wretch whose only god was gold. I saw men with drawn daggers and the aspect of fiends, gaming for the paltriest gains. I heard the moans of suffering mothers, and the cries of lean and starving babes. I saw hard lines of wickedness cut upon the brow of youth, the eyes of young and old aflame with the fires of hell. I saw selfish greed trample virtue under foot, mad with an unhallowed thirst. I heard the most terrible blasphemies, the vilest and subtlest slanders, the most horrible exultations over the fallen. I shuddered at the misery of the betrayed, and the heartlessness of the betrayer. My soul was pierced by the shriek of the assassin's victim, and affrighted by the awful despair of the suicide. Whatever I have since learned of the vileness and heartlessness of man, I saw set forth in the most startling and not untruthful forms, and the scene was the more terrible because I had never known of humanity's darker phase. I suffered as one suffers in some terrible nightmare, and as a violent commotion arose among a crowd of maddened wretches, as their eyes gleamed with the baleful light of passion, as the most terrible oaths fell from their foamy lips, and their lifted daggers reflected the ghastly light, had not relief come I know not that I could

have longer lived. My tongue was loosened, and my pent-up feelings found vent in one quick cry.

O grateful change! I still stood at the edge of the grove, but it was once more fragrant and beautiful. No bright lamps, however, hung from the lofty branches, there were no white-robed forms, no sweet music. The mellow light of the moon struggled through the tree tops, flecking the turf with patches of light. The breezes breathed softly around, causing the only sounds which I heard. I drew a long breath of relief, and turned to leave the place. I had taken but a single step, when appeared before me, so suddenly as to cause me to start quickly back, the appearance of an aged man. He was tall and commanding of presence, and clad in a long, loose gown, girded at the waist. His long, white beard was

lightly stirred by the passing breezes. "O man," he said, and his deep-set eyes seemed looking into my inmost soul, "go from this wood wiser than when thou camest. In thy seclusion and ignorance of man, thou hast presumed to name the human soul as the master-spirit of the universe, deeming it, forsooth, equal to the ideal of the poet. Leave thy hermitage; go forth into the world and mingle with men, learn by experience the truth of that taught by thy vision. Call man no more perfect, no more forget thy God."

Having said these words the aged speaker disappeared within the wood. All else, too, glided away from my sight. I seemed entering a new existence; I was, in fact, but returning to my natural state. All had been a dream, within a leafy retreat of mine by the river side.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

JOURNALISM is one of the greatest civilizing agents in America. There is no other agent which is so extending and strengthening its power. There are many reasons which might be assigned for this mighty influence which journalism has obtained in our country.

The first thing that strikes us forcibly in looking at this matter of journalism is the variety of the subjects treated by the modern newspaper. Everything, from the intricate questions of diplomacy down to the best method of building a rail fence, is discussed in the papers of to-day. The common people look upon the editors of papers as beings possessed of superior facilities for obtaining information. Hence they place almost implicit confidence in their statements. This is proved by the fact that men of every trade and profession, when any question of general importance is discussed, think and act according to the tenor of their favorite journal. This is especially true of political questions.

In order to gratify this thirst of the people for information, there has arisen a class of men, now indispensable to the success of any great paper, called reporters. It is their business, and we might properly say *profession*, to investigate matters of interest and report their discoveries to their respective

journals. There is no class of men to whom the public is more indebted for much of the valuable information received from the papers. Mr. Stanley's discovery of Livingstone is only an exaggerated instance of what is done every day by the reporters for the leading journals of the country. Immense sums of money are expended in carrying forward these investigations (as in the case of Mr. Stanley above mentioned), and one would at first suppose that the information thus obtained could be furnished to the people only at a very high price. Such, however, is not the fact. The enormous expense incurred is offset by the income accruing from the army of subscribers to these journals—armies counted oftentimes by the hundred thousand.

Another reason of the power of the press is that it is very effective in uniting different sections of a country whose local interests may be widely different. A glance will convince all that the modern newspaper with its immense circulation does more than any other agent to strengthen the bonds that unite different sections of a country, even though that country may be divided by natural boundaries as is the republic of the United States. A net-work of railroads, as in the United States, may do much to increase the facilities for intercommunication. But, however

much travel and trade may do to unite the interests of sections, we maintain that the press, by taking possession of the thoughts and moulding the minds of men, does more.

It is plain that what has been said of newspapers in general is applicable, with certain restrictions, to college publications. Just in proportion to the variety of subjects treated by a college publication, just in proportion to the hard labor put forth in efforts to obtain information on matters of interest, just in proportion as it profits by well-meant advice and honest criticism, will it be a live, influential college paper or college magazine. College journalism is doing much to develop better methods of instruction, to impress upon men the importance of education. For every college publication is an exponent of the culture of its respective college, and in proportion to the degree of culture will be its influence.

As among other papers, so among college publications, differences of opinion often arise. But the same result follows when a subject has been well "ventilated" by a college paper as when it has been discussed by any other paper, namely, a pretty close approximation to the right. We hope this may be the case in regard to the difference of opinion in relation to the proposal for a convention of college editors advocated by the *Cornell Era* and *Chronicle*, and of which we purpose to speak in our next.

—We wish to say a word or two about the system, or rather lack of system, by which our mail matters are managed. The present custom of

having the mail man carry our letters to the post office and distribute the mail on his return, is found to be decidedly inconvenient, and the frequent growls at the present arrangement lead us to think that a change would be advisable. Let it be distinctly understood at the outset that we are speaking of the *method* of conducting mail matters, for which the students are responsible, not of any negligence on the part of the mail carrier.

Little need be said to show the inconveniences of the present system, if system it may be called. All have experienced these inconveniences, so we shall here refer you to your own experience, rather than attempt to enumerate them. Think of the frantic cries for the mail man, and the beautifully expressive combinations of adjectives that followed the announcement that he had gone to supper, or had gone down town—call to mind the growls and direful threatenings that fell upon the ear—think how many times you have wished there were a different arrangement—consider all this and what is suggested by it, and we believe it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge upon this point. The fact is, that unless one is so fortunate as to see the mail man when he returns from the post office in the morning, the time of his receiving his letters depends entirely upon circumstances. Woe betide the unlucky one who is absent when the afternoon mail is called off. He is kept in blissful suspense until—until when?—until circumstances permit him to see the mail carrier.

Although one may not be able to

suggest a remedy, it is well oftentimes to complain of the disadvantages of any system, for the sole purpose of directing attention to it and calling forth an expression of opinion. It is better always for the complainer to propose some remedy. We suggest as a remedy for the case under consideration, the establishing of a post office at Parker Hall. The room adjoining the Reading Room, the entrance to which is from the west end of the Hall, is well situated for this purpose, being easy of access to all. Our idea would be to have the mail man carry down and bring up the mail as usual, but instead of distributing the letters to each one, place them in the boxes (which should all be lock-boxes) where each student could get them whenever it suited his own convenience. By this arrangement every one would know just where to look for his letters.

There are, of course, objections to be brought against such an arrangement. We shall notice only two. These are, first, that such an arrangement would impose too much work upon the mail man; and second, the item of expense. In regard to the first, would it be more difficult for the mail carrier to place the letters in the boxes than to distribute them to each student, as he now, does? The lock-boxes would, it is plain to see, obviate the necessity of his remaining in the office to distribute the mail. The item of expense is doubtless the chief objection to be brought against such a system. It seems, however, as though the increased advantages resulting from such an arrangement ought to weigh down this objection,

and turn the scale in favor of the proposed remedy.

In short, we plead for an arrangement by which the time of receiving letters may not depend upon circumstances, but be regulated by system. To this end we should be pleased to give place in our columns to any expression of opinion for or against the measure suggested.

—When we come to consider carefully the number of athletic sports in which our students engage we find the number very small, for it is only one. We mean base ball. The advantages, however, for this healthful exercise are limited, since the students do not possess a base-ball ground.

Many of the students would be willing to do almost anything to revolutionize the present system of athletic sports, or rather to establish one. We have a fine gymnasium building, but nothing in it, except a bowling alley. Several have asked us what interest was accruing from the gymnasium. We could only reply that it was impossible to reckon interest without a principal. Now if there were a principal in the gymnasium, in the shape of apparatus for physical development, who can estimate the interest which would arise therefrom?

We regard the matter of physical culture of just as much importance as intellectual culture. The latter rarely avails much without the former. Union College, as we learn from an exchange, is to have a gymnasium. Indeed, nearly every college in the land is taking active measures for this same thing. If BATES is to stand on a level

with the best she must not be behind in this matter. Policy, if nothing else, should constrain us to *do* something toward fitting up the gymnasium building for the accommodation of our students.

Let us not be discouraged in our efforts to obtain apparatus for the gymnasium, but cease our growls and threatenings, and go to work. But there, what can we do?

— We have on our table copies of Hagar's Arithmetics—Primary Lessons in Numbers, Elementary Arithmetic, and Common-School Arithmetic, advertised elsewhere. These books are by D. B. Hagar, Principal of the State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

They are written by an experienced teacher, as the concise yet comprehensive definitions plainly indicate. One peculiarity of these books is, that Mental Arithmetic and Written go hand in hand from the beginning to the end—a "new departure" in the line of arithmetics. The books are up to the times, embodying valuable modern methods of computation and topics

having direct relation to the business transactions of to-day. All display of arithmetical knowledge, all obsolete matter and merely puzzling problems have been excluded.

In the mechanical execution the publishers have done their work faithfully, and have produced the handsomest set of text books we have ever seen. Teachers and school officers would do well to give these books a careful examination.

The books are published by Cowperthwait & Co., 628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. James A. Bowen, New England Agent, 39 Brattle St., Boston.

— We would suggest to those interested in base-ball matters that they organize a nine and get to work as soon as possible; or else take measures immediately to raise money to pay for the balls and bats which they will certainly have to furnish the nines who are so fortunate as to play with them. Our base-ball men may be smart, they may be able to work a base, but they can't work miracles.

EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, The Geyser, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, Anvil, College Argus, Wabash Magazine, The Dartmouth, Marietta Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum.*

OTHER PAPERS.—*American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

WHY do full-faced students, as a general thing, get higher rank than thin-faced ones? Because they have more *cheek*.

Prof.—“How may the various effects of electricity be classified?”

Student.—“As luminous, mechanical, and *theological*.”

Prof.—“What can you say about the flight of birds?”

Student.—“They flop one wing at a time.”

Prof.—“Not exactly.”

Student.—“I mean, of course, when they turn around.”

Prof.—“You may be seated. I see you have taken only a one-sided view of the matter.”

The following dialogue lately took place between a Junior and a Freshman:—

Freshman, entering Junior's room—
“Mr. —, will you have the unbounded kindness to grant me your travelling bag for temporary use?”

Junior—“With pleasure, sir.”

Freshman—“I will express my obligations for the present, and when I return I will bestow upon you a more substantial compensation.”

And before the Junior could fully comprehend his meaning the descendant of Demosthenes had gone.

The young ladies of Vassar have formed an “anti-falling-in-love-before-you-are-out-of-school club.”

The Middle college cat “*Dammit*” has been re-christened “*Paradise*,” because he is *lost*!—*Ham. Lit.*

A Yale College student said he had “rather be boss pancake-baker to Vassar College than to have Prof. Tyndall's head on his shoulders.”

A professor observing a student with something in his mouth like tobacco, cried out: “*Quid est Hoc?*” when the student replied, “*Hoc est Quid!*”

A worthy gentleman in Danbury played euchre at a neighbor's house until an hour after midnight Monday, and beat every game, but got skunked going home.—*Danbury News*.

It is reported that Dr. Hopkins says “the only race he wants to see is a *skull* race, and to have it consist in a development of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and not of the biceps.”—*Vidette*.

The story of a lazy school-boy who spelled Andrew Jackson & dru Jaxn, has been overshadowed by a genius out West who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first John Jones, and the rest ditto.—*Ex.*

Prof. — "Translate literally '*fingerent altiores Pyrenæum jugis*.'"

Student (who had lost his printed translation of Livy) — "The rest of the Phœnicians fingered the jugs." — *Dalhousie Gazette*.

A Freshman recently brought his "quail" up to chapel to church. She admired the windows very much, and inquired what that motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," meant. Our learned friend instantly replied, "Death is pleased with his father." — *Argus*.

Teacher — "Who was the first man?"

Brown (Head Boy) — "Washington; he was the first in war, first in—"

Teacher — "No, no; Adam was the first man."

Brown — "Oh! if you are talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was." — *Danbury News*.

A young lady becoming impatient at the non-appearance of a recent lecturer, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I shall fly!" The Junior who attended her, remarked: "Fly into my arms, my dear." We understand that the flight took place later in the evening at the seminary door. — *Madisonensis*.

Prof. Graves, the eminent electrician, was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked him for his fare. "Who are you?" said G. "I, my name is Wood; I am a conductor." "Oh," said the Professor very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor." — *Marietta Olio*.

Two Sophomores who vowed they "wouldn't go home till morning," reached their room in a state of "hilarity." The more sober of the two essayed to open the door. His companion becoming impatient, said, "Can't you fine key-hole, chum? Gi'me the key-hole, chum; I'll show yer lock er door." — *Sentinel*.

"Everything has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It is a light-house," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

Professor of Astronomy to super-ethereal Junior — "What have you learned about the constellations?"

Junior — "In the incipient stages of the evanescent stars I wended my way by these stellar lights to the north side of the university, and pensively gazed heavenward, remarking —"

Prof. — "That will do." — *Vidette*.

Many persons, besides school boys and college students, use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin! It is said that King Agesilaus, being asked by an ambassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing to his marshaled army, he said: "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick." — *Harper's Weekly*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

WE understand that the Sophomores are delighted with their lectures on ornithology.

The Seniors have engaged Gilmore's band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, to furnish music for Commencement concert.

Rev. O. R. Bachelder, for twenty years missionary in India, recently visited the College and addressed the students in the chapel.

A petition for a base-ball ground has been signed by nearly all the students, and has, we understand, been presented to the Faculty. Nothing, however, has yet been heard from it, so we are unable to inform our readers either of its success or failure.

By request of the Vienna Exhibition commissioner, of the department of American publications, the March number of THE STUDENT has been sent him and will be forwarded among the other American periodicals to the Vienna Exhibition.

The Eurosophian Society has recently made an addition to its library. Among the authors may be mentioned O. W. Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, Horace Mann, Sir Walter Scott, T. W. Higginson, J. G. Holland, W.

D. Howells, Prof. Tyndall, E. E. Hale, James Parton, Arthur Helps.

Whitelaw Reid will address the literary societies at Dartmouth next Commencement.

Mr. Fred. W. Seward, son of the late Wm. H. Seward, has offered a prize, called the "Seward Memorial Prize," to be contested for by members chosen from the Literary Societies of Union College.

The new chapel of Yale College is to be begun in the spring and completed in one year. It will be in the form of a cross, occupying nearly all the space between Farnum and Durfee Colleges, and will cost about \$100,000. — *Ex.*

The following, from the *Madisonensis*, shows the circulation of some of the college papers: *Amherst Student*, in its fifth year, 800; *Harvard Advocate*, seventh volume, 600; *Michigan University Chronicle*, fourth year, 800; *College Argus*, sixth year, 800; *The University Herald*, first year, 500; *Targum*, fifth year, 900; *Cornell Era*, fourth year, 600.

The very valuable library of the late Dr. Lowell Mason has been given to the theological department of Yale, by

the Mason family. It is chiefly composed of ancient and modern works relating to sacred music, and is probably not excelled by any collection in this country. It comprises the entire library of the eminent German composer Rink. The library of the college is already rich in books on sacred music, and this gift will be of great importance in increasing its usefulness.

The Rowing Association of American Colleges met at Worcester on the 2d inst. Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams, Cornell, Trinity, Dartmouth, Columbia, Brown, Bowdoin, and Amherst Agricultural were represented. A motion to suppress pool-selling at races was adopted unanimously. It was voted not to employ any *professional* trainers or "coaches" after this college year; all students pursuing regular courses of study were declared eligible to University crews; a regatta ball was decided upon. The next race will occur July 17th at Springfield.

The usual race between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford took place over the usual course on the Thames last Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the Cantabs. This is the fourth time in succession that the victory has fallen to the light blue, and puts the total score of the races won by each of the two contestants only two apart. Thirty races have now been rowed between these two Universities, and of these Oxford has won 16 and Cambridge 14. The race was well contested; the time, about which there is a dispute, being the best on record, if the shorter time is decided

upon. Cambridge came in three lengths ahead, in 19.37, according to some reports; in 20.35 according to others. Sliding seats were used for the first time by both parties, and to this is attributed the quickness of the time. The interest in the race in England seems to be entirely undiminished.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Place.</i>	<i>Founded.</i>
Harvard University	Cambridge, Mass.	1636
Yale College.....	New Haven, Ct.	1700
Brown University.....	Providence, R. I.	1764
Dartmouth College.....	Hanover, N. H.	1769
University of Vermont.....	Burlington, Vt.	1791
Williams College	Williamstown, Mass.	1793
Bowdoin College	Brunswick, Me.	1794
Middlebury College	Middlebury, Vt.	1800
Colby University.....	Waterville, Me.	1820
Amherst College.....	Amherst, Mass.	1821
Trinity College.....	Hartford, Ct.	1825
Wesleyan University.....	Middletown, Ct.	1831
Norwich University.....	Northfield, Vt.	1834
Holy Cross College	Worcester, Mass.	1843
Tufts College	Somerville, Mass.	1854
Bates College	Lewiston, Me.	1853

Harvard is named after Rev. John Harvard, who was born in England. He died in Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 24, 1638. Yale from Elihu Yale, born in New Haven, Ct., April 5, 1648; died July 8, 1721. Brown, from Nicholas Brown. Dartmouth, from Lord Dartmouth. Williams from Col. Ephraim Williams, died 1755. Bowdoin, from Gov. James Bowdoin. Colby, from Gardiner Colby, of Boston, Mass. Wesleyan, from John Wesley. Tufts, from Charles Tufts. Bates, from Benjamin Edward Bates, Boston, Mass.

Harvard is under the supervision of the Unitarians. Yale, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, Williams, Bowdoin, Middlebury, and Amherst, the Congregationalists. Brown and Colby, the Baptists. Trinity and Norwich, the Episcopalians. Wesleyan, the Methodists. Holy Cross, the Roman Catholics. Tufts, the Universalists. Bates, the Free Baptists.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—Thursday, April 17th, (Fast Day) the wife of Prof. Chase presented him with a son. We hope he will not be a fast boy.

'69.—Mary W. Mitchell is teacher in one of the public schools of Worcester, Mass.

'70.—L. G. Jordan is Principal of the Nichols Latin School in this city.

'71.—A. N. Marston is Principal of the High School at Rochester, N. H.

'72.—A. G. Moulton is sub-principal of the High School, Auburn, Me.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

RAND, JOHN HOLMES.—Born Aug. 3d, 1838, at Parsonsfield, Me. Son of Albert and Nancy Rand.

1868-69-70, Instructor in Mathemat-

ics at New Hampton Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

1871-72-73, Instructor in Mathematics and Mental and Moral Philosophy at the same institution.

Post-office address, New Hampton, N. H.

*HEATH, REV. ALBERT HAYFORD.—Born July 19th, 1840, at Salem, Me. Youngest child of Abram Ashley and Florena Heath.

1868, Ordained and installed Pastor of Court-Street Free-Baptist Church, Auburn, Maine, Feb. 27th.

1870, Installed Pastor of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I., October, 23d.

Married, Jan. 7th, 1868, to Lucie J., daughter of Nathaniel G. and Sarah Simonds, Charleston, Mass.

Child, Albert Cheney, born Nov. 10th, 1868.

Post-office address, Providence, R. I.

* Owing to some mistakes which were made in the above record printed in our February Number, we have thought it advisable to insert the same again, corrected.

1872 GREAT 1872

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Summer Term commences April 28, 1873.
Summer Term closes July 2, 1873.

The SEMI-CENTENNIAL of the Institution will be cel-
ebrated next anniversary.

Business Meeting of the Alumni..... Tuesday, at 10 A.M.
Lecture by Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH..... Tuesday, at 8 P.M.
Graduating Exercises..... Wednesday, A.M.

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VOL. I.

MAY, 1873.

No. 5.

THE
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

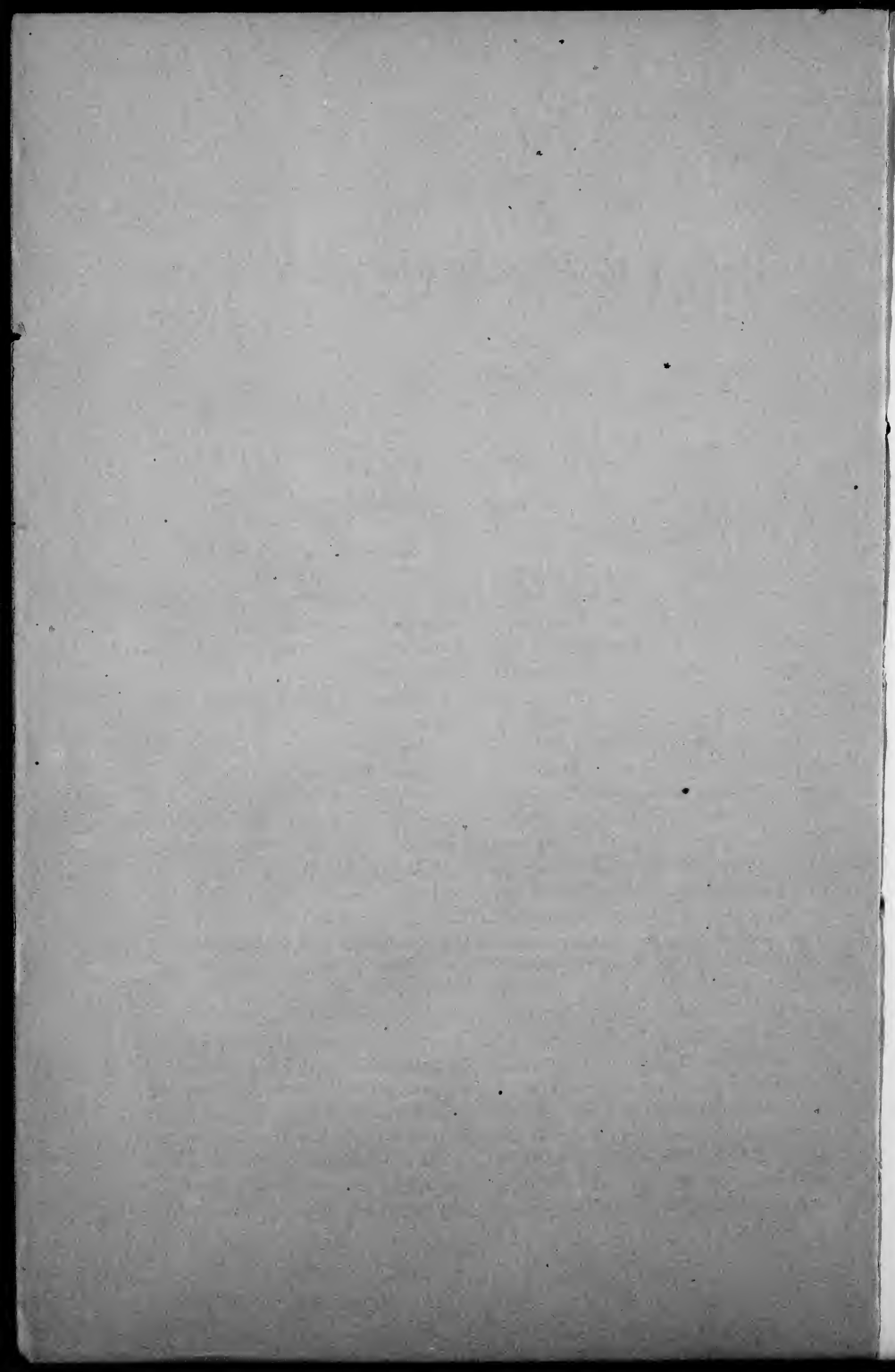
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1873.



THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1873.

No. 5.

MY CHUM AND I;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

VI.

AS a number of writers, together with Lord Bacon, have written lengthy essays concerning courage, I don't feel myself called upon to add any new remarks to the subject for the enlightenment of the reader. Though were I to bring together on this page the various comments that were made in the Neighborhood about pluck and grit, and being darned-smart, it would be seen that the theme, notwithstanding the fine things that have been said about it, had a great deal of interest to the good folks; that they would talk and express their opinions at any rate. Parson Olewinkle, too, always alive to the occasion, on the following Sunday after the wreck, took a text from the Psalms which reads, "Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us." And although the captain *did* remark that the parson got a trifle off his course in alluding to anybody by the name of Ephraim, or Benjamin, or Manasseh, as there were no such persons in the Neighborhood, the sermon

was considered a "reg'lar resurrectioner." It was intended to awaken men to a sense of the duty they owe one another, to point out the value of a brave and courageous spirit in times that try men's souls; in short, to heap encomiums on Chum for his daring conduct.

He sat and bore it very well until the parson began to direct his gestures towards our seat, then he grew a little red in the face. For two small boys in front of us, becoming curious to look at the subject of all this preaching, turned round and brought their innocent noses to rest on the back of the pew, while their eyes were fixed in an inquisitive stare. These infants were really too much for Chum's assumed dignity, and in vain did he try to overawe them by stern looks and desperate frowns. They couldn't be made to understand that he intended anything more than to be very funny. Such is the stupidity of guileless youth.

We had an appointment at the light-house that pleasant Sunday afternoon, and thither we directed our steps after

leaving the meeting house. John Myrtle met us at his door. He was getting a little impatient, he said, for the tea-kettle had been sputtering some time, and Mary was afraid the biscuits would be cold. It was an early supper, you see, that we were to have in a quiet way. So, after exchanging greetings, and telling how tedious the parson had been, and remarking that it was warm out, quite like a spring day, we four made ourselves as comfortable, I dare say, around the tea-table, as any one could wish to see. As I sat there I thought the Point Light an enchanted place. Everything had a different aspect from most households. The chairs and tables were made of different kinds of wood twisted together in grotesque shapes, as if an attempt had been made to counterfeit Nature herself. And even the English ivy that had been creeping for years up the walls, and knotting itself about the window tops, had fashioned such a tapestry as never was seen before. While from the ceiling hung a large willow cage, and in it a parrot, which kept rolling its eyes and asking in a melancholy voice what the wild waves were saying.

When supper was finished we went into the "Castle of Indolence,"—for such had Mr. Myrtle styled his sitting-room,—and here had Mary made her deft fingers busy in various ways. Of course the small sketches in oil of sea and shore were hers, and the curtains with inwrought figures, and the hearth rug. Likewise the straw bird-cage for the canary, and the tidies that ornamented the easy chair, the sofa, and the piano stool. Here, too, were John

Myrtle's treasured volumes, arranged on shelves that took up two entire sides of the room.

I sat myself down to look over a few of these books. Chum used to say I sometimes made myself very rude by diving for people's books the moment I entered their house, and I am not certain that he didn't speak truth, but on this occasion, I was curious to know what authors the light-keeper associated with. The first two were a little doubtful, according to my orthodoxy, or rather according to my grandmother's. They were Rousseau and Voltaire. Mr. Myrtle smiled as I closed the covers and put my hand upon the shelf for something else.

"Have you read them much, Mr. Jasper?" he asked.

"Very little. I may say, none at all."

"I like them, hugely."

"Yes?"

I took down another whose ancient binding attracted my attention. It was an aged copy of the *Iliad*, and on the fly-leaf I read that the book was presented to John Myrtle as a reward for his fine translations of the same during his Junior year in college. He was a college man, then? I pondered not a little over this revelation as I turned page after page, and the thought that came into my mind was, whether the ultimate of the future which Chum and I were so fond of picturing for ourselves would ever come to be a prosy life in a light-house. There might certainly be worse places in the world than such a one, yet I didn't like to think of tending oil lamps.

Mary now came in, having finished

her household work, and Chum asked her to sing. A slight tinge of crimson dyed her cheeks, but there was no hesitancy in her manner, such as we had been accustomed to in our circle of acquaintances. She sat down to the piano in a quiet way and sang one of Moore's melodies. I do not remember what the words were. In truth, I am not certain that I heard them all, or comprehended their meaning, for the moment was a dream-like one. There was a wonderful charm in her rich, silvery voice; and the swelling waves of tone, the beautiful cadences, which from the fullest sound died away to the faintest breathing, the splashing waves without, the sunbeams gleaming across the ocean and flooding the room with mellow light, all exercised an irresistible influence over me.

When she had finished she turned around as if wholly unaware that her voice possessed such magic power. And Chum was on the point of paying some pretty compliment, for you know it is considered the proper thing in polite society, when John Myrtle balked him.

"Your instrument is sadly out of tune, my dear."

"Yes. I sometimes imagine that it is tired of the player."

"Impossible!" said Chum, enthusiastically.

"Oh, you are too decided, Mr. Guild," and with a little laugh, she tripped across the room to one of the windows where the curtain required re-arranging. The ring that held it back had fallen from its hook and rolled away; so Chum made search for

it, and when it was found, he thought he descried a ship just on the horizon line, and loitered there beside her, watching its approach.

I had before seen Chum and Mary standing together, but never in exactly the same attitudes, or in the deepening shadows of twilight, and now the dream which had so strangely knit itself into my fancy on the night of the debate, came back to me again.

"Does it not appear," I heard Chum say, "as if the ship were sailing up into the heavens?"

Mary did not answer. Her thoughts seemed to be wandering far away, and her eyes had the same dreamy expression I had so frequently noticed in her father's, as if longing and yearning for something, he knew not what.

So they stood there apart from Mr. Myrtle and myself; and fortunately I made some remark about a passage in the *Iliad*, which led us into a discussion. Then our conversation ran on, from one topic to another, until it came about that the light-keeper got to talking of himself. I listened. I was very much interested, for there were parts of his story that awakened my sympathy, yet I could not help hearing, now and then, a word or two from the couple at the window, though it was impertinent.

Once Chum was speaking about our school drawing to a close, and likewise our sojourn in the Neighborhood; and I either heard or imagined that Mary asked if he was glad, and if he had become tired of the place. What his reply was I know not, for the light-keeper was saying,

"I made a mistake, perhaps, when

I left the hospitals in Paris and went to Australia, but after all I don't think it matters much now, Mr. Jasper. I might never have been anything more than a very fair country practitioner. I think a man's blood cools after he is thirty; and, finding that the world has not been created for his benefit alone, he is apt to lose ambition, and so settle down to a commonplace existence like other mortals. Don't you believe that that is the case, in general?"

"I suppose it is," I said, "though my experience has been rather limited."

It was past nine o'clock before Chum and I put on our coats to return home. It had been a pleasant evening, I think, to all of us, and there was some lingering on our part before we could make up our minds to take our departure. They accompanied us to the door, both father and daughter, and invited us to come again, urging at the same time that we ought to be more neighborly. Chum and I thought so, too, as we walked along the road to Captain Pettifer's.

"Sid," said he, stopping short and laying his hand upon my shoulder, "Sid, I'll tell you what is running through my mind if you'll promise not to laugh?"

"Laugh! Why should I laugh, is it anything very funny?"

"No; but you may think that I am getting foolish, spoony, and all that sort of thing."

There was a peculiar look in Chum's face. He appeared to be somebody else instead of my friend with whom I had associated so long.

"What is it?" I asked. "Tell me."

All around us there was a dead

silence, save only the ocean fretting the shore, and above a star-lit sky.

"I mean to ask Mary Myrtle to be my wife. What do you say?"

"That I would if I were you," and taking his arm, we went on again without another word.

When we came to the door we found Doctor Higby's team standing there. Doctor Higby was the physician of the Neighborhood, and had been attending Ebb through his fever. We were surprised, though, at his being there now, for he usually came in the morning; and—well, Ebb was worse. That was the reason. Worse! on the very day we considered him out of danger. The doctor was telling Philothety, as Chum and I entered, that there had been a very unfavorable change in the little patient, and he didn't know what to say. Really, he didn't know what to say about the result. She, poor woman, stood in the middle of the floor, very pale, twisting her apron nervously.

"Our Ebb is dreadful sick," she said, in a tremulous voice, after a moment. "P'raps God thinks we a'n't been kind to him."

"Hush!" whispered the captain, looking out from Ebb's room, "he's a trifle easier now. Will yer come in here, Guild?"

Chum went in on tiptoes, and closed the door.

* * * * *

I feel that I am now coming to the part of this narrative which will be exceedingly difficult for me to write. The scenes of that night and the day following have a certain vagueness about them, like shadows that have

visited me in some unpleasant dream which memory fails to reproduce. I know I sat before the fire a long time, thinking what I could do or say to comfort the poor old captain and his sister if Ebb should die. And there was Flo, too, who had a great dread of death. To lose Ebb would certainly break her heart, for he was all in all the world to her. I had not thought of it much before, but how strange it was to me now, to miss these children from the fire-place. There was Ebb's ship, the very one he rigged the night I came, propped up on the mantel-piece just as he left it. And his words about what he meant to do on becoming a man, came back to me, while the joyous, happy laugh that Flo had over his attempt to lift her in his arms like a man, was sounding in my ears.

Well, by-and-by, morning came, and the sky was cloudy, and a heavy wind blew in from the sea. We sent out word that there would be no school that day, and the neighbors, learning the cause, came in. And every one spoke in low tones, and moved about noiselessly. They talked of the night that an English barque went to pieces off the Cape, and how the captain, wandering up and down the shore with his lantern, had come upon the lifeless body of a woman whose dead arms held a little girl. And the old man finding the child still lived, brought it home to Philothety, and they called her Flo, because she had come ashore with the flood tide. Then upon the

going out of the sea an infant boy was discovered among the rocks, and they named him Ebb. It would be a very sad thing, kind-hearted people said, for these little waifs to be separated now. They had been so much to each other, and such a comfort to Philothety and the lonely old sailor.

So the day long we were watching and waiting; and the iron heart of the grim old clock kept beating, beating heavily within its dusty case. Yet the time was drawing near. Its hands were on the twelfth hour of the night, the hour when the living dream,—and Ebb was dying! The door of his room opened softly, and Mary Myrtle motioned for me to bring in Flo, who was sobbing in my arms.

"Floy," he whispered, as I lifted her to his pillow, "Floy, don't cry. I'll tell God how I love you, and He will let me come back," and then stretching out his little wasted hands he drew her face down beside his, and so passed away in silence into the awful mystery.

I never shall forget that moment. The captain stood with folded arms at the foot of the bed, looking into the dead face with all his soul in his eyes. Not a word escaped him, not a muscle moved, not a nerve trembled. The rest of us were as silent and motionless as he, but watched him with pitying looks. At last, after what had seemed a long time, he turned and said in a tremulous voice, "Leave us alone a little, my boy and me."

ASPIRATION.

A PAINTER viewed his native hills,
And called them passing fair;
He wrought their likeness by his skill,
In colors rich and rare;
And o'er the country far and wide,
The people named his name with pride.

He travelled far in distant lands,
And gazed on beauties there;
He wrought their likeness by his skill,
In colors rich and rare;
And, after years, he ceased to roam,
And sought, an aged man, his home.

He viewed once more his native hills,
But they were bleak and bare;
No vineyards rich with virgin wine,
No castles old were there;
And what his youth had called so fair
Seemed cold and dull and bleak and bare.

So I have looked on birds and flowers,
And called them passing fair;
Have sung their songs with feeble skill,
In measures quaint and rare;
Have launched my frail barks on the tide,
With merchant's hope and builder's pride.

But now, before a nobler theme,
These beauties pale and die;
No scene that graces earth, no tint
That glorifies the sky,
Can tune my lyre to melody
Save that they teach me, Lord, of thee.

And when again my halting pen
Pursues my eager tongue;
When o'er my soul sweet passions roll
That lead my lips to song;
Then let my inspiration be
Derived, O Lord, from only thee.

MEMORABLE DAYS.

HAWTHORNE in his felicitous style epitomized a general truth when he wrote, "Life is made up of marble and mud." There is marble, pure and white, and beautiful. There is mud, mud, mud, one eternal waste of mud hemming us in on every side. It is in mud that we pass most of our lives; in mud that we waste opportunities that loom into gigantic proportions and taunt us with the what-might-have-been of an irrevocable past. But we are happy with the privilege of recalling that portion of the past which has afforded us enjoyment, and neglecting the whole domain of disagreeable facts and fancies. Memorable days are the cherished remembrances of mankind. We refer to that class of days the memories of which are perpetuated by observing with fitting ceremonies the recurrences of the day in the week, month, or year. Memorable days are the outgrowths of believing times and owe their origin to sublime circumstances. They are intimately connected with the patriotism or religious beliefs of a people. No age of gross immorality, no times of general scepticism ever produced a memorable day. During the French Revolution they attempted to establish a number of days that should be memorable for ages. The result of their endeavors is familiar to all. It requires a large faith in humanity, a thorough conviction of the nobility of true manhood, a keen and sympathetic perception of the beautiful, and above all a large and warm

heart that loves its fellow men sincerely and earnestly. Such natures alone call forth the universal voice of gratitude, and furnish a basis whence spring actions that make the day of their achievement memorable.

The people alone enjoy the prerogative of making a day memorable. They instinctively recognize heroic deeds and with enthusiasm hail their event. The day that saw Orleans surrender to Joan of Arc is a fit representative. True, it is enveloped in the fog of mediæval vagaries and more substantial superstition, yet there is in it that inherent quality of patriotism, animated with that firmness of faith, that will ever shed a ray of light through the darkness of the times and ever enkindle the hearts of men with that ardor of enthusiasm that shall constitute it one of the forget-me-nots in the long pilgrimage of the earth. Our own country affords an excellent illustration. The Fourth of July has been and continues to be the day of days to the American patriot. Divested of all the bombast of the oratorical displays accompanying its celebration, it remains dear to the hearts of our countrymen.

But a far larger and more influential class of days remain to be mentioned — memorable days which are closely connected with the religious beliefs of a people. In the foremost of these must be placed the Sabbath. This contains the very essence of a day destined to be remembered through the ages. Besides the duty

of its observance binding on the world and recognized by Christendom, it embraces those principles which in a greater or less degree are at the basis of memorable days. It is a day of joy occasioned on the one hand by the rest it affords, and on the other by the worship it enjoins. It commemorates the accomplishment of the creation. It is a benediction pronounced on the work done as good. For centuries it has been a happy day for many souls. The cares and labors of the week being laid aside, it gives an opportunity for the cultivation and refinement of the mind; for social reunions and interchange of thoughts not common to week days; for sweet communion with nature, especially by those deprived of her benign influences during the days of toil; and for worship, which brings all men before a common Father and unites them in a common brotherhood. Another illustration is Christmas. This is the ushering in of peace on earth and good will to men. Surely this is a time to rejoice and be glad. The harbinger of a better period; the commencement of that light which shall illumine all the nations of the earth, and whose rays shall penetrate the darkest recesses. We cannot stop to consider the innumerable days which are celebrated in the East. What is the history of the seven days that make up the week but the record of days made illustrious by the worship due to the sun or the moon, to Woden or Freya. They all bear witness to the fact that certain days sink deep into the heart of humanity and are handed down to posterity among its dearest traditions.

It is no trivial affair, no lucky hit, no egotistical importance, no flight of fancy nor flash of genius, no subtlety of disquisition nor profundity of learning that can make a day memorable. It is either the Creator himself giving sanction to the day and sending it forth for the pleasure and happiness of his creatures, or it springs from the heart of a man, a man whose heart is consonant with that of his fellow man, a genuine well-wisher of his race. Newton saw an apple fall to the ground. Does any one celebrate the day of his birth? Is there a liking for him in the popular mind? Does the great heart of humanity throb with exultation at the mention of his name? Yet from our earliest days we are taught the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton. His name is inwrought into the very structure of all scientific thought. His observation and patience and perseverance are held up as an excellent example to the young. Yet one thing he seems to have lacked. One thing his successors in science have generally lacked. The one thing that makes science interesting and profitable but not dear to mankind—the power of uniting moral and scientific thought.

The principle of observing memorable days is in itself beneficial to men. It affords a time for them to give scope to the better part of their nature; to believe in the larger possibilities of the mind; to learn that the body is more than raiment, and life more than meat. To feel that the cultivation of the intellect will bring us to a higher plane of life. To learn that the merchant in his counting-room, with his vessels in every part of the world, together with the intricacies of the home trade, sits

there calmly and works his way out of the meshes of the problem, and with silent though exhaustive thought arrives at conclusions which generally prove to be true. That the railroad king exercises as much influence and is as much a brain-worker as the scholar at his desk or the professor in his chair.

It is especially fitting that Americans should be subjected to these influences; for that moral element or religious sentiment, or whatever name be given it which is the substance of a grand and sublime action, noble in the sight of humanity, has been dwarfed in our country. It has been over-ridden by the practicalities and complexities of our civilization. The talent and genius of the country have flowed into the multiplied channels of material prosperity. That there must be a check to this intense and absorbing interest in fortune-making and political-gambling is admitted by all. The *Nation*, in a recent editorial, says: "We are every day getting nearer to that point at which either virtue or money must get final control of the government." Now it would be useless to think of restraining merchant-princes and railroad-kings in their work; but it *is* possible to carry nobility into that work. It is possible to see beauty, truth and benevolence in those occupations. Of course, the phase of the beauty, truth, or benevolence, will not be the same as hitherto; but will be influenced and assimilated to the "customs and costumes" of the civilization whence it originates. In this fact hopeful signs of the continued progress and development of the people, as well as the material resources of the country, may be expected.

The great obstacle in the way of the realization of these hopes is the lack of simplicity and unity. The need of that harmonizing element that shall bind all hearts together, that shall enable us to recognize the true, the beautiful, the good, however devious the paths of life. We are all the possessors of a common humanity, and all that is required is that we shall recognize the attributes of that humanity, that we shall feel a sympathetic thrill with the joys, or sorrows of that humanity. And, as we have endeavored to show, a means in thus uniting the hearts of the people is the celebration of its memorable days.

Within a few years a new day has arisen in our midst, worthy of being recognized and handed down to posterity, the celebration of which seems to be peculiarly adapted for benefiting the American mind. Decoration Day is a positive fact, no creation of man, but growing out of the times. It is a day that will call out the finer qualities of men and women, if any day can. The wreathing of the victors, who though dead yet live. The floral tribute which the coming generation pay to the departed heroes. Decoration Day can never gather around itself the bombast of the Fourth of July. A sadness felt in a thousand hearts, and echoed in a thousand more will ever be present. Where can we find a time more fitting for a look over national affairs?

Reminded of that mighty struggle, and the principles therein involved, we can think of the state of our country with a purer heart and a keener understanding.

INDIVIDUALISM IN THE SCHOLAR.

THE general culture of the present age is often freely proclaimed at the expense of individual improvement. While it is our easy boast that a philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the scientific truths taught in our common schools, we are in no small danger of losing the independence of thought, the power of personal investigation which he possessed, at whose comparative ignorance we smile. Absorbed by the glowing of the heavens we may forget to climb upward toward them. It is natural to praise the elaborate frieze and well-turned cornice, while the strong foundations supporting the structure are forgotten.

We repeat and vegetate only, while laboring under the pleasing delusion that we think and live. We may joyfully reap the advantages of genius, but it is quite another thing to have the inspiration of genius. The very inheritance of the great opportunities of learning what others have gained, is as fatal to real energy and development of mind as the inheritance of great pecuniary wealth to the promotion of physical or business energy.

In reading works which reveal to us the wisdom of six thousand years, we are far from becoming masters of the knowledge which so many centuries have gathered. It is one thing to placidly contemplate, complacently absorb what others have learned and taught, but quite another to grasp their thought, make it live and reproduce itself in our own thinking. The tree that reproduces must enter fully into

the conditions of soil, position, heat and light. So if a mind really knows, it will reproduce; its knowledge is measured by the growths which are stimulated by contact with other minds. A man may admire a deep thought, may praise it and be subdued by it, but only a deep intellect can receive a great deep thought. We really receive no new thought except by struggle and conflict we fashion our minds according to the pattern of the new thought, making it part and parcel of our existence, living and walking on in its inspiration. Thought cannot be communicated to minds that do not think. The power of old sages, at whose mistakes and crudities we laugh, may be a far-off thing to us. It is their power, rather than their knowledge, we are to covet.

Therefore we find the professions, and our Colleges and Seminaries, abundantly supplied with paupers who, halt and lame and blind in intellect, depend on the bounties, the helps which richer, nobler minds have stored; persons "incompetent to get their own mental living." So a characteristic of the times is a strong tendency to imitate. The preacher in his study works over and adapts to his own use the products of others, more royal souls; in his pulpit he ventures from no path which he has not explored with safe guidance by a stronger, bolder hand. The painter becomes a copyist of Rubens and Claude. The teacher finds scraps of knowledge which he assort and distributes ac-

cording to his personal tastes, and calls the product "his system."

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscere mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"

Conceit makes a show of capacity at the bar and on the bench. The scholar develops in the recitation room imitative faculties at the expense of competent mental vigor. The last thought is the greatest to such minds because room must be made for it at the expense of all that has preceded it. The last argument to which they have listened is the only one which sways them; like the Hibernian, who, hearing the counsel for the plaintiff, declared, "surely he has won the case," and then, after the plea of the defendant's counsel, was glowingly sure that "he has won the case."

As among men in working circles, there are many who seem only digesting machines, so it may be said of many scholars, that they are acquiring only immense capabilities for mental digestion. We are to strive for individual power, for living manhood. Such a *cultus* as shall enable the scholar, at each step, to say with fresh confidence, I am a man, I am my own master,

"Addictus jurare in verbis nullius magistri,"

Our educational discipline is not promoted by feasting on the hard-earned bounties of other minds. Schools lamentably succeed in hindering intellectual development under pretence of furnishing helps to the mind. It requires no small native vigor to resist such exposure and live. That was a decisive test, certainly, which that ancient city devised, of exposing its children, in order to learn with what resisting power their constitutions were endowed. Time works changes. The Spartan moors and heights are exchanged for schools and colleges.

They who pass through the educational ordeals devised by the nineteenth century without having intellect, thought, power, perishing in the process, are few. It is refreshing to find some vigorous natures that "leave school with the possibility of being men if not scholars." The test of the value of study is not what store of facts, what lists of authors it can enable you to produce, but what kind of men does it make; how well does it succeed in imparting that very inspiration to life which makes those men you study the beacon lights, the great names for all ages.

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

IV.

THE streets of Paris present, in the current of human life which flows through them, a varied appearance, and furnish a fruitful field for observa-

tion. In certain respects they are wholly unlike our own. It seems as though there was one continual parade-day here. Soldiers are everywhere.

Sentinels are posted before the entrances to every imperial, official and public building. Regiments and companies, on foot and on horse, are marching in every direction. Barracks are found at short intervals, crowded with soldiers. The firemen, a force of 2000 men, are organized on a military footing, are carefully-drilled and efficient soldiers. The police are also a military body, and aside from their other duties, a portion of their force, known as the Sergeants de Ville, are stationed at the theatres, concert and ball rooms. The whole military force of France is divided into the active, or Regular Army, and the Garde National Mobile, making a total of 1,200,000 men in time of war. The military dress, of which there is said to be upwards of forty varieties in Paris, is remarkably tasteful and brilliant. The French soldier is a model of neatness in attire; is thoroughly drilled in his art, finely developed physically, and altogether a too noble looking fellow to be wasting the prime of his life in this idle manner; or, worse still, in making of himself a passive tool in the hands of power, to be shot down like a dog at his master's nod.

The police are a fine-looking body of men. Tall, straight and muscular, wearing the Napoleonic cocked hat, a long black military dress coat with bright silvered buttons, black pants with the military side-stripe, the straight sword; and, in cool or rainy weather, the graceful military black cloak, and almost invariably wearing the moustache and imperial *à la mode de Napoleon*.

Another distinguished feature of

street life in Paris, unlike our own, is the large number of priests, monks and nuns, that one meets in all quarters. Protestantism has but a comparatively feeble hold in Paris or in France, yet the signs of the times indicate for it a much wider extension, at no distant period. The dress of the different religious orders, so unlike that of the gay Parisians, makes them especially noticeable in this city. The long black gown and broad-brimmed black hat of the priests, the coarse grey mantle, the stockingless sandaled feet, the uncovered, partly shaven heads of the monks; the plain black dresses, the crosses and beads, and the broad-caped, flaring, white bonnets of the nuns, present a strange contrast to the rich attire of the thousands who throng the streets and boulevards. It cannot be denied that the mass of the Parisians look with little favor upon the church and priesthood. Visit the great churches and cathedrals upon the Sabbath, and you will find that the number, of men especially, who come there to worship, is small. The withering infidelity, the keen and subtle satire of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, are bearing to-day, as through the past, their pernicious fruits, and the Frenchman glories in the title of free-thinker, in the virtual abnegation of all religious belief, and in the exaltation, as aforetime, of the goddess of human reason.

The readers of the *STUDENT* must know very well that it requires a long residence among a foreign people to fully understand them; and my knowledge of the true, distinctive character of the French, at this early period,

must of necessity be superficial; yet I cannot refrain from giving you some of my first impressions of the Parisians. They are apparently the happiest people in the world. You very seldom see a long-faced genuine Parisian. All seems to be sunshine with them. One does not meet any of those half brute and half human beings, with low, sloping foreheads, bristling hair, massive jaws, short, thick neck, and Herculean limbs, who, in some of our American cities, furnish material for mobs, prize-fights and Plug-Ugly entertainments. The true Parisian is, rather, round-faced, bright-eyed, fair-cheeked, the picture of health, and boiling over with merriment. That horrible charge so cruelly preferred against American ladies, that they are everlasting talkers, applies here equally well to the masculine or feminine gender. At home and abroad the Frenchman never seems to lack for subjects of conversation, and there is a wonderful vigor and earnestness in this exercise. While their language is but slightly accented, this being monotonous compared with our tongue, the speaker gesticulates far more than we do, and not unfrequently, in the ardor of his emotions, rises from his chair, even at table, and goes into the work of talking, soul and body. The utmost freedom is enjoyed in conversation; two, three, or a half dozen, all speaking at the same time, all animated, and cutting the air unmercifully as their hands fly like drum-sticks. The French, you know, are famous, the world over, for their politeness. As seen in America it sometimes bears the stigma of affectation; but here it

is native, free and genuine. Your host rises and bows gracefully to you as you enter and leave the dining-room; your entertainer at the evening party gives herself unremittingly and unaffectedly to the work of making you perfectly at ease and happy, showing you numberless courtesies and attentions ever varied and pleasing. The merchant, the banker, the professor, the petty tradesman, the peasant and the child, all alike greet you with their hearty salutations of welcome and of good-bye, and rejoice to be of service to you in any possible manner. I have actually had a merchant leave his place of business and walk an eighth of a mile to show me, a complete stranger to him, the residence of a man I desired to find. Perhaps this is an exceptional case. (I can't say that there was not something about the petitioner that appealed powerfully to his pity or his sympathies.) There is an ease and gracefulness of carriage in their politeness, found among no other nations. Physically they are a splendid people, and this perfect health is the grand secret of their cheerfulness, gracefulness and vigor. Their inherent politeness is especially noticeable in their conversation. No matter how exciting the theme may be, whether literary, religious, or political, no speaker of culture ever so far forgets himself as to rebut any opinion of his adversary, or present any counter-view without the inevitable "*pardonnez-moi, Monsieur,*" prefacing his remarks. At the literary gatherings each new production of merit is warmly greeted; and everywhere, whatever is done at all, is done enthusiastically.

With these remarks upon the living Parisians, let me devote a little space to a hasty description of one of the resting places of their dead. Pardon me if the transition is somewhat abrupt. The catacombs of Paris are immense subterranean quarries, from which, centuries ago, the building stone of Paris was excavated. They are of great extent, one-tenth of the entire city lying above them. In 1784, upon clearing some of the cemeteries, the contents were removed to these chambers, and some remains have since been deposited here, although the cemeteries without the city walls are the ordinary places of burial. The catacombs are opened once a month; and in company with some American friends I visited them a few months ago. With lighted candles in our hands we descended the winding case consisting of ninety steps. Arriving at the bottom we entered a long, narrow street or gallery, with sides of solid masonry supporting the rocky roof above, which is about seven feet high. Pursuing this gloomy passage perhaps a quarter of a mile, we entered a large chamber, whose walls were lined with bones from the floor to the roof. The arm, leg and thigh bones are in front, piled up like cords of wood, with three parallel rows of skulls running through them, and projecting a little beyond the general face. Back of this face-wall of unbroken bones are thrown the small and broken bones, so that the entire thickness of the skeleton wall is perhaps three feet. The middle row of skulls has its customary cross-bones, and sometimes are,

if we may so speak, artistically arranged in the form of crucifixes. At short intervals monuments and grave-stones are placed in the walls of bones, and bear suitable inscriptions and admonitions. Alleys or streets branch off in every direction, but everywhere bones, bones, bones! In this vast charnel-house are the remains of at least three million human beings! Policemen were stationed at intervals to direct the visitors in proper paths, as one might, by leaving the main passages, wander in inextricable confusion; and when his little candle had expired, would be hopelessly incarcerated in the most horrible of prisons. There are upwards of sixty entrances to the catacombs. The subterranean roof of the vast cavern is supported by pillars and masonry in all the dangerous parts, the whole work being under the constant supervision of skillful engineers. Of course the remains of the dead occupy but a small portion of these vast quarries, and visitors see but a fragment of the catacombs. Above, and completely undermined by these quarries, are the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Observatory, the Pantheon, and many other important public buildings, together with many of the principal streets upon the southern side of the Seine, filled with all their busy, crowded life; so that the Parisians are literally living, moving and sporting upon the roof of immense subterranean chambers, where their ancestors have toiled, and where they are resting now in the dreamless sleep and the profound silence of this realm of death.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

IN our last we hinted that we should speak of the subject of a convention of college editors. We stated also that this had been agitated by the *Cornell Era* and *Chronicle*. Through inadvertency we mentioned the *Chronicle* instead of the *University Herald* of Syracuse University.

What could be the object of such a convention? Evidently to increase the efficiency of college publications. We naturally inquire, then, what is the aim of college papers? what are they trying to do? The answer is easy. Their aim is first to advertise their respective colleges, by sending forth publications as advocates of their interests and exponents of their culture; second, to furnish to their students information on matters of general interest, and especially matters that pertain to the college world; third, to open to their students opportunities for disciplining themselves in the art of writing.

The aim, then, of all college publications is the same. Now, could not a number of young men, all striving to accomplish the same thing, derive practical good from a conference? The object being the same it is plain that each one would be benefited by the experience of the rest. Imagine a convention of young men, held for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of college publications, and does it seem

reasonable that it would be wholly unproductive of good results?

What is the best method of conducting a college publication? This is the question which such a convention would discuss. We are all working for the same end, with the same means; now how can we make these means most useful to secure this end? This is the question the members of such a convention would ask, and they would proceed to answer it by the consideration of those questions which naturally grow out of it. Such, for instance, as the following: Should a college publication be under the control of any class or of all the classes? Should it be published by a students' association or by the literary societies? Should it be in magazine or newspaper form? Should it confine itself to subjects strictly literary, or should it be a newspaper, as is the *Anvil*? These and similar questions would be discussed with reference, be it remembered, to success in the three objects above mentioned, for which all college papers are laboring. And who will dare to say that the discussion of such questions would not be felt in the increased efficiency of college publications. One's own experience is his best teacher; the knowledge of the experience of others his next best.

Then, too, how the financial editors

would enjoy a chat. How much help could each one receive from the suggestions of the rest. The success of any paper depends much upon the business talent of its financial editor. Will any one presume to say that these keen-sighted, practical, mathematical geniuses would derive no benefit from such a convention?

But, say some, college papers are "intensely local," and what is applicable to one has no relation to another. This is partly true. Every newspaper may be said to be local to a certain extent, but does any one deny that great good has resulted from State and national conventions of the press? So college papers may be "intensely local" in some respects, but does that prove that their efficiency would not be increased in those points in which they are not local, especially when it is admitted that their aims are in the main alike?

Some have said they were sceptical about the good results to be obtained from a convention of college editors, but thought that such a convention could do no harm if it did no good. We should hesitate to lend our voice or cast our vote in favor of such a convention if we believed it would be thus simply negative in its results. We favor the proposition because we believe a convention would be productive of positive good.

—What are our debating societies doing this term? It will take but few words to answer this question. They are doing comparatively nothing. What is the reason of this? It cannot be from lack of numbers, or on ac-

count of one society having a large majority of students; for both societies have a large membership, and are about equally divided. That the interest, however, is not such as it should be, no one who understands the work which the two societies are doing will for a moment deny.

At the beginning of every fall term each society does its best in debates, in its papers, in every respect, to impress the Freshmen and obtain a majority of the class. The executive committees of both societies plan with all the shrewdness of a Bismarck. It is then they always (by chance, perhaps,) select the most interesting questions for debate. It is then they perform most faithfully their duties as executive committees in taking care that each officer and member does his duty in such a manner as to reflect credit upon his respective society. Every thing works smoothly. There are no adjournments on account of a want of sufficient number of members to make a quorum. The interest abates not a whit until the last Freshman has nibbled the bait and been caught. Then the executive committees and the members, puffing from their violent exertions, sit down to catch their breath, and generally succeed in doing so about the beginning of the next fall term, when they arise, gird themselves, and again become fishers of—Freshmen.

This, we believe, is the real condition and practice of both societies. The members, now and then, as if moved by the same spirit which influenced them at the beginning of the year, rouse themselves, and have a few

interesting meetings. But it amounts to nothing. The effort is only spasmodic.

What then shall be done to make the meetings of the two societies interesting? This is an important question. Let each member, some may say, do his part of the work. Yes, but they do not. Now, what inducements can be presented to influence them to do this? It seems to us that there is not constant rivalry enough between the two societies. Now, would not public meetings, by the two societies, at regular periods—not always at the beginning of the fall term, as has been the custom, for the special benefit of the Freshmen, but two or three times during the college year,—accomplish the desired result? A prize debate occasionally between members elected by each society, might act as an incentive to excellence in debate. The regular prize debates of the Sophomore year do much toward this. We have, during the college year, many public exercises, but it seems as though a few more might be introduced without crowding.

However this may be, it is plain that something must be done to make our societies more interesting and profitable. We all, doubtless, desire to perfect ourselves in the art of expression, to improve in debate; still we know, too, that men oftentimes need great incentives to do that which they believe will be highly beneficial to them. It is evident that they are sadly needed in this case. We have made these remarks not for the sake of criticising, but for the purpose of calling attention to a matter in which we are

all interested, and awakening thought upon it.

—Our exchange list is slowly increasing. We have received some of the poorest and some of the best college papers published in this country. There are, however, several we should like to see, for the purpose of ranking them in our mind, if nothing more; but especially for the opportunity of gaining a better knowledge of the college press and matters of interest to the college world. There is the *Amherst Student*, the organ of one of the first colleges of New England, which our eyes have never beheld. We sometimes think that perhaps the *Student* heard not our gentle knocking; at other times that they are ashamed (but of course that cannot be) to put in an appearance. Then there are the *Williams Review* and the *Williams Vidette*, both excellent papers, our exchanges say,—but seeing is believing in this case. *Hamilton Literary Magazine* is another publication we feel interested to see. These and all other college papers we should be glad to welcome to a place among our exchanges. Call at any time and you will always find us at home.

—The question has been asked whether we (meaning by we the students of the College) can answer through its columns statements made in the *STUDENT*. In reply we would say that it was the avowed object of the *STUDENT* to open a way whereby opinions could be expressed on matters of importance. If any student has anything to say which would be inter-

esting to our readers, we should, of course, be pleased to give it a place in the columns of our magazine. But let it be understood once for all that, while the *STUDENT* is in the hands of those who now conduct it, space will *not* be given to reply to any passing joke which may chance to be recorded in the *Odds and Ends*. Aim a little higher.

EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Cornell Era*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Yale Courant*, *Trinity Tablet*, *The Geyser*, *Brunonian*, *College Journal*, *Central Collegian*, *Magenta*, *Anvil*, *College Argus*, *Wabash Magazine*, *The Dartmouth*, *Marietta Olio*, *The Chronicle*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Union College Magazine*, *The Tyro*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Madisonensis*, *University Herald*, *The Targum*, *College Spectator*, *Index*, *Magarensis*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, *College Herald*, *Denison Collegian*, *Alumni Journal*, *The Annalist*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *College Days*, *Irving Union*.

OTHER PAPERS.—*American Newspaper Reporter*, *Once a Week*, *American Journalist*, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *Weekly Gazette*.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., *Manager.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

IF you haven't paid your subscription for the STUDENT, do so immediately. This is no joke.

A certain Soph. having, in his presence, spoken of a Prof. in rather a laconic style, thought it best to apologize. Accordingly, when he next saw the Prof. he did so. Imagine his surprise when the Prof. told him that he did not hear the remark. Virtue has its own reward.

James Antic Equus recently joined the Freshman class. He passed a very satisfactory examination Sunday, May 18th. Not being satisfied with his room on the ground floor, he soon left. We think that, should he return, quarters might be found in which he would be contented to make a longer stay.

Witchcraft is not wholly dead. A witch supper was held one recent evening on the campus. The witches, however, forgot to clear away their tables, etc., etc., which were found fantastically arranged on the green the next morning, much to the surprise of all (?) the students. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

A Freshman expresses his daily experience in the following parody:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—I've flunked again."

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

Difference between a regatta prize and a smarter dog. One is a pewter cup and the other a cuter pup. (The author's family are in mourning).—*Advocate.*

The following comes under the head of smooth translations. "*Cæsar in Germanis silvis bellum fecit*" rendered, "Cæsar made a bell of German silver."—*Ex.*

Molecule thinks that the difference between Noah Webster and Daniel Webster is that the former is distinguished for his Dictionary, the latter for his airy diction.

A man who bought a thousand Havana cigars recently, on being asked what he was carrying, replied that they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.—*Ex.*

Zoölogy class. Professor—"Mr. B., please give the common names for the different varieties of the *felis catus*." Mr. B.—"The Maltese, the white cat, the black cat, and the—the—Tom cat." Professor—"Sit down!"—*Tripod.*

The antiquarian, Edwin Trotx, in Paris, has lately obtained one of the

rarest of literary curiosities, a heretofore unknown copy, and a splendid one, of the Editio Princeps of Horace, printed on parchment.

A Junior gives the liberal translation of our college motto. "*Sol justitiæ et occidentem illustra*," as "Son of Justice, go West.—*Targum*.

During the cold cloudy weather we had some time ago, several of the ladies in middle college were heard to exclaim, "O, for a little sun."—*Ex*.

An Amherst Senior recently inquired at a bookstore for a copy of Gilbert Blaass, and was disposed to lament the ignorance and want of enterprise of the local book dealer.

The word love, in the Indian language, is "Schemlendamourtchwager." How nicely it would sound, whispered softly in a lady's ear, "I schemlendamourtchwager you!"—*Ex*.

A young lady was recently called on to decline "*hic*." She boldly proceeded: "*Hic, hæc, hoc*, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us," which latter was received with joyful applause by the boys.

The theologian who was heard to exclaim, "no gal," in a sad and pathetic tone, we are glad to learn was but conjugating a Hebrew verb. That Hebrew is strange stuff.—*Record*.

Scene after recitation. An excited Fresh. rushes frantically to Prof. Atom and gasps, "Did I, oh, did I pass my examination?" Prof. Atom (with proud scorn)—"No, sir!" Off dances Freshie, radiant with smiles. Prof. A.

—"You misunderstand me; you failed, sir!" Incorrigible Fr.—"Ah! but I won a bet, you see." Prof. A. staggers. Salts, &c.—*Harv. Advocate*.

A man grew eloquent in a Sunday School Convention and soared into statistics. "My beloved fellow workers, there are in the Sunday Schools of this State two hundred thousand children *omitting fractions*."—*Vass. Miscellany*.

A certain Freshman was undecided about going to hear the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. He had heard either Miss *Mendelssohn* or Clara Louise Kellogg—he did not know which—and he did not want to go to the same show twice.—*Era*.

Arcadian simplicity still exists. An old lady came upon the following announcement in the *Miscellany*: "Miss —, of '70, is pursuing her studies in Berlin." "Dear me," she sighed in gentle admiration, "Seventy years old and studying yet!"

A facetious Senior asked a Freshman to tell him the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family, but the laugh was on the Senior, for the Freshman instantly replied, "No difference; a sick family is a family that is sick, and a fac-simile means 'the same.'"—*Williams Review*.

Professor in Political Science—"What can you say of the right to reputation?" Senior B.—"No man can injure my reputation." Prof.—"A rather ambiguous answer. Do you mean that your character is so bad

that no one can injure it?" Senior stammers, blushes, and sits down.—*Yale Courant.*

A Senior was met on the Flag Pole Delta by two Englishmen who were visiting Cambridge. Inquiring Englishman—"Will you kindly tell me what that inscription is on the flag pole?" Student (reading)—"Washington, 1776." Englishman—"Ah! some one connected with the college?" We vouch for the truth of the above.—*Advocate.*

A student here, who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.—*Chronicle.*

A very handsomely dressed young man, who was waiting at his horse's head for his girl, Sunday afternoon, and desired to demonstrate to the watching neighbors how familiar he could be with such an animal, put the head of the noble beast in his bosom, and just then the animal sneezed, and—well, anybody who has seen a horse sneeze can picture to himself the state of that shirt-bosom and collar and vest, just as well as one of the old masters could do it.—*Danbury News.*

The following disquisition on dogs is given by a school boy: "Dogs is usefuller as cats. They bite 'em. Dogs foller boys and catches a hog by the

ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eat hogs but not Jews, as they and all other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sometimes git hit with boot-jacks for barking nights. Sleepy people get mad and throw 'em at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man. They do more for man than ground-hogs or koons, or even gotes. Gotes smell. The end.—*Ex.*

Among the examination papers of an English school the following was found: "United States is remarkable for its ruins. Each State manages its own affairs; has a Council-General appointed by the people, and a Governor by the queen. Each State has a king chosen by the people and a House of Commons and of Lords. The Capital of the United States is Mexico. It is governed by a queen, a council and two representatives. It is very subject to earthquakes, and all the houses are built low in consequence."—*Ex.*

Our Professors, in going their rounds after church and attendance reports, often meet with receptions not exactly in accordance with their dignity. The other day Professor W., on knocking at a certain Junior's door, was most cordially invited to "walk right straight in." The same Professor was once told by a Sophomore—who supposed it was a class-mate—to "throw his filthy carcass over the ventilator!" Imagine that Soph's surprise when Prof. W. entered.—*College Spectator.*

An undergraduate of Dartmouth, at present acting as Grand Mogul of a country academy located in the direc-

tion of the Aurora Borealis, seems to be taking advantage of his newly acquired knowledge of "the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" of the electric fluid, in a way which combines instruction to his pupils with gratification to himself. His plan is to connect one of his big girls to one pole of a battery, himself to the other, and then complete the circuit by joining lips! The sensation is described as sweetly peculiar.—*Anvil.*

EXTENSIVE ART-GALLERY.—Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster's Dictionary. The Unabridged is an extensive art-gallery, containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plants, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—*Household Advocate.*

A certain Junior, "nameless here forevermore," preparing for the ministry, wrote a sermon during his Freshman year. Since then, he has preached it thirteen times, spoken parts of it for declamations, and, when original declamations were required, has "been prepared" with it; handed it in as his Junior Ex. oration, and is now furnishing it to the Professor of Rhetoric, in bi-weekly instalments, for essays. The three lower classes have a treat in store for them, for he intends to use it for chapel orations next year.—*College Argus.*

There are a good many ways of boring a man. Of all the ingenious devices ever contrived, the one which seems to answer all the conditions of successful boredom is the habit of making your friend's room your own; and passing the greater part of your time with the unfortunate victim of your affection. By so acting, you deprive him of all means of retaliation or escape. He can't visit your room, for you are never there, and it is very doubtful whether he would want to do so, having quite enough of your company without seeking it. Neither can the wretched man kick you out of his room without doing violence to his own feelings as well as to yours. He must sit quietly day after day, and lose valuable time. If he should remonstrate, you would consider it an insult, and would at once become the man's enemy. The only thing he can do, without bringing about a state of affairs unpleasant to both parties, is to show by his lack of cordiality that your frequent visits are annoyances, and the best thing you can do in that case is to take a hint quick. This intolerable nuisance of frequent calls is one to which we are most exposed here in College, where it is only a step from one room to another. The exercise of a little forethought in such matters would seem to correct the evil in a great measure. But there are some in whom the boring faculty is innate, and can never be eradicated. To such we can only say: "When you are meditating the invasion of a class-mate's room, just stop a moment and put yourself in his place.—*Courant.*"

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Sophomores are to have two prize debates this term.

The Freshmen have recently procured some neat class caps.

Juniors have finished Zoölogy and begun the study of Chemistry.

Another valuable addition has recently been made to the College collection of birds.

Those of the Juniors who intend to compete for the prizes next Commencement are plugging.

Half-hour prayer-meetings have been held daily in the several rooms of Parker Hall this term.

Base-ball fever has been raging here. It has, however, abated somewhat. While practicing recently, Washburn struck a liner, which hit Giles, who was pitching, upon the forehead, and caused him to lie down in the green pasture. Giles, however, though badly hurt, soon recovered, and is now ready to pitch for Washburn or any other man.

One of the students at Princeton is the son of a Japanese priest.

There are seven hundred Japanese studying in this country.—*Ex.*

The Graduates of American colleges number 36,000.—*University Herald.*

The Fisk University Jubilee singers are creating a great sensation in London.

John C. Breckinridge is to speak before the societies at Princeton, next Commencement.

Oxford University is one thousand years old. Her revenue last year amounted to \$1,000,000.—*Ex.*

All the professors in the English department of the Japan Government School at Yeddo are Americans.

Dr. White, Professor of Natural History in Iowa State University, has consented to fill the same position at Bowdoin.

Professor Agassiz, President Eliot of Harvard, and Doctor Wendell Holmes, have expressed themselves as opposed to co-education.—*Cornell Era.*

The first female graduate of Michigan University has been offered \$3,000 a year and her expenses, to tell what she knows in a Japan school house.

We acknowledge the receipt of a neatly printed programme of Commencement exercises at Albion Collège,

Albion, Mich. Commencement Day there is June 18.

The University of Leyden, Holland, is said to be the wealthiest in the world, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.—*Cap and Gown*.

A Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature has been established at the University of California, with the object of promoting instruction in the Chinese and Japanese languages. It has an endowment of \$50,000.

Some industrious chap has ascertained that in Scotland one man in every thousand of the population goes to college; in Germany, one in every twenty-six hundred; and in England, one in every fifty-eight hundred. Who will figure this up for the United States?

The Commencement Address before the Theological Society in Dartmouth College will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Luther T. Townsend, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Boston Theological Seminary, and well known as the author of "Credo," "God Man," etc.

The *University Echo* is responsible for the statement that at a recent consultation of the presidents of Ohio colleges, it was agreed to admit students ignorant of Greek, provided they could pass in a full equivalent of other studies in the first two years. We must conclude that Greek is but slightly appreciated in the Western colleges.

There is every prospect of a radical change being made in the requirements

for admission to Harvard. The change will probably consist in narrowing the field in classics, and requiring more in the department of the sciences, in English, and in the modern languages. A knowledge of French, undoubtedly, and of German possibly, will be required of candidates for admission.—*Advocate*.

The course of lectures which Mr. James T. Fields of Boston, is to deliver at Dartmouth College during the month of June, will include personal recollections of some of the leading writers of England. Among others, De Quincey, Rogers, Tennyson, Christopher North, Landor, Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Macauley, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb will be discussed.

Pres. White's recent report shows that Cornell University is in a successful and vigorous condition. Over 500 students studied there during the past year; the standard of instruction has been steadily raised, and the examinations made more and more thorough. The courses of civil and mechanical engineering are receiving special attention and have now more than a hundred students. The mechanical department is now entirely organized, having lecture, drafting and recitation rooms, and also a thoroughly equipped machine shop, thereby graduating the students practically as well as theoretically. In the library of the University are 37,000 volumes. Thirty thousand dollars have been given by Mr. Sage of Brooklyn, for the building of a chapel to be managed by the University, but not con-

trolled by any single denomination. Another gift of \$30,000 has been made to endow a lectureship on moral and religious subjects. This, too, will be free from special sectarian influence. The University has now no debts.

The University of Pennsylvania, the sixth oldest American college, leaves its old building on Ninth street this fall, to occupy a magnificent structure erected in West Philadelphia, between Thirty-sixth and Locust streets. The new edifice is two hundred and fifty-four feet by one hundred and twenty-four deep in the centre, and one hundred and two in the connecting wings. It is in the collegiate Gothic style, but built in Greek symmetry. The material is mainly that beautiful green serpentine which is becoming so fashionable in Philadelphia, and is found on that bank of the Schuylkill. The new building cost \$235,000, exclusive of furniture and apparatus, and is one of the most attractive and magnificent pieces of architecture in the city. The combination of color in the stone of the exterior is especially beautiful.

On Thursday, May 15, was formally laid at Cornell University the corner stone of the Sage College for women. There were present among the many distinguished visitors, as we learn from the *Era*, Hon. Ezra Cornell, Hon. Henry W. Sage, J. H. Selkreg, John McGraw, Geo. W. Schuyler, of the trustees, President White, President Angell of Michigan University, Chancellor Winchell of Syracuse University, Moses Coit Tyler, editor of the *Christian Union*, Professor Goldwin Smith,

Professor Homer B. Sprague, formerly of Cornell University. Speeches were made by several of the above-mentioned gentlemen. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was performed by a woman, the wife of Hon. Henry W. Sage, through whose munificent donation the building was erected. Altogether the exercises were very interesting and impressive.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Price from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of the class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum-punches use up a dozen, and the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower exposed to untimely frosts. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours' sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtasked and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about.—*Ex.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—A. G. Chick is in the mercantile business in Boston, Mass.

'70.—D. M. Small is soon to settle in Chicago, to pursue the practice of his profession of the law.

'71.—J. M. Libby is studying law in Portland, Me.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is Principal of the Seminary at Farmington, N. H.

'72.—E. F. Nason is Principal of the Academy at West Lebanon, Me.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

RICKER, REV. GEORGE SMALL.—

Born May 26th, 1847, at Raymond, Me. Son of Noah and Anna Ricker.

1868, Principal of Public School, Bristol, Ill.

1869, Principal of Public School, Hennepin, Ill.

1870, Principal Second Ward Grammar School, Nebraska City, Neb., and Editor of the Educational Department, Nebraska City *Daily Press*.

1871-72, Student at Bates Theological Seminary, Lewiston, Me.

1872, Ordained and installed Pastor of the Village Free-Baptist Church, Richmond, Me., Aug. 23d.

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VOL. I.

JUNE, 1873.

No. 6.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

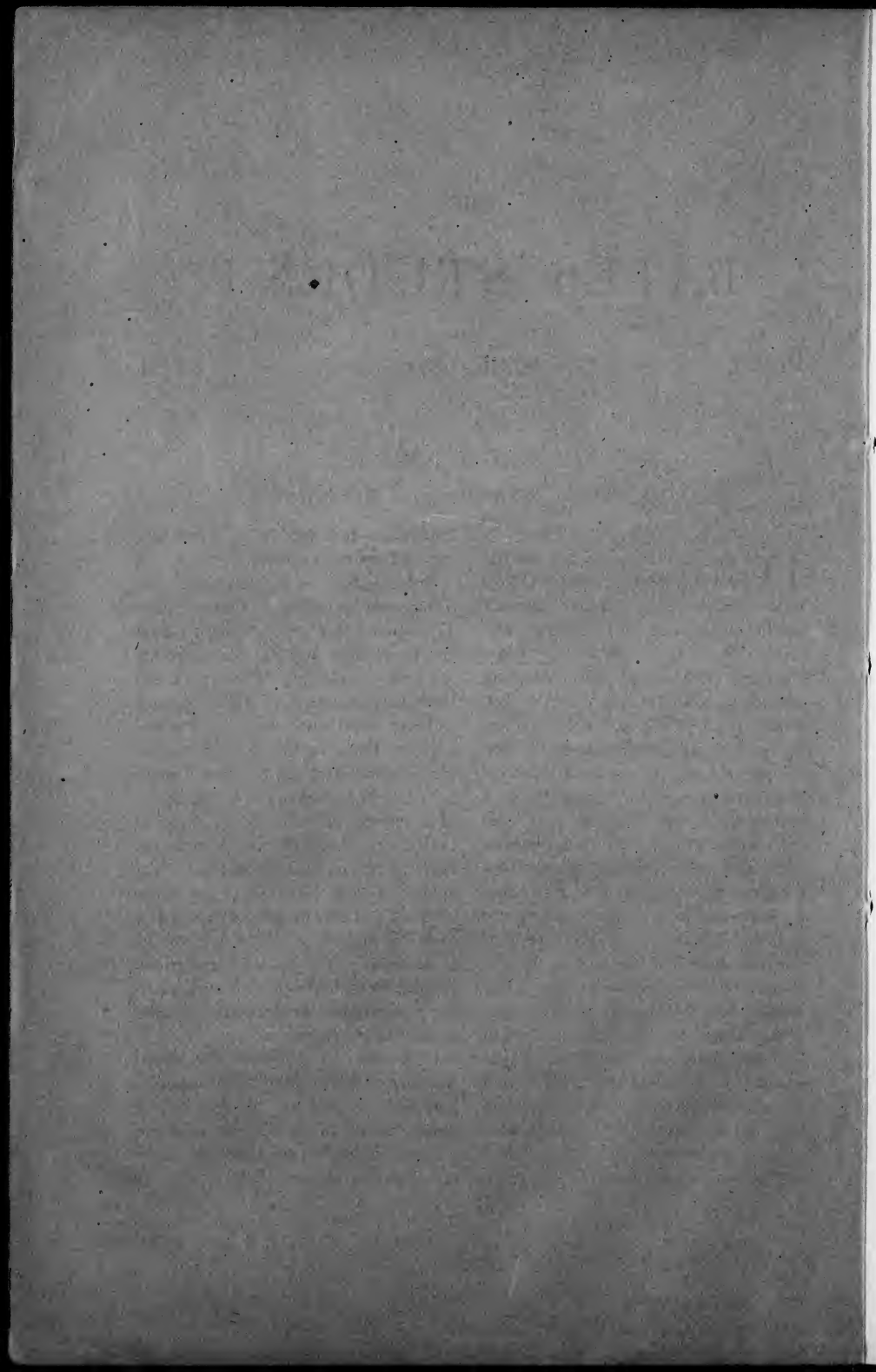
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1873.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1873.

No. 6.

MY CHUM AND I ;

OR, A WINTER IN THE PETTIFER NEIGHBORHOOD.

VII.

DO the dead ever mourn for the living? Can they whom we love with all our souls, be happy in another world when our hearts are full of misery here? Nay, though the very heavens shine on them with all the dazzling splendors of our God's abode; though angel voices fill the air with sweetest chorus; though life and death, and things past, and things to come, have ceased to be a part of them, yet do I believe the voices of their loved ones sorrowing, will pierce through heaven itself and cause them to grieve. Yes, I believe the spirit of little Ebb came back to that lonely old house by the sea, and watched with Flo weeping, and the poor old captain, sitting so silently in his accustomed place. The week after the burial was a long, dreary time; and at nights the wind sounded lonelier, and the waves seemed louder than ever. I found myself waking from sleep more than once during those nights, with the idea running through my head that I had just heard the hard gravel falling upon

the coffin — that little coffin over which the cold earth was freezing.

But, as has been intimated, our school was drawing to a close. The day came at last, and although Chum and I had been waiting for it, we felt sad upon its coming. The captain and Philothety regretted so much to have us leave them, and we had got to feel quite at home in the Neighborhood. Our pupils, too, when the school house door had been locked for good, began of a sudden to believe they liked us exceedingly; and, flocking around us, they uttered regrets that the term was done, for they were sure no other teachers had ever instructed them quite so well, and they hoped we would come again. So did our days in the Pettifer Neighborhood end, and, packing our trunks, we turned our faces toward the College.

Of course I am aware the above sentence abridges things considerably, and yet I expect the thought of the reader not to follow the words of the writer blindly, but with an independent, creative power, making detours

now to the right, now to the left, catching up the strands that have been dropped and weaving them into the woof, to imagine and believe that our last evening in the Neighborhood was passed at the light-house in the pleasantest way possible, while the thought was constantly occurring that a few hours would put us leagues apart. Yes, and you must let a pretty vision of Mary come up before you. Mary as she stood upon the pier, waving her handkerchief until the boat that was bearing us away was out of sight. John Myrtle was there also. And it was the last time we ever saw the captain.

We had known these people only a short time, yet we were strangely and deeply moved at bidding them farewell. We would come again, we said. We would come again; but, ah, me! every one knows what that coming again is!

At the College there were the same old faces to greet us we had been familiar with so long. Dalton, Wintercast, Pious, and the others. And each had a great deal to relate that had taken place during our absence, so that we were kept out of bed until midnight, listening to them. It was pleasant for Chum and myself to be with them again; it was pleasant to roll up the curtains of our room on the following morning, to look out on the campus from which the snow was departing, to hear the tones of the chapel organ, and the students singing the old hymns, at morning prayers, yet our thoughts went back to the Neighborhood, and we fell to wondering what each and all were busied about.

If I were writing a drama I should say here, while holding the pen suspended and thinking of how little occurred between the time of our return and the time of graduation, that you are to suppose three months to intervene between the scenes, and that the one we have to deal with now opens on a bright, June morning—Commencement Day. I say bright, because it was so in more respects than a cloudless, sunny sky, and a warm, congenial atmosphere. It was the beginning of a new life, to us of the graduating class, and we hailed this natal day with all the wild fancies and romantic follies peculiar to young men eager to battle with the world. At an early hour everything and everybody were astir; there was music in the air, flags were flying, students hurrying to and fro, merry songs and merry laughter breaking forth from the old rooms. Then came the forming of the procession, and the marshals making themselves conspicuous everywhere, commanding loiterers to fall in, respectfully notifying grave professors and other dignitaries that all was ready, and finally a heavy tramp, tramp, a lively air from the band, and the class was on its way to the church, escorted by the under-classmen, and a long line of carriages filled with, as we really believed, representatives of every profession in this wide world.

A large crowd was awaiting our arrival and an admittance into the audience room. In short, it was the same scene we had witnessed a number of times before, the same sort of Commencement that occurs at every college in the land, and what every college

man remembers well. A sea of young and pretty faces in the galleries, the air fragrant with fresh-cut flowers, the fluttering fans and rustling ribbons, all were there, and nothing was lacking to cause on the part of the orators a rush of blood to the head and a palpitating of the heart.

Chum's oration was the closing one, the valedictory; and when the hours had dragged on, and people had got quite wearied listening to the others of us, discoursing about "Dead Centuries," "The Ancient and Modern," "Athens and Rome," and all that sort of thing, he stepped forward in the midst of a confusion of whispering and crackling programmes. But Richard Guild was handsome, graceful, confident,—every one saw that, and in a moment there was dead silence. As he opened his lips to begin, I noticed one quick, rapid glance he cast over the audience, and that his eyes rested for the smallest part of a second in one particular direction. Who was that couple that had caught his attention? You never could guess. It was John Myrtle, the light-keeper, and Mary, his daughter. Chum had kept their presence a secret from me, and when I saw them I could scarcely believe my imagination was not deceiving my eyesight.

John Myrtle, dressed in a black suit, looked odd; and Mary had changed a little, but, if anything, for the better. They were watching the hero of the day very closely. Every tone of his deep, rich voice, every gesture, every well-turned period was duly appreciated by the keeper of the Point Light. And when Chum had finished, and a storm of applause, together with a

shower of bouquets, greeted his farewell bow, I could see that John Myrtle was as deeply moved, and that his face betrayed as much emotion as it did on that well-remembered night of the wreck. And Mary?—did she not feel proud of him, too? Ah, yes! the color came and went in quick succession; her beautiful face never looked lovelier than at that moment when Chum came down the aisle and led her forth from the church.

I joined them as soon as the crowd dispersed and allowed me. What our greetings were can be imagined. Mr. Myrtle said it made him feel young again to be with Chum and myself, that all in the Neighborhood had missed us much.

"This is the pleasantest time I have enjoyed for many years, Mr. Jasper," said he, as we walked on behind Chum and Mary. "It has brought back to my mind pleasant memories of what until to-day has been a dead past."

"You speak of your own graduation?"

"Yes, yes,—a long time ago. But there were laurels won then, easy laurels; and it was a merry time."

Well, we four sauntered away by ourselves after partaking of refreshments at Commencement Dinner. The toasts, and flowery speeches from overfed orators, had no interest to any of us. We wanted to talk about ourselves and our friends in the Pettifer Neighborhood. So we went up the side of a mountain, a short distance from the college buildings, and sought out a quiet nook under the shade of two noble trees.

It was there that night found us, sit-

ting together. Mary's little hand was in Chum's strong one,—and her's was his and his was her's. He was reading aloud a letter from the captain which Mary had brought. The writing was bad, and many of the words were poorly spelled, but the old man's heart was in it; and little Flo had sent her love, with a sprig of holly from Ebb's grave; and Philothety had added a postscript.

Slowly the twilight waned, and darkness came. The echoes of the college bell, ringing out the old and ringing in the new, came up the valley. The long-expected day had come and gone.

My hand trembles, my head falls on my arm, and shadows dance before my eyes, as I write that to our peaceful, pleasant, hopeful college days, to the life between my chum and me, this was — THE END.

Although the morning is breaking, reader, and the fire, which burnt so brilliantly at the time you sat down to read the manuscript, has dwindled to coals, I must, nevertheless, add a word or two more in the shape of

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY TEN YEARS
AFTER.

December 20th.—I met my old classmate, Richard Guild, to-day, for the first time since our graduation. He and his wife were on their way to

Washington, where he has a seat in Congress. They both have changed a great deal since I knew them intimately, and it is quite probable I should not have recognized either one, if I had not noticed their name on a travelling bag. While the train was whirling along we got into conversation. Guild has met with good success in life, though I suspect from his thin, careworn face and deep-set eyes, he has encountered some pretty sharp fights and a few disappointments. He seemed a little reserved in his manner, but this, perhaps, has come about from being constantly in contact with shrewd, crafty men. His wife, who is really quite a queen and worthy to rule the heart of any great man, was more open and frank, speaking of the Pettifer Neighborhood (a place where her husband and myself taught a winter school together) with considerable sadness. Most of those she had known when living there were dead now. Captain Pettifer and his sister had been dead some time, she said. Flo, their adopted daughter, was quite a lovely woman. Her husband was master of a ship. I asked Mrs. Guild where her father, John Myrtle, was living at present, for I remembered him quite well. The tears came into her eyes directly, and I saw I had made a blunder. Yes, he was dead, also.

A BIRTHDAY MEMORY.

JUST twenty years! Am I so near
The proud and high estate of man?
So far in years, in place, in heart,
From where my infant life began?
Just twenty years! let me recall
The sweetest picture in them all.

—A country farm-house, all alone;
A grove that moves and sinks to rest;
A rugged mountain, forest-grown,
That rises proudly in the west,
And makes a twilight, long and gray,
Beyond the lingering summer's day.

Already has the sinking sun
Bedecked the mountain's brow with light;
Already have the shadows crept
Among the oak trees on the right;
While still the eastern fields betray
The lingering presence of the day.

From a large rock, beneath a tree
Whose branches chide the evening breeze,
Two children watched the clouds that sail
Through endless depths of azure seas;
Or listen to the soothing chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

One is a gentle, fair-haired girl,
Whose tender cheek is softly pressed
Against her brother's, while he seeks
A quiet moment's quiet rest;
And so they listen to the chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

The mother, watching at the door,
Looks fondly forth with tear-dimmed eyes;

A Birthday Memory.

Full heart and quivering lips implore
A benediction from the skies;
She heedeth not the soothing chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

She hears instead that other chime
Of childish voices clear and sweet,
That join, like brooklets in their flow,
In blended harmony complete;
The while they close the waning day
With "Prairie Flower" and "Nellie Gray."

At length the evening work is done;
The father draws the old arm-chair
And reads the Holy Word, and pours
His anxious spirit forth in prayer;
And God, from his abode, lets fall
A benediction over all.

How sweet a picture! and, alas!
Like all things else, how soon to fade!
Long years ago, the father's form
Within Death's pitiless arms was laid;
And we are scattered o'er life's seas
Like leaves before an autumn breeze.

And I have lived to twenty years!
Yet should you ask me to recall
Life's countless scenes, and to describe
The sweetest picture of them all,
My tongue should speak, without a fear,
The words my pen has written here.

A country farm-house, all alone;
A grove that moves and sinks to rest;
A rugged mountain, forest-grown,
That rises proudly in the west;
Two children listening to the chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN SCHOLAR AND PEOPLE.

DURING the Middle Ages there was an utter lack of sympathy between the scholars and the people. It is difficult to conceive of two classes of men inhabiting the same earth, even of the same race and country, having so little in common and so much in antagonism. On the one hand the scholastics were the most daring of all speculators, diving into the most intricate and insolvable problems ever presented to the human mind. They spent day after day and year after year in the study of mental science and of physical science, endeavoring to gain a knowledge of the essence of mind and matter with an enthusiasm that we cannot look upon without admiration. Their isolation was almost complete. Their homes were within convent walls, or in the natural caverns of the earth. The fanatical scholar, seeking to realize in thought some of his fondest abstractions, betook himself to mountain haunts and there dug for himself a secluded cell wherein to revel in his mystic dreams. The student of the elements found for himself a hermitage within the walls of the laboratory; and many are the legends which tradition has preserved concerning the dying alchemists and the vain seekers of the philosopher's stone.

On the other hand, the people were the most timid of speculators, having sworn their faith and allegiance to human authority. They were surrounded by dark barbarities and bound by gloomy superstitions. Whatever interest they once possessed in higher

thoughts than the supplying of bodily wants, gradually disappeared before the assumptions of Romanism. How could there be sympathy between these extremes in society?

But soon the flood of abstract speculation has reached its height and must begin to recede. At last the scholars begin, now and then, to catch a glimpse of the folly of seeking the nature of things, and discover that qualities are the only knowable elements. The whole of the tendencies of the time is changed. Astrology and alchemy are giving place to astronomy and chemistry. Lord Bacon becomes a recognized leader in this movement by establishing the inductive philosophy on a firm basis. In the meantime Martin Luther has become a champion in the cause of the freedom of the individual conscience, and eventually of political freedom; for religious liberty is the inevitable precursor of political freedom. But what effect has this general movement on the relation subsisting between the man of culture and the man of the world. It rudely knocks down the scholar a peg in his self-esteem, by showing him that through the most common affairs alone can he gain the highest of wisdom; and it raises the people by giving them a taste of freedom and individual rights. Now that "deeper movement for equalization has commenced" which is to be the leading question for a number of centuries.

Pass over three hundred years and

to our own country. A cry comes up from the people, a cry that *will* be heard. This time it is no demand for bull-fights, as in Spain; nor for martyrdoms, as of the Christians in the first centuries of our era. Indeed, they would no longer permit the scenes of the Colosseum to be re-enacted. They are ignorant, but they are full of discontent. They desire they hardly know what. It is a blind groping after the spirit of culture—culture that has been considered the inviolable prerogative of the learned. It is an inmost desire to be somebody, and their idea of somebody is embodied in men and women of culture. They may say wealth, but wealth stands to them for culture, at least, as an indispensable element in gaining it. What the people demand, that they must have. This is democratic doctrine, and is borne out by facts, as well as being established on a foundation of everlasting truth. The people want education; and thousands of school houses are scattered throughout the country, hundreds of colleges spring up, universities on an immense scale are founded. Thousands and tens of thousands of men and women of education and refinement devote their lives to the beneficent cause of teaching. All this is done by wealth and culture for the people, but the people are not satisfied. They must have further means of improving the mind and enjoying the high pleasures of refinement. Their school days are soon over, and not one in a thousand sees the inside of a college. Besides, the spirit of progress must be manifested in ways attractive and comprehensible. Consequently,

journalism becomes a profession. Thousands and millions of newspapers and magazines are distributed daily, weekly, monthly. Many note with amazement this new power; how, almost miraculously, it has arisen, and what a wide-spread influence it wields; yet the prophet is not who dares to foretell its future. All this is not sufficient; and the wonderful phenomenon of cheap literature makes its appearance. Dime novels are among the first demands of the reading public. Then works of fiction of a more worthy character become popular—novels in which some theory of morals is advocated; some system of interpreting religious thought propagated; some new phase of science advanced; in short, any branch of knowledge whatever, from the raising of potatoes to the analysis of thought, finds here a popular method of obtaining readers. Soon the highest type of the novel is in demand, one that confines itself to the true domain of fiction, and leaves the fields of politics, morals, science, and religion to their respective followers. Tyndall and Huxley and Yeoman lead the van of the army of scientists whose aim is to popularize science. The late John Stuart Mill worked in behalf of the people by delving in abstractions, not the mystical chimeras of the schoolmen, but abstractions which should bear fruit in a practicable system of political economy. Herbert Spencer, one of the deepest of living thinkers, is putting some of his best thought on questions of sociology which directly aim at the amelioration of society. Ward Beecher has, perhaps more than any

other man in his day, popularized theology. Mr. Astor founded a library, Mr. Peabody and Mr. Stewart have built blocks of comfortable tenements for working men. But the examples are innumerable where the cultured and the wealthy have planned and executed works of benevolence. And yet the people are not satisfied. They say: "You may build school houses and furnish teachers; you may munificently endow colleges and universities and gather around them the learned of all lands; you may publish numberless books and papers; you may establish public libraries where all may avail themselves of these books and papers; you may give money untold, and work your brain sixteen hours a day for us—these are all very good and we are much obliged to you; but there is something more we want, we want *you*. If you have had opportunities for refinement and culture, you ought to give us some of the benefits of that refinement and culture by mingling with us, by personal contact. That is the only true way. What care we for your darling schemes for the regeneration of the world? What if you earnestly desire to write books for our edification? It is only by being with us that you can write what we need to read."

This indicates the end towards which all reforms are tending, however radical and blindfolded the leaders may be. We have spoken of both wealth and culture, since in some of the phases of this question they are inseparable, and in every true benefactor they are more or less united. We now return to the scholar. We have endeavored to

sketch some of the salient points in the gradual process of reconciliation and unification which has been going on between the scholar and the people till the time seems to have come for the breaking down of the last barrier that separates them, and uniting them in the sublime condition of brotherhood. This seems to be the spirit of the age; and the first duty of the scholar is to put himself in sympathy with it, for thus only can he work to advantage.

At this season of the year, when hundreds are leaving the quiet of the study and the lecture-room for the busy arena of the world, it is especially fitting that the all-imperative question, How shall scholars entering active life use what culture they have gained to most advantage to themselves and those around them? should again be reviewed and answered; for, to active life most are destined, and even the chosen units, who are to be the thinkers of their race, can no longer isolate themselves from their kind, but must direct their energies to beneficent ends.

What will bring the scholar and the people into the most desirable relations? We have already indicated the first answer: the scholar should be in sympathy with the spirit of the age. The next is, that he should be in sympathy with the individuals among whom his lot in life is cast. Once it was thought that there was difference between man and man. Now our eyes are opened to see that certain inalienable qualities are common to all; that when one class desires to benefit another it must recognize these bonds of union; that when one suffers, by the

exquisite harmony and interdependence of the instrument, all suffer; that sympathy is not a myth, nor confined to individuals of the same caste.

Brook Farm was a peculiar exponent of the growing feeling that the need of sympathy between the scholar and the people was imperative, and could only be gained by the scholars being placed in like circumstances with the people—by working with their own hands. As far as the practicableness of the scheme is considered it was a failure; but the tendency that animated its founders was in the right direction, as the graduates of Brook Farm testify by their lives and works. There is George Ripley, who is generally conceded to be the best book reviewer in the country. Parke Godwin stands in the foremost file of American editors. Emerson, who is recognized the world over as one among the most original minds that America has produced, and who more than any other has popularized the deeper thoughts of philosophers, was one of the originators of this enterprise. In short, connected with it are found the names of Margaret Fuller, Charles A. Dana, Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne and George William Curtis. One thing is peculiarly characteristic of these former occupants of Brook Farm, they are Americans and assert the dignity of Americans, and do not cringe before European standards or European critics.

Hawthorne wrote the following words, in a private letter, while engaged in the custom house at Salem: "It is good for me, on many accounts,

that my life has had this passage in it. I know much more than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men. I have gained worldly wisdom, and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world. And when I quit this earthly cavern where I am now buried, nothing will cling to me that ought to be left behind. Men will not perceive, I trust, by my look, or the tenor of my thoughts and feelings, that I have been a custom-house officer." Through these sentences, penned not for the public gaze, we may discern the relation subsisting between the man of culture and the man of the world. We see the one confessing the advantages of being placed in like circumstances with the other. We also find revealed the fact that he shrank from having the thoughts and feelings of the people cling to him in after life, when walking again in the paths of literature; that is to say, the people have not sympathy with the life and thoughts of the scholar. They must come half way if they would be benefited. The scholar can no longer be a true scholar unless he is one with the people; and the people can no longer be worthy of the name of men and women unless they avail themselves of the privileges given to them for culture and refinement by the scholar.

Looking over the country, noting the principal topics of interest, observing with watchful care the tendencies of the times, as manifested in the labor movement, including its latest phase—the uprising of the Western farmers; the woman's-rights question, including

co-education ; the awakening of sober thought and discussion concerning the cause and cure of crime ; finally, the pest of our "politics," one must come to the conclusion that there never was a time when the scholar should use his scholarship for the people as at present. Not wholly in the isolation of the study, but also in the broad field of action. The time has come when he must supplement thought with action, and above all, be a philanthropist. One leaven leavens the whole lump. Who can estimate the beneficent in-

fluence of one true scholar in a community?

In the last number of the *STUDENT* was the following fact: "The graduates of American colleges number thirty-six thousand." Do we wonder that culture is permeating the backwoods of the frontiers? that the spirit of progress is working all through the land? But this fact has another and deeper significance: how much could these thirty-six thousand accomplish by individual work in and for the community in which they live?

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

WHAT shall I choose for a profession, the law, the ministry, medicine, or journalism? This is a question which all students ask themselves and must answer sometime in their lives. It is a question of no ordinary importance, for it is one the answer to which will shape one's course in life and greatly affect his influence in the world.

For what is the full meaning of such a question? Does it mean in what profession can I make the most money? No. Does it mean in what profession have the great men of my own and other countries distinguished themselves? No. What, then, is its true import? It means in what am I best adapted by study and peculiar disposition to succeed best, to do the most good? If one rightly answers this question he avoids that evil omen, a stumble over the threshold of active life.

Most people entertain wrong ideas of the difficulty of finding the correct answer to such a question, and seem to overlook the great responsibility resting upon those who attempt its solution. How often is the school boy who is fitting himself for college, asked, "What are you going to make after you get through college? I suppose you will be a minister like your father, won't you?" Or, "You are to be a doctor like Mr. So-and-so, perhaps?" Such thoughtless, meaningless questions are more than foolish, they are positively injurious. For they set before the young wrong ideas of the dignity of the professions, the advantages of a college education, the true object of life. Many are the young men, who, through the influences perhaps of their best friends, have rushed precipitately, or rather been violently pushed, into professions

uncongenial to their tastes and ill adapted to their education. Yes, ill adapted to their education. For no two students, although pursuing the same studies in the same class, acquire the same amount or kind of knowledge, or receive the same discipline of intellect. They look at truths in different lights. Their minds, though influenced by the same truths, are drawn out in different directions. Some take in knowledge, as too many do food, and obtain merely a superabundance of intellectual fat; others, by a variety and judicious amount of food, acquire a symmetrical, muscular, mental frame which becomes not only a blessing to themselves, but a benefit to mankind. Therefore we flatly deny the conclusion arrived at, alas! by too many, that after students have finished their college course one is just as much adapted as another by *education* to enter upon any profession he may elect. From the signification of the much-abused word education, and from the nature of the human mind such a conclusion seems superlatively absurd.

Doubtless, it is owing to the influence of friends that many a youth enters college with his mind bent on pursuing a certain profession for which he is as much fitted as a cat for taking enjoyment in the water. But, say some, ought not a student to decide before entering college what he intends to make his life-work, and then study in college with a view to this? As a general thing he should not thus decide. Seldom, very seldom he should make the decision at that time. Honest, sensible advice may help him in coming to a right decision, but he him-

self must weigh all things, and with the calm, discerning eye of judgment, note the direction in which the scale turns. For a decision upon which so much depends, few young men, at the time of entering college, possess the necessary depth of thought and soundness of judgment. Besides one's whole current of thought is changed during his college course. Advanced as he is up the hill of science, his range of thought is widened. He has loftier conceptions, nobler ideals. For certainly he has gained little from his college course of whom this cannot be said. Moreover, if a student enters college intending to study with a view to his profession already decided upon, he is wont, as many can testify, to neglect what he believes does not bear directly upon this. Thus his interest in his studies is lessened, his range of reading narrowed, and he fails to acquire that broad culture which he might otherwise have obtained. Thus we see that while some precocious individuals possess, at the time of entering college, the keen-sightedness and judgment requisite for a right decision, most students would do well to choose their profession toward the end of their college course.

The failures of college graduates, the disgraces they have brought upon themselves and their professions, should warn all to choose deliberately and wisely. Too frequently have men sneered at higher education because of the hasty, foolish choice of a profession.

The responsibility resting upon those who enter the professions after a college course, cannot be too often

considered. The world expects more of them than from men who have not had the advantages of a higher education, and justly, too. Such men are looked upon as leaders, as standard-bearers in that constantly increasing army which is leading forward the nations to that promised land of ideal civilization. How careful, therefore, should all be that they fit themselves to fill positions where they can help and not hinder the onward march of that army. An eloquent plea should not persuade one that he should choose the law as his profession. Neither should the truths heard from the pulpit influence him to enter the ministry. He may love to listen to an eloquent plea, but it does not follow that he possesses those natural abilities which he must possess to some degree, to make him a successful lawyer. He may enjoy the presentation of the sublime truths of the Bible, but it does not follow that he has that consistent piety, that deep philanthropy which are requisite to make a true messenger

of God. Eloquent pleading does not comprehend the law. There is something more in the ministry than sacred rhetoric. He, therefore, who suffers himself to be thus influenced does not regard the warnings of his better judgment, and forgets his responsibility to himself and his fellows. The success of such a one is very precarious.

Let all, then, discover in themselves the necessary qualities, and weigh carefully their chances for success—that is, for doing good—before they elect their profession. Let all remember that the successful life of every one who makes a right decision is a cogent reply to the question too often asked with the best reasons, What does your college education amount to in our practical age? In short, let all elect that profession where they can, in the language of one of our profoundest thinkers, “labor for that larger and larger comprehension of truth, that more and more thorough repudiation of error, which shall make the history of mankind a series of ascending developments.”

ROGER WAITE'S MISSION.

SOME men can never develop into a perfect and healthy growth, unless well supplied with the sunshine of encouragement and praise; others seem to thrive best under storms and tempests of hostility and condemnation; and still others grow up by themselves, little influenced by the warmth of the sunshine or the fierceness of the tempest.

This last class embraced Roger Waite. His father, boasting a direct descent from the old Puritan stock, was a Puritan in heart and life. His mother was a frail flower transplanted from the sunny South. Roger combined in a wonderful manner the gentle delicacy of the one with the stern sturdiness of the other. Open as he was to every appeal to his sym-

pathetic nature, he was yet perfect master of his impulses. Ever fearful of wounding the feelings of others, he could freely smother his own present desires in view of future good. He made everything subservient to settled principles of action. He cared not what philosophy ruled other men; with himself he practiced a most rigid stoicism. It was even whispered that he took such a grim pleasure in self-denial as robbed it of its virtue.

Perhaps these rumors were exaggerations, but they had at least a show of truth; for he was known to have left the girl he loved, to go forth, as he said, and fulfil his mission. He had a great work to accomplish, and he could not be embarrassed by childish sentiment. Perhaps, if he had been wiser, he would have known that the love of a pure and innocent heart would be his greatest help, but he thought otherwise. Indeed, when some one suggested the thought to his mind, he answered that it might do very well for others, but his mission was far too lofty to admit of such a thing.

It was during his Junior year in college that Roger Waite first imbibed the idea of his great mission; and it was then that the sweet Nellie Pike was left to mourn the falseness of her lover. In college, Roger mingled freely with others of his own age and standing, and he soon learned how far he towered above them in thought and purpose. There, too, he read the deeds of Homer's heroes, and Virgil, Milton and Shakspeare were his frequent entertainers. And while he pondered on their words, he said: "I, too, have noble thoughts; why shall I

not, like these, express them to the world?"

This thought became, at length, his ruling purpose, and a part and parcel of his life and being. Then it was that he began to seclude himself from the companionship of his fellows and to commune with Nature and his own thoughts.

His was a lofty ambition. He disdained the lyric poets, and sat down with the great masters of the Epic and Drama. In his intercourse with Nature, too, he demanded of her, not beauty, but majesty and grandeur. Her gentler moods were beheld with a strange indifference. The songs of the birds or the murmur of rippling brooklets did not reach his heart. But in the presence of a mighty roaring torrent, a majestic forest, or a grand aspiring mountain, he was awe-struck and subdued.

It was as if his spirit were a harp, all the strings of which were loosened; so that a soft touch could bring forth no sound, while the stroke of a firm, heavy hand called out a full perfection of harmony. Or, to vary the figure, some of the strings were wanting; so that when the minor keys were struck in Nature, there was no chord in his spirit which could vibrate in unison.

However this may be, it is certain that Roger Waite courted Nature in her wilder moods. Where some mountain stream plunged down recklessly into a deep abyss, as if, like the suicide, to hasten its fate by one desperate leap into eternity; where some rugged cliff proudly exhibited to the curious eye the scars of a thousand battles with the storms; or where, standing on

some mountain summit, with an eye unobstructed by the intervention of earthly objects, he could gaze far off into the blue depths of sky; there we found him, wrapt in silent meditation. But Roger's favorite retreat was a long, rectangular opening in the midst of a large forest. Sometimes, as he sat there, he saw re-enacted the scenes around the Trojan city, while the trees, in his fancy, assumed the attributes of heroes. Just in the edge of the opening grew a graceful and stately elm, and this, in Roger's nomenclature, was Achilles. And, as the wind tossed the branches to and fro, Roger fancied that the haughty hero was hurling defiance at the Trojans drawn up opposite, or making gestures of impatience towards the dilatory Greeks behind him. Laocoön was represented by a deformed oak, which seemed to have been crushed out of shape by two huge, serpent-like vines which embraced it. Thus each character in the old legendary history found a representative in some son of the forest.

Not always, however, did Roger exert his fancy in this way. More frequently he sat with bared and reverent brow, while the majesty of the old monarchs of the forest filled his mind with awe.

But in the meantime, rumor had been at work, and the fair fame of Roger was wounded by gossiping tongues. Some of the more practical declared that his life was ebbing away in a foolish dream. Credulous persons averred that Roger's mission was to reveal the hidden mystery of Creation, while an old woman, with a long-drawn sigh and a grave shake of the

head, remarked that he must have a care, for Nature would not be trifled with. By far the largest number, however, came to look upon Roger as a harmless monomaniac.

But if Roger was mad there was a wonderful "method in his madness." Slowly and patiently he was educating himself for the accomplishment of his mission. Every day he felt that he was passing out beyond the boundaries of ordinary thought, alone and unsupported. Some day, when the long-sought inspiration should come within his grasp, he would fix its wild fancies and crystallize them into wondrous gems of poetic expression.

At length, one night, after a day spent among the mountains, Roger entered his room with a noiseless step, and a strange eagerness in his eye, as if he feared that the mystic spell which bound his soul would be shattered by a sound. As he seated himself at his table, the moon smiled upon him with a smile of sadness, which betokened pity and augured disappointment. Yet it seemed as if the summit of his hopes was almost reached. That vague thought which had been flitting before him, which he had dimly seen through the forest leaves, or in the clear depths of the sky, promised to reveal itself to his anxious vision. The song which had been ringing through his spirit's corridors was trembling upon his lips; and, as the thoughts crowded each other in their eagerness for expression, he wrote rapidly and long, till exhausted Nature claimed her due and he slept.

When he awoke, the early sun was pouring in upon his last night's work.

Was it that which made the pages seem so blank and unmeaningless? There were the words just as he had penned them; but the thought, the divine thought, the expression of which was to accomplish his mission in the world, was lost, lost, lost, in a mazy labyrinth of mystic words. Some who saw the manuscript, declared that though the words were derived from English roots, they were far different from the English of the present day. Who knows, then, that Roger Waite did not employ the unknown language of the Future.

How many men in the ages past,

standing on the summits of learning and culture and sweeping the horizon with their gaze, have caught a glimpse of some eternal truth, and have attempted to express it to the world before they themselves knew its nature! The next generation, aided by the explorations of these pioneers, laughs at their folly and forms new conclusions, which are again scoffed at by the generation succeeding.

Let us hope that some day — in the dim future, it may be — a more charitable successor shall present himself to complete the fulfilment of Roger Waite's Mission.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is most desirable. Man needs to know himself, woman needs to know herself, and it is pretty important that they should have some correct knowledge of each other. In the history of the race, man's ignorance of himself has been apparent enough, but his ignorance of woman has been even more manifest; and while the former ignorance may have induced an over-estimation of its object, the latter certainly has not. It has been woman's unfortunate lot to be regarded, in man's sight and so — *triste dictu* — in her own, an inferior creature, a servant, a toy, a being sufficiently endowed with sensibilities, but decidedly lacking in intellect; a being, therefore, formed to love much, but to think little.

And so it has come to pass that woman, through ignorance of her true nature and mission, has been generally denied the advantages of learning and culture. The sentiment of the Chinese proverb which declares it a virtue in women to be ignorant has prevailed through the centuries. To go no further back than the last century, Chesterfield's gallantry toward women is no better known than his contempt for their minds; and he was the representative gentleman of his day.

But old things are passing away, and with the coming of a new era

woman shall grow in self-knowledge, in culture, and in the estimation of man.

"While man possesses heart and eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies."

Yes, and a future Moore shall sing the charms which woman shall possess for the intellect of man. The world will soon hear his voice, for the day of his birth cannot be far distant.

But although this is an age of progress, it is yet far from perfection, and mistakes are as easily made now as in the past. In their zeal to do justice to woman, reformers may injure her when they mean to do good. And what is more natural than that enthusiastic women, claiming the long withheld rights of their sex, should make mistakes? Moderation and discretion are shining virtues.

Following the declaration of woman's right to, and need of, a liberal education, comes the question as to how and where she shall obtain this education. It has been asked, Shall the doors of our colleges, heretofore open only to male students, now admit females? and to some extent the reply has been an affirmative one. We regard with the greatest respect the opinions of those who ought to know far better than we the structure of the female mind and what kind of a culture is most needed by woman, but the wisest men will sometimes err.

To the above question we give a negative reply, and for at least two reasons. In the first place, we do not believe that the training given to young men in our colleges is just the kind needed by young women. There is truth in President Eliot's recent statement that "the male and female mind are not alike. Sex penetrates the mind and the affections, and penetrates deeply and powerfully." It does not necessarily follow from this statement that the female mind possesses faculties that the male mind does not, nor that the female mind is naturally inferior to the mind of man.

Newton was a mathematician, and Milton was a poet; who can say which was the superior mind? Even so regarding the sexes; the superior faculties of the male mind may be the inferior faculties of the female mind, and yet we need not, on the whole, rank one above or below the other. Now if, as it seems to us, there is a difference between the male and female mind, it seems plain—and all the more so when we consider the peculiar cares and duties which naturally belong to woman—that woman needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her. Just what that culture and training may be, it is not our purpose to show here; it must, however, differ more or less from the training and culture which is most suitable for man.

Of course, in what we are saying we must be understood as referring to women as a class, a sex; there may be individuals to whom our remarks cannot well apply. There may be women having the brains, the hearts, ambition

and strength of men, women whom we look upon almost as we do men. Their exclusion from college, if urged at all, must be urged on other grounds than are here presented. Most young women, we think, cannot find within our college walls to-day the discipline and culture which they most need. Some may covet and even receive this training which was never designed for them, but there is hardly one who will not have to pay too dearly for it.

Our second reason for a negative reply to the question before us is to be found in the fact that the influences, of many kinds, which affect a young woman who enters one of our colleges for young men, are not always the most pleasant and beneficial. We have neither the time nor the desire to describe these adverse influences, but they exist and are patent to every informed and observant mind; and more than this, they cannot be prevented; they exist *in rerum natura*. A young woman may become a member of one of our colleges, and may be treated with uniform consideration and respect; but the probability is that, in her, detriment will be done to that delicacy and sensitiveness of nature which, above all merely intellectual culture, must always constitute the chief charm and glory of a perfect womanhood.

We do not desire ignorance in women—far from it; we must have intelligent mothers, sisters and wives; but, at the same time, we would not have them receive a discipline which is neither designed for nor adapted to them, and which demands a sacrifice of something far more precious than the good to be obtained.

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse."

These words express an eternal truth which should be borne in mind by those who are seeking the welfare and happiness of the gentler sex. One of the great works to be accomplished is the establishment of more colleges for young women, all over the land, possessing carefully prepared courses of study and good teachers.

—G. A. T. N.—The Great American Travelling Nuisance, *alias* Daniel Pratt, recently visited Bates. It was decided fitting to offer him Gymnasium Hall in which to discourse to our students on the important and comprehensive subject, The President of Four Kingdoms. Accordingly an orchestra was organized, such, as we venture to say, has never been eclipsed by any band of college musicians. Escorted by this orchestra, and attended by a large number of students, Daniel rode from the DeWitt House to the gymnasium amid the acclamations of an enthusiastic populace. It was, as Daniel said, "a grand ovation." Never did a Roman more highly enjoy his triumphal entry into the city of the seven hills.

We are sorry that we are unable to give our readers an abridgment of Daniel's speech, but fear that they would hardly be able to digest it, if we inserted it.

This migratory specimen of humanity is a queer compound, and should be taken in doses few and far between. He left Bates for Bowdoin, where we sincerely hope they will be as highly edified and delighted as we were with his display of erudition and eloquence.

—Another collegiate year is ended. Our tenth annual Commencement is near at hand. A few more days and the first decade of BATES will have become a part of history.

Commencement exercises this year promise to be more than usually interesting. The Seniors have engaged for their class concert the services of Gilmore's Band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, and from the well-known reputation of these artists we predict a rich musical treat. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is to deliver the Address before the United Literary Societies. Certainly all enjoy hearing one who has obtained such increasing celebrity as one of the best writers and most profound thinkers in America. The concert and address will be at the new City Hall. Class Day exercises will undoubtedly do credit to '73. The Juniors, it will be remembered, are to appear with original declamations, to compete for two prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars respectively.

We publish elsewhere a complete programme of Commencement exercises.

—With this number our Chief sunders his connection with the STUDENT, and it has devolved upon us to fill his responsible position. Mr. Stanford, having been offered a position on the *Lewiston Daily Journal*, upon the most liberal terms, felt compelled to accept. We are happy to say that Mr. Stanford intends to graduate with '74, whose best wishes he carries with him to his new field of labor. While we deeply feel the loss we sustain in his departure from our editorial sanc-

tum, we rejoice in his success, for it does credit to himself, and reflects honor upon our College.

By a recent vote of the class of '74, Frank P. Moulton was unanimously elected sub-editor for the remaining months of the year.

H. W. C.

—We take this opportunity to inform our subscribers and exchanges that the STUDENT will not be published during the summer vacation. So expect us not again until the "mild September." Letters, etc., should be directed to the College as usual.

EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, The Geyser, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, Anvil, College Argus, Wabash Magazine, The Dartmouth, Marietta Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, College Days, Irving Union, Hesperian Student, University Press, Williams Review, Williams Vidette.*

OTHER PAPERS.—*American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner, Weekly Gazette.*

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., Manager.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IF you have not already done so, buy your tickets for Commencement Concert immediately.

Our manager recently had a fit. Richards & Merrill gave it to him. See advertisement elsewhere.

No class has ever made more manly endeavors to find some evidences of Christianity, and with such poor success, than has '74 during the past term.

The embodiment of innocence,—that Junior who exhibited such righteous indignation, when the Prof. hinted that he was attempting to recite without having looked at his lesson.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

A Freshman the other day, reciting Horace in the society of a "pony" leaf and a guilty conscience, was asked by the Tutor, with reference to the text, if he had "*pones*." As his cheeks quickly assumed the shade of Weale's classics, the Tutor apologized for ask-

ing him before the class, adding that he was unaware that he was so sensitive.—*Orient*.

Prof.—"What is the most delicate all the senses?" Student—"The sense of touch, sir." Prof.—"Can you give me an example?" Student—"My chum can feel his moustache, but no one can see it."—*Yale Courant*.

Doctor Silliman used to give out rather long hymns. One morning, after having read eight verses in his peculiar way, without stops, he ended with, "'And sing to all eternity,' omitting the last two stanzas."—*Record*.

Anciently the learned few owned libraries. The following, a Laconian's definition of a book-case, was recently discovered by an investigating student: "A book-case is a combination of shelves sufficiently copious to contain the meagre library which an indigent student should possess."

A Senior is consoling himself for his exertions in history by the reflection: "How hard those fellows will have to work who study history three hundred years from now," and has considerably determined not to do anything that will add to the historical material already accumulating.—*Brunonian*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

BLESSINGS on that gymnasium pump.

Are our base-ball men satisfied with what they have done this term?

Extensive repairs are being made in Parker Hall. The vacant room adjoining the Reading Room is undergoing repairs, and will be occupied the coming year by G. F. Adams and B. H. Young of '76.

The addresses recently delivered before their respective societies, by the retiring Presidents, E. R. Angell of the Eurosophian, and J. H. Baker of the Polymnian Society, were highly praised and regarded as very superior.

The following members of the Junior Class are to take part in the Prize Declamations, Commencement week: H. H. Acterian, H. W. Chandler, F. T. Crommett, A. J. Eastman, C. S. Frost, R. Given, W. H. Ham, J. H. Hoffman, F. P. Moulton, F. L. Noble, T. P. Smith, Thos. Spooner, Jr., M. A. Way.

Efforts are being made to revive the Phillips Missionary Association here, which, though properly organized, has done little or nothing toward accomplishing the design for which it was organized. Here is an opportunity

for all our students to become members. We hope to see the Association in good working order next term.

BATES COMMENCEMENT.

EXAMINATIONS.

Friday, 2 P.M., June 20, Junior Class.

Saturday, 8 A.M., June 21, Sophomore Class.

Saturday, 2 P.M., June 21, Freshman Class.

Monday, 9 A.M., June 23, Theological School.

REV. G. W. HOWE, A.M.

REV. C. S. PERKINS, A.M. } Examining Com.

REV. J. A. LOWELL, A.M. }

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

Sunday, 2 1-2 P.M., June 22, at Main St. Free Baptist church.

Sermon before the Theological School, Sunday, 7 1-2 P.M., June 22, at Main St. Free Baptist Church, by Rev. George H. Ball, D.D., Editor Baptist Union, New York City.

Junior Prize Declamation. Parts original. Monday, 7 3-4 P.M., June 23, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

REV. A. H. HEATH,

REV. C. S. PERKINS,

REV. S. G. WOODROW,

} Com. of Award.

Annual meeting of the President and Trustees, Tuesday, 8 A.M., June 24.

CONCERT.

By Gilmore's Band, assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips, Tuesday evening, at the City Hall.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday, June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Address before the united Literary Societies, Wednesday evening, at the City Hall.

Orator, Col. T. W. Higginson.

ALUMNI EXERCISES.

Thursday, 10 A.M., June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Orator, Rev. G. S. Ricker.

Poet, George W. Flint.

CLASS EXERCISES.

Thursday evening, June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'66.—Born June 17, 1873, to the wife of George S. Ricker, a daughter.

'67.—Married in Winslow, Me., June 2d, by Rev. C. F. Penney, Rev. H. F. Wood of West Waterville, Me., and Miss Mary E. Taylor of Winslow.

'68.—H. W. Littlefield is now residing in Wells, Me. He has greatly improved in health since he graduated,

'72.—Born June 10, 1873, to the wife of Geo. E. Gay, a daughter.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1867.

SLEEPER, FRANK EUGENE.—Born Sept. 12, 1846, at Lewiston, Maine. Youngest child of Ebenezer H. and Sarah N. Sleeper.

1867-68, Tutor in Bates College.

1867-70, Student of Medicine with Drs. Garcelon and Hill, Lewiston.

1870, Was graduated from the Maine Medical School, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

Sept. 1st, Located and commenced practice of profession at Sabattusville, Maine.

Oct. 27th, 1870, Married to Miss Almeda L., youngest daughter of Daniel C. and Catherine Gile, Chicopee, Mass.

Post-office address, Sabattus, Me.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

COURSE OF STUDY.

THE most distinguished and efficient Theological Schools of our country agree, with remarkable unanimity, in respect to the general course of study for their students. The adaptation of this course to the preparation of young men for the ministry is very seldom denied. Experience on the one hand, confirms the judgment of the ablest ministers of every denomination on the other, concerning the wisdom of retaining the present system of theological studies.

The agreement with which the course of study is outlined by different schools is no less marked in respect to the time necessary for the healthful prosecution of this course. Three years are prescribed as the least time in which the branches designated can be profitably pursued. Indeed, the tendency now is, in some of the oldest institutions, to increase rather than to abridge this period, a tendency that has found expression in a plea for the "fourth year of study in the course of Theological Seminaries," published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, April, 1870, but shown, above all, in the actual adoption, in some instances, of the extended course.

It is obvious that the demands of Christian congregations on the ministry were never more exacting; that, while there has been some abatement, on the part of ears trained to acute

doctrinal distinctions, there has also been an increase of demands in other and more difficult directions, so that to be an efficient minister of Jesus Christ demands, in modern times, the fullest development of the powers of the soul. To meet a tithe of what is expected of him, the modern pastor should have his mental faculties trained to do their best service, and have all the knowledge that he can acquire.

Who that considers the multiplicity of schools of advanced grade, patronized by the laity of the church; that considers the diffusive circulation of educational literature, by which every home is invited to familiarity with the best writers, and with every subject of knowledge; that considers the pressure to special culture or general information, which is now urging on the the young; that considers the learned pretensions of almost every form of modern scepticism, which the minister must squarely meet and fairly answer, can fail to recognize the need and value of thorough preparation for this sacred calling? The confessions of ministers breasting waves of assault on Christianity, and meeting the varied calls of the church, were never louder of conscious deficiency of mental resources; nor has the retributive dissatisfaction of those ministers with themselves who, by needless shortening of

their studies, hasten unwisely into their chosen field, ever been more painfully felt than now. All disposition to be quickly through with theological studies is, by the spirit of the age, to the good of which the ministry of Jesus is consecrated, most seriously rebuked. An impassioned, intelligent survey of the condition of the people among whom ministers are to labor, or of the needs of the disciples devoting themselves to the christianizing of the people, cannot be taken without leading us to deprecate unseemly eagerness to finish or cut short studies preparatory to this holy work.

Hence the Faculty of the Theological School, holding these views, consider that it belongs to them, to their students, to the churches and the cause of Christ, to establish and maintain a full three years' course of study in both the English and the Classical Departments of the institution under their charge.

Hitherto, college graduates have been able, by a little unscholarly crowding, to complete the prescribed course, because it contained studies usually pursued in college, in two years, while other students have required another year for graduation. Hereafter there will be two departments in the school, as in former years, and none of the branches usually contained in the college curriculum will be found in the course that includes the Greek and Hebrew Testament. Such studies will be confined to the English Course.

While making these remarks we desire it to be understood that the Seminary is open in the future, as it has been in the past, to students who may

not wish to regularly pursue the studies of either course. It is sincerely desired that many persons, without regard to graduation, will come from the ministry to the school for such a period as their circumstances will permit. To them the classes of the institution will always be open. Such students are advised by the Faculty in respect to their studies, but are allowed to elect for themselves.

Two courses of study of three years each are outlined in the following page. Many young men who have had no classical training, and others who have, but are indisposed to study the original text of the Scriptures, desire to take a full course of theological instruction in English branches. The two departments of the school, therefore, are divided by the studies of the first year, after which they are, except in the fortnightly exercise in the ancient languages, united to the end. In Theology, History, Homiletics, Pastoral duties, there is but one class.

By insisting on conditions of admission to the English Course as high as they have hitherto been, students in this department will have acquired habits of study, and be well prepared, after the first year, to prosecute their studies in connection with those of the Regular Course.

These terms will continue to be satisfactory evidence, on examination by the Faculty, or by certificates from instructors, of familiarity with Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Grammar, History of the United States, Physiology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology.

Candidates for admission to the Regular Course, who are not graduates

from college, must give satisfactory evidence to the Faculty, of familiarity with the studies usually required for entering a New England college, together with Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy and Geology.

Students deficient in any of the studies required are allowed, when it can be done without interference with the regular work of the school, to make up such studies by attendance on the lectures in the College, or by private instruction.

All students completing either full course of study receive a diploma of graduation on leaving the school.

ENGLISH COURSE.

First Year—Moral Philosophy; Mental Philosophy; Butler's Analogy; Exegetical and Historical Study of the Scriptures; General Exercises in Homiletics and Pupil Elocution.

REGULAR COURSE.

First Year—Hebrew Testament; Greek Testament; Exegetical and Historical Study of the Scriptures; General Exercises in Homiletics and Pulpit Elocution.

Middle Year—Systematic Theology; Essays and Discussions by the Class; Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism; Fortnightly Exercise in the Hebrew Testament, and in the Greek and English Testament; General Exercise in Pulpit Elocution.

Senior Year—Systematic Theology; Ecclesiastical History; Essays by the Class; Pastoral Theology; Homiletics; Plans and Sermons; Fortnightly Exercise in the Hebrew Testament, and in the Greek and English Testament; General Exercise in Pulpit Elocution; Themes for Graduation.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 7.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

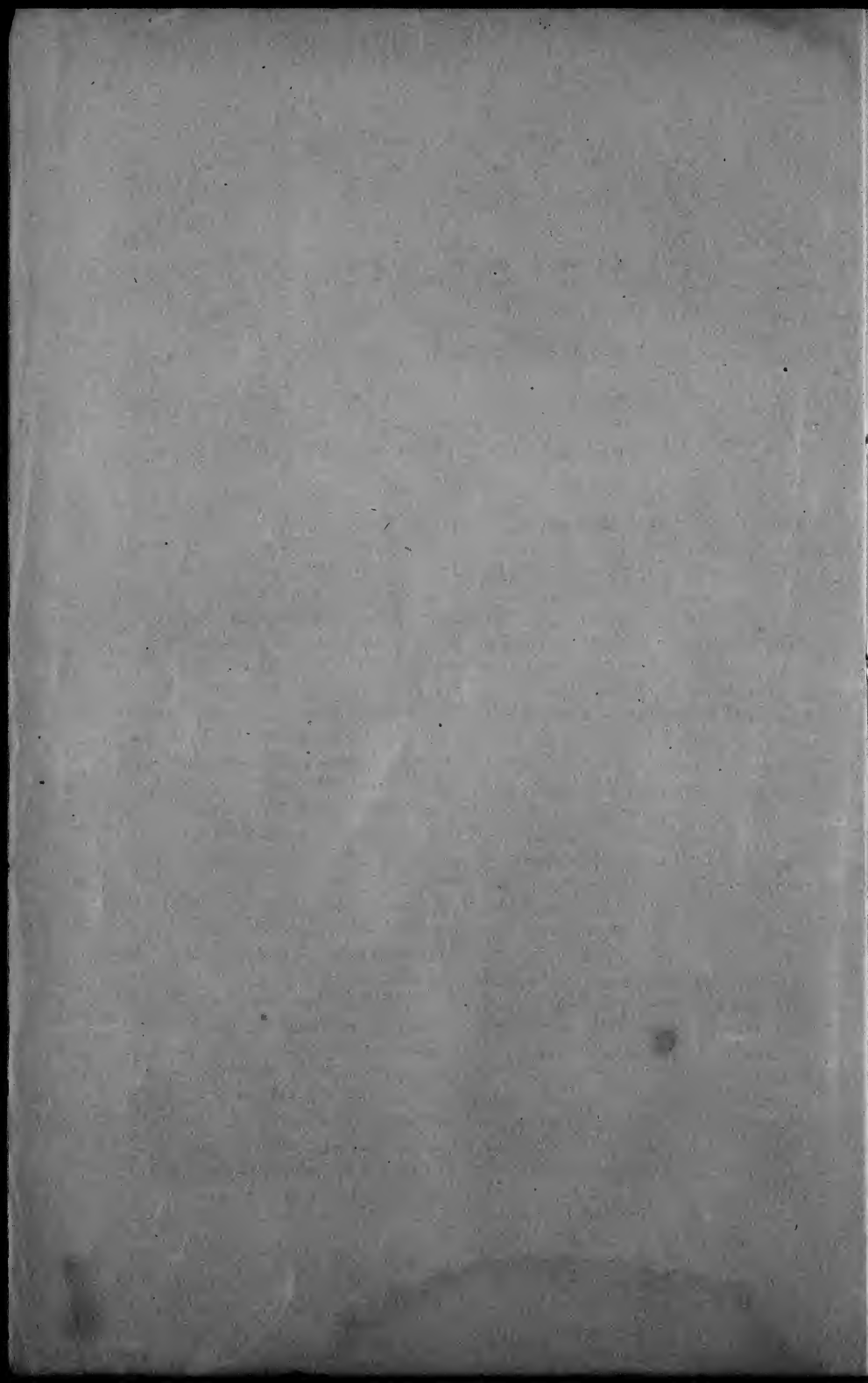
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LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1873.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 7.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER I.

IT was one of the most perfect of midsummer days. Just enough breeze came stealing across the lake to dimple its bright bosom and temper the hot beams of the sun. On all sides, from the far-away mountains rendered dim and ideal by distance, hitherward to the placid edges of the lake—hill, valley, and many an indolent river were glad beneath the radiant sky, and vocal with the songs of birds and the merry-making of the mowers in the hay fields. What though these sounds could not be heard afar? However soft and low, they were Nature's richest tones, and to the listening ear of God each melodious note, and every joyful laugh upspringing from an innocent heart, was a pleasing song of praise. So thought at least one musing voyager, who could behold the beautiful scene with something of a poet's appreciation and a poet's longing.

Between three and four hours had gone by since the graceful little steamer *Naiad* left her moorings at the south end of the lake and began her upward

run. The afternoon had thus far passed quietly away, almost the only sounds on board being an occasional exclamation of admiration at some new and attractive feature in the scenery, or a merry outburst of laughter from some jovial group, and the noise made by the steamer as she went puffing her easy way through the tiny billows. The passengers were variously distributed over the upper deck beneath the awnings. Some were engaged in idle conversation, enlivened at times by the spirit of fun; some were absorbed in reading; others, it seemed, had not yet aroused themselves from their afternoon naps, taken while reclining at full length on the long benches; and others yet were sitting alone and gazing with half-closed eyes into or across the sparkling waters.

Just back of one of the paddle-boxes, on the seat adjoining the railing which ran around the edge of the deck, were two young men of apparently about the same age. One of them, reclining on the seat, with his head resting on a leathern traveling bag, was fast asleep. His face was a pleasing one, with its

fair complexion and its clear brow, across which in careless confusion swept a mass of shining, wavy hair, moved by the lightly passing breezes. Even with the features thus immobile and the eyes closed, one could easily tell that the sleeper was a person of sunny temper and merry speech. The whole face was suggestive of an easing and mirthful disposition.

The other youth was sitting with his face turned towards the far-off horizon, his head resting between his hands, and his elbows on the iron railing in front of him. For nearly an hour he had sat thus, absorbed in thought. His appearance without being remarkably striking was yet attractive; the face was full of fine expression, the form indicative at once of strength and grace. His hat was off, and his hair brushed back from a forehead which gave token of a quickly-perceptive, and at the same time imaginative, mind. The blue eyes were large and thoughtful; the mouth and chin showed pride and sensitiveness, but suggested also a want of decision and strength of will. A skillful physiognomist would say that here was a person quick to apprehend and fertile in invention, but on the whole more likely to dream noble things than to do them—a person who might indeed be heroic at times, when fired by a sudden impulse, but incapable of prolonged and patient effort.

For almost an hour, we said, this young man had sat with his eyes turned towards the distant horizon. His mind had been busy with the past. He had been recalling faces which he had once beheld only with joyous emotions, but

which were now associated in his mind with sad and melancholy thoughts—faces which, when they went from the world seemed to take its light and beauty away with them. He had been listening to voices which sometimes sounded to his soul like strains of solemn music, wafted at night-fall across still and dusky waters from a distant shore. Of his boyhood, he had been thinking, and his home in the great city—a home made as happy by loving hearts as it was splendid by means of wealth. He was scarcely fourteen years of age when one dark night his father came home from his counting-house, haggard and faint, a ruined man—ruined in purse and spirit and body. One week later and the once wealthy merchant was borne to a pauper's grave, and his broken-hearted wife, with her two children, were alone in the wide world. Before two years more had gone by, the mother and her little daughter were in the spirit-world, and William Arnold, at sixteen, was an orphan. Day and night he suffered as only a sensitive and dependent spirit like his could suffer.

Through another year he lived and worked in the store in which he had been employed since his father's death, and then came a change. A bachelor uncle who had been living in South America for twenty years, and from whom his only brother, William's father, had not heard for many years before his death, returned to the United States with a large fortune, and no one dependent upon him. He learned with sorrow that his brother was no more, and having found William he immediately adopted him, made him his sole

heir, sent him to school and eventually to college.

What wonder that the deep soul of the bereaved lad went out toward his generous relative with a love like that of a son? And so, when, about six months before his graduation from college, William received a telegram that his uncle had been suddenly stricken down by apoplexy and had passed away from earth, he mourned the later loss just as sincerely and almost as deeply as he had the earlier.

The fact that he now found himself, at twenty-three and just out of college, in possession of a large fortune, did not avail to lessen his sorrow. Sitting there with his eyes full of a tender and dreamy light, and reviewing the changeful past, he would gladly have surrendered his whole wealth for the privilege of greeting, as in days gone by, his kind benefactor.

But his mind was not always melancholy; sometimes the darker mood would come, as on this summer afternoon, and he would yield to it. But now, his mind turned from the past to his plans for the future. They had been rapidly maturing during the last few weeks. He was rich, and could live a life of leisure, but idleness, he thought, would not suit him; he must be active; he must live amid stirring scenes. In his boyhood he had felt a passion for travel which had never abated. Providence, now, had opened the way for him. In the company of his college friend, Richard Reynolds, he would pass a few of the midsummer weeks at a retired resort among the mountains and lakes; then, he would make speedy preparation and

embark for Europe on a pilgrimage which should extend through years; he would tread the snows of Siberia and the hot sands of Sahara; he would collect stores of information curious and rare; he would —

Quick screams, followed by a sharp call for help, cut short his reverie. He sprang to his feet and was on the point of hastening in the direction of the sounds, which came from the lower deck, just forward of the paddle-box, near which he had been sitting, when, as the boat sped on, he caught sight of a lady struggling and gasping in the waters of the lake, a few yards off. Quick as thought, obedient to impulse, he threw off his coat and a moment later reached the side of the unfortunate lady, just as, completely exhausted by her frantic efforts, she was on the point of sinking.

For a moment confusion reigned on board; women screamed, men shouted and ran to and fro seeking means of rescue, but in vain. The steamer carried no small boat, and the unhappy lady and her would-be preserver were already too far away to be benefited by anything which might be flung to aid them.

While the steamer was stopping and putting about, the minutes dragged heavily by. All eyes were fixed upon the imperiled ones; every breath was suspended with anxiety. Would they be saved? Could they hold out only a little longer? If so, all would be well. Soon the steamer was speeding directly towards them. Nearer and nearer it came; the white faces of the sufferers could be clearly seen as they battled with the waters for life, wearied but

self-possessed; the distance rapidly lessened; strong hands were ready; the boat moved with slackened speed; it stopped; a moment passed, and the rescued couple were in the arms of their friends. Exclamations of joy and words of mingled congratulation and praise were heard on every side. The lady was borne almost lifeless to the little cabin, her garments "clinging like cerements," the beautiful face pale as marble, and the water dripping from the rich braids of her unbound hair.

Arnold was looked upon as a genuine hero. Persons who, a few moments before, had regarded him only with idle curiosity, now addressed him as friends and admirers. Leaning on the arm of his friend and companion, Reynolds, he was assisted to a place where he could change his clothing and recover somewhat from his extreme weariness. Reynolds did not speak until they were alone together.

"Will," he at length began, in a frank, impetuous way, "Will, you're a hero, covered all over with glory; I believe I am proud of your acquaintance. But while I'm endeavoring to restore you to your former bodily condition, suppose you tell me how in the world you managed to keep above surface so long, if you are not too tired. Of course I'm remarkably glad you did so, but, to speak truth, you could n't have been blamed had you betaken yourself to the caverns of the deep with such a rare fresh-water nymph, and never returned. Isn't she a beauty? I'll tell you about her presently. I think I envied you while you were holding that somewhat dangerous *tête-à-tête* in the water. But how did you

manage it? They say that drowning persons lose all their wits and make nothing of dragging a would-be preserver to the bottom with them. How is it? You are a man of experience now."

"I couldn't have held out," returned Arnold, "if the lady had not possessed a very rare presence of mind. She seemed to lose the most of her alarm the moment I reached her. She followed my directions to the very letter; had she not done so we would both have gone down before the boat came."

"A prodigy, *certe*," said Reynolds. "And now let me tell you whose existence you have prolonged. I found out something about her from one of the passengers. He volunteered the information, and I listened. Her name is Harlow, I think. She is a member of a Western college, and thinks she has as much right to know Greek and the Calculus as any man; a brilliant girl, I guess, in every respect. You've seen her face; you will have a chance to test the quality of her mind before long. Of course she and her party, as well as ourselves, are bound for the Old Homestead place, or they would n't be here on the boat."

"I shall be glad to make her further acquaintance," was Arnold's reply. "Do you know how the accident happened?"

"She was leaning too heavily against the rope which answers for a railing around the lower deck, and it broke where, passing through an iron ring, it had become very much worn."

After some time, as the two friends made their way to the upper deck, a gentleman, somewhat past middle age,

met them, and taking Arnold's hand, exclaimed —

"Once more, sir, I must express my gratitude to you, and the thanks of my little party, for your generous gallantry. I am an uncle of Miss Harlow, the lady whose life you have saved; my name is Harlow — Henry Harlow; yours is already known to us. The ladies and myself will feel honored by your further acquaintance. We propose to pass several weeks at the Old Homestead."

Arnold, bowed, expressed his acknowledgments and introduced Reynolds. Mr. Harlow greeted him most cordially. Inquiry was then made concerning Miss Harlow.

"Doing finely, sir, finely; she will be as well as ever in the morning, and laughing merrily, I'll warrant you, over her impromptu and romantic bath."

After a few words more, Mr. Harlow withdrew, and left the two friends standing near where Arnold had sat not long before and recalled the changeful past.

It was now sunset, and the western sky was aglow with vermilion hues, alternating with bars of "that soft shade of green we sometimes see in evening skies." The tiny wave-tops had lost their silvery brightness, and growing larger under the influence of

the cool evening breeze had clad themselves in warmer and gold-threaded mantles stolen from the sunbeams. The valleys which came down between the hills to the borders of the lake were beginning to be filled with purple shadows.

The little steamer was approaching the end of its voyage. The shores on either hand were drawing nearer and nearer. At length through the gathering gloom they seemed to sweep round and meet each other only a short distance ahead.

A few moments later and the voyagers found themselves sailing in a narrow channel, between wooded banks. Soon they emerged into a much smaller lake than the one they had crossed during the afternoon, and turning suddenly to the left, ere long they reached a little pier which extended out into the water a short distance from the dusky shore. The land came down to the water's edge with a gentle slope. A few rods away, and surrounded by lofty elms, stood a somewhat large and irregularly shaped building, "indistinct in the twilight," and half hidden by the elms. Through the windows of this house lights gleamed, welcoming the new-comers to the retirement and comfort of the Old Homestead Place.

THE HARBOR.

BROAD and deep the harbor lies, and countless
Ships ride on its proudly heaving breast —
Ships with freight from a foreign land,
Ships to bear from the native strand,
And ships that have met the wave with dauntless
Pride, come here for shelter and for rest.

At the head of the port the city stands,
With pointed spires and domes on high,
While to the edge the buildings come,
And docks jut out to make a home
For tired keels that have loosened their bands,
And stripped their masts to the misty sky.

Great arms of the land upon either side
Stretch out as if to embrace the sea.
Here are the forts that guard the town,
The lights to tell where ships go down
On hidden reefs. Rugged rocks are here, and wide,
And pebbly creeks that meet the lea.

Beyond the point is a rippling cove,
Where most of my childhood's days went by,
On its left cliffs rise from the seas,
While on its right are forest trees,
Whose wide-spreading branches stretch out above,
And bar the light of the deep-blue sky.

Behind is the sand, in front lays the deep,
'T is here I played: and one of my age,
With golden hair, and sparkling eye,
And cheeks where sunlight ne'er could die,
Played with me. Here we scaled the craggy steep,
And made of the beach a marking page.

We piled the rocks in a shapeless bed,
And held the cord for our crafts to float,
We watched the sail and chose our own,
And waited till they all passed on,
To see whose reached the lighthouse first, and said,
"When men we will have our ocean boat."

Thus passed the time, till all of manhood's prime
Came, when our proud vessels kissed the bay,
Ready to plow the ocean main,
And then with wealth to come again
To fill our store. He went with his this time,
But I remained and sent my ship away.

He ne'er returned; but when the night was wild
And madness swept the deep, they told me
That his proud ship, so staunch and true,
Went down with all its freight and crew;
And he who my playmate was when a child
Was rocked to sleep by the mighty sea.

So oft I stand by the loud-sounding main
And gaze far out in the misty blue,
Waiting if ever I may see
My absent vessel coming to me,
And ask if it ever will come again,
Or if its voyages all are through.

And I think that another ship will come
When the day is dying slowly here,
When shades are dark upon the sea,
And growing longer on the lea,
To bear me off from this wave-beaten home
And take me to another shore; where

Broad and deep the harbor lies, and countless
Ships ride on its proudly heaving breast,
Ships with freight from a foreign land,
Ships to bear from the native strand,
And ships that have met the wave with dauntless
Pride, come here for shelter and for rest.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

SINCE Lord Chatham's celebrated reply to Walpole in the House of Commons, "the atrocious crime of being a young man" needs no palliation nor denial. The young man of to-day stands upon lofty ground. Has he a message to deliver? The ears of men are opened. Has he a marvel to point out? Their eyes follow his guiding finger. Formerly, even the Agamemnons held their silence, while the Nestors of the people poured forth words "sweeter than honey." Now, the reverend Saul takes counsel from the youthful David. Gray hairs were once a sign of wisdom; now, of old fogysm and decay of mental power. The beardless face once argued rashness and instability; now, a wholesome radicalism and strength of mind.

How far the effects of this change of feeling may be salutary we cannot now judge. Age and wisdom have been so long associated in our minds that they are not separated without a struggle. And we always shrink and tremble when an impetuous youth snatches the reins and drives furiously over an uneven road; yet the skill of the driver may fully equal his impetuosity and carry him through with perfect safety. And so, if the young men of to-day are wise enough and skillful enough, the country may rest safely in their hands.

But just here lies the difficulty. In the first place, most young men are blind to the true state of affairs. Tell them that they are the architects of our country's future and they answer

you, "No! the world looks with distrust upon our efforts. We have no chance to show what we might accomplish. The demand for men of experience excludes us from all hope of suitable employment."

It is needless to affirm that these complaints insult the truth no less than they degrade manliness. The young man has to prove only that he is striving honestly for a good purpose and he is encouraged by the approval and support of all his acquaintance. And if he chances to be what the world calls smart, he is more than encouraged,—he is held up, he is borne on irresistibly to his fate. Go into the law offices all over the land and learn who are the most successful and best-patronized lawyers; go and see who stand behind the teachers' desks and wield the rod of authority in the school room; go to the parish meetings of our churches and see how often the old and faithful pastor is thrust out to make room for a mere stripling, and then ask if young men have "no opportunity to show what they might accomplish."

But a second part of the difficulty arises not from a misconception of the true state of affairs, but from the impatience of young men to grasp the reins before they are able to master the horse. This impatience is a characteristic of all Americans. They are too eager to gather the visible fruits of labor. The true Yankee spirit of haste is disseminated all over the land, and men feel that they must be "doing something." What wonder, then, that

the influence of this spirit is found outside our colleges, working against their continuance, and inside, neutralizing their active efficacy and success? Illiterate persons are ever ready to sneer at college graduates, who have spent the best years of their life in getting their education. One is pointed out as the man who took four years to learn how to pull teeth scientifically, and another as a young lawyer who had natural ability enough to have placed him at the head of his profession, by this time, if he had not wasted his time in college.

These remarks come, of course, from the uneducated; but a similar sentiment is gaining ground among college students themselves. A restless desire for more rapid improvement blinds them to their actual improvement. Indeed, the mental gymnastics which college exercises afford, increase the power of the mind so gradually that the growth is almost imperceptible; and many a man has graduated from college without knowing a tithe of his own mental enlargement. Students seem to believe that if they can accomplish a four years' course of study in three years, they shall get their education one year sooner; forgetting that education is a slow process, requiring a gradual development or drawing out of the mental faculties. But this saving of time is so great a matter in the eyes of Americans, and of New Englanders in particular, that it must needs receive some notice; and so, commercial colleges have sprung up for business men, and schools of journalism for literary men; lightning calculators

annihilate cube root, and seven lessons in grammar do the work of years.

A contributor to *Scribner's Monthly* recently said: "The profession of literature numbers fuller ranks but fewer chiefs than it did forty years ago." Men are educated hurriedly and are satisfied with much less than if they made their education the work of a life-time. Compare our literary men with those of England, and where do we stand in point of either numbers or excellence? The truth is, we do not take time enough. Of that culture which comes from a truly liberal education we know comparatively nothing. Even among our best educated men, there are few of really broad culture. True, we gain something while we lose more. "The hurried education and restless habits of our rapid age produce a wider diffusion of average merit, with less concentration upon achievement that will live." The ranks of literature are full of strong, able-bodied men, but it is to be feared that the fame of their exploits will never reach posterity.

In view, then, of this state of affairs and of their responsibility, what shall young men do? This responsibility, as we have said, is not to be scoffed at, for it is real. The young man may deny it, and may even fail to realize it, but the truth remains unchanged. The term of conservatism has expired and radicalism has been inaugurated with due honors. Young men, as representatives of new ideas, are the most prominent. Old men, as supporters of conservative principles, are held in disfavor. With radicalism come scep-

ticism and a contempt for the principles and policy of our ancestors. These two enter the dwelling of the citizen and render him impatient of civil restraint under the laws which our fathers instituted; they enter the workshop of the mechanic and make him restless at the bench where his father was willing to toil for his daily bread; they even profane the sanctuary and turn worshiping hearts away from that God to whom our ancestors were fain to kneel.

And again we ask, how shall the country be kept safe in this crisis? And the answer comes, young men, it rests with you. The country places in your hands the unwritten pages of her future history and bids you fill them with a record of noble deeds. The great Ship of State is yielded to your guidance. For your sake the old men keep their silence. For your sake they make no murmur, even when you crowd and jostle them from your path. Will you longer deny your responsibility?

Isaac, snatched by God's favor from the altar of sacrifice, grew up an honor

to his father and a glory to his race. Twelve years ago the word came, "Sacrifice to me your sons upon the altar." And the sacrifice was begun, but, by God's good pleasure, you were saved for other duties. Will you fail of your high mission when your destiny is in your hands?

There is a pleasant theory in modern spiritual geology, that the "straight and narrow path" of the olden time has been gradually widened by the convulsions of ages, till now a broad and smooth ascent, bordered with delightful resting-places, leads from the City of Destruction even to the gates of the Eternal City; but the pilgrim who pursues the right path finds a Slough of Despond at the very beginning of his journey. So, young men, that may be a pleasing theory which tells you that the interests of culture are subserved as well by haste as by time-taking and self-denial; but this theory is as false as the other. As you realize your trust; as you love culture for itself; as you love your country; as you would bless posterity, be not recreant to your duty in this matter

WOMAN IN COLLEGE.

To the Editors of THE BATES STUDENT.

I CONFESS to having perused *THE BATES STUDENT*, from its initial number, with interest and eagerness. Of course the Editors' Portfolio has received its due share of attention. The June number was not neglected by me, and the leading article of the editorial department thereof was a

subject of some reflection. The writer evidently designed to treat the topic of "Woman in College" with candor and fairness, in fact, to illustrate the rule he would have woman observe in her career, viz.: "Moderation and discretion are shining virtues."

I admit the truth of this axiom, yet,

nevertheless, the ultimatum of these editorial meditations, though clothed in courteous language, has a slight *soupeçon* of bigotry and selfhood, inasmuch as said ultimatum is the entire unfitness and incapacity of women for the course of training and culture usually pursued in college.

I quote: "She needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her." Now, there is no effort whatever to point out what that peculiar course shall be, in order that women may walk therein, which important omission reminds me of what I have often noticed, viz.: That it is far easier to point out defects in another's conduct than to mould one's own exactly and harmoniously; so is it easier to criticise unfavorably than to suggest remedies for the imperfections commented on.

It is true that in the muscular exercises which flourish in college precincts — as base-ball playing, boating, astounding gymnastic exercises, etc., woman has neither the ability nor the desire to participate. This is well. But in the recitation room, in the literary exercises, or in any position in college which is strictly a part of the acknowledged and legitimate curriculum, has not the average woman, wherever the experiment of co-collegiate education has been tried, always acquitted herself as creditably as the average man? Girls stand side by side with boys in the several departments of the public schools — Primary, Intermediate, Grammar, High and Normal — and also in our private Seminaries and Academies. It has never been alleged that, in any or all of these

preparatory departments, their class rank was inferior to that of their male companions, nor has the assertion been made that the morals or manners of either party have suffered any injury by such educational association.

Now, the propriety and economy of both sexes enjoying in common all the scholastic advantages afforded by the State, being universally conceded (and the public-school system is the crown and glory of New England), why should the propriety and expediency of such co-education suddenly cease at the college threshold? Why should the college doors be opened invitingly to the young man and be closed to the young woman, with an ominous clang indicative not only of refusal but also of disapprobation? I fail to see that the college is aught but a wider educational field, or that any limitation ought to be applied to admission thereto other than in the public schools — the sole restriction in the latter being the ability to sustain the close and critical competitive examinations; and the girl or boy who fails to attain the requisite standard of excellence, goes to the wall.

Let it be the same in college. Surely, this is not asking too much — simply, the same opportunity to develop what powers of mind God may have given woman, as fully and untrammelledly as the same privilege is granted to man.

Probably, nine-tenths of the teachers of youth are ladies (in Lewiston schools the proportion is greater), hence an imperative necessity for a higher culture for women than they have heretofore obtained. If the

mental moulding of Young America is to be so largely accorded to women, let it be seen to that the republic suffers no detriment by neglect to give these educators the fullest and widest intellectual development of which they are capable.

It is not desired nor practicable that every woman shall be a college graduate, any more than that every man shall be. Mental and physical ability, and the circumstances which surround one, must determine the question of who or how many shall enter upon and pursue this extended course of study. Neither does the collegiate education of women have the slightest direct bearing upon the suffrage question. That does not enter into the question at all. The only point at issue is that all educational institutions shall be open alike to all.

Bates College solved this problem for New England. Its pioneer lady graduates have demonstrated that the average woman can and may pass the ordeal of college training with as fair a degree of credit as does the average man. In view of the immense service which Bates College has done not only women but society at large, in this matter, I propose that the women of New England shall endow a Professorship in this, the first New England college to disregard the unpopularity of such a concession—a concession granted from a profound conviction of the right of universal humanity to the broadest culture that ability and circumstances will permit. Where is the woman of liberal wealth and liberal spirit, to do in some slight measure for woman's cause what Benj. E. Bates has done for the college as a whole?

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

“T-O-NIGHT we meet in Charlie's room, do we not, Thomas?” asked one of the boys, as he looked in at my door, on his way down to supper.

“Yes,” I answered, “be sure and come as we expect, something pretty good to-night from Fred; he has promised us a paper on the Freshmen, and we all want to hear it.

“All right,” said Harrie, for it was Harrie Bruce. “I will come up as soon as I get my supper.”

This dialogue took place upon one

of the evenings of our semi-occasional meetings.

The way our club happened to be formed was this: A few of us who enjoyed a quiet smoke together, had been in the habit of strolling into some one of the boy's rooms and holding familiar conversations on various topics not down in the college curriculum. At first I remember there were but three of us, who, as the opportunity offered would, of an evening find ourselves chatting away the time; fashioning into talk the dreams and

phantoms of ideas which floated before us while breathing the fragrance of the mild narcotic.

Occasionally other friends would drop in and take part in the conversation, and almost before we knew it, something of a free and easy organization had sprung up, styling itself the College Club.

As it assumed shape, some of the more conscientious of the party thought it might give character to the occasion to introduce something of a literary nature at our meetings. That it might tax our energies as little as possible, we, after due deliberation, decided upon the following.

The first of each evening should be passed in conversation. When our ideas had been sufficiently ventilated, some one of us would read a paper, the subject having been suggested by the conversation of the previous evening. This obviated the difficulty of choosing a subject, and gave us the benefit of each other's ideas. We were so much pleased with the results that we finally decided to offer a report of a few of our meetings to *THE STUDENT* for publication. The MSS. were accordingly placed in my hands to be arranged as might be deemed proper. The College Club has made its bow, and will now speak for itself.

At our last meeting the conversation, after quoting the last jokes of the Profs, and various comments on the many snubs the Freshmen had suffered and their verdancy in general, their need of female society and our own desire for the same, at last flowed steadily on the memories of our Freshman year.

A paper was then read by Charlie Wood, on "Secret Societies," the subject assigned at the previous meeting.

The previous conversation had suggested "Freshmen" as fit subjects for discussion, and the paper was assigned to Fred Foster.

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After the conversation began to show signs of weakness, we disposed ourselves comfortably about the room and listened to the following paper.

AGE THE FIRST — FRESHMEN.

It is with no feelings of sadness that we call to mind the scenes of our Freshman year, or attempt a few comments on this, the first age of college life. It is full of strange vicissitudes and uncertainties. We look back upon it without regret, and congratulate ourselves that it is with us as a tale that is told. New faces are seen in our old haunts, filling with equal success the places we so lately held. We do not envy them. We look with complacency upon their many mistakes, satisfied that we could have done no worse.

Entering college is the culminating point of youthful endeavors. Around this event cluster all the hopes of our early ambition. If upon that morning we first came together as classmates, we could have read the thoughts which were the secrets of each heart, what a fertile page should we have of hopes and doubts, aspirations and fears, boldness and timidity. What a searching of faces and reading of character there was — the germs of future friendship. It takes but a short time for us to find our places, as naturally as if by some preconcerted

plan. Those who have come from some village Academy, where they were looked up to as prodigies of promise and have arrived at this same opinion themselves, here meet with representatives of other Academies equally self-respected. There are some hard knocks it is true, but the result is mutual respect and improvement. It chips off obtruding corners or drives them out of sight. The timid ones—the scholars—who keep their rooms and burn the midnight oil to legitimate ends, are soon separated from the more boisterous element, and have an atmosphere of their own.

The Sophomore is the first to scrape acquaintance with the innocent Freshman, and is ambitious to introduce him at once into the mysteries of college life. He generally succeeds—not always, however, in a manner most agreeable to the stranger—but he soon becomes convinced that it has its mysteries. His acquaintance with the Sophomore cannot, if we judge from appearances alone, be anything of the pleasantest. Something gives his mind a sombre turn. He carries his head low and seems to be striving with deep thought; seldom looks you square in the face. These are the symptoms more or less manifested during the first term. Whether it is home-sickness or thoughts of some one left behind, or the intrigues of wily Sophomores, with their bad counsel and worse deeds, is only for the initiated to know. The facts are indisputable. It is a trying place for a young man. As we think of the time when we were there, we almost have a feeling of sympathy for them; but our elevation could not

countenance such a feeling. False dignity of upper-classmen. If there is ever a time when a fellow needs a few words of good cheer and good advice, it is when he has come from a pleasant home and taken up his abode among strangers, nearly as strange to each other as he is to them,—none of them with habits formed, and the demand for excitement proportional to their numbers.

There is a certain amount of necessary training, however, which is needful before they can assume the responsibilities that will devolve upon them. It will not do to allow them to go on unrestrained. An occasional shower bath and an innocent laugh at their expense has its salutary influence. This should not be done in a malicious spirit, but, as the father says to his children, with an understanding that it is for their good. Maintain as far as possible good feeling, and make it a joke instead of an insult.

Among other memories of our Freshman life, we think with a smile of our experience in the library. It is said a jackass would starve to death between two ricks of hay of equal quality. The Freshman is as undecided in this classical pasture of books. He goes to the library early, with wise look and stealthy tread, and remains there hours, hovering round the shelves, nervously taking down book after book, and with a hasty glance as nervously putting them back. He talks learnedly with his brother Freshmen, on books and authors. Doubtless Dickens receives some profound criticism, but the range is not a wide one.

Oliver Optic is studiously avoided.

He passes with a smile of superiority the well-worn cover of Robinson Crusoe, and the Arabian Nights is forgotten. No, he is in college now, and wants something solid.

Some obliging Junior, perchance, hears this last remark and mentions a number of works that are worthy of perusal, whose titles demoralize the Freshman's powers of pronunciation! He stammers a grateful acknowledgment, and begins his search. But it is time for the library to close. He makes a dive for some big black-bound book, Educational Statistics, some Theological work, or an Encyclopedia, and carries it with a satisfied air to his room, where it lies on his table until

he imagines the Prof. will think he has read it, when he carries it back, and the operation is repeated.

The truth is, the Freshman, if he does justice to his lessons, has not time to read much. It is a year of hard work and hard usage. We have to creep before we are allowed to walk, to work before we can play.

Whoever gave the name "Freshman" to this age of college life had his eye on facts.

While Fred was gathering up his manuscript the most of us woke up, and pronounced it good. We assigned the next paper to Harrie Bruce, and, after a few sleepy remarks, for it was late, retired to our respective rooms.

THOMAS NAST.

[The following sketch is taken from *Harper's Weekly*, Aug. 26th, 1871.—EDS.]

THE most cordially hated man in New York at the present day — hated by men whose friendship would be a dishonor — is Thomas Nast, the most successful, most widely known, and most gifted humorous artist whom the genius of America has produced. Though of foreign birth, he came to this country at so early an age that his mental and moral development belongs wholly to the land of his adoption. A more thorough American does not breathe. The whole range of his art is instinct with the best and highest thought of the New World. No other country could have afforded the same kind of culture which has made him

what he is — the foremost caricaturist of the age. He thoroughly appreciates the boundless hospitality which makes every foreigner welcome to our shores, and in recognition of the free boon of citizenship sinks his own nationality in that of his adopted country, and devotes his best talents to her service. He was educated a Catholic, but that has not blinded him to the dangers of political Romanism, especially in a republic like ours, where the maintenance of law, freedom, and order depends upon the intelligence of the people. The Catholic Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has never been the object of his satire; it is only

such members of that communion as seek to pervert its machinery to political purposes whom he castigates.

Thomas Nast is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to anything but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with Kaufmann for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old Nast began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel Medici's expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with Garibaldi, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches

of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

His first impulse was to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience; but the opening of the great campaign between the North and the South drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which from that time to the present day have appeared in this paper. Our readers will remember the marked impression they made upon thoughtful minds in every part of the North.

His artistic activity was not confined to newspaper work. In 1865 he painted a characteristic picture, called "The Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of Sherman's march to the sea. It was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in this city — if hanging a picture over a door where it can not be seen may be called "exhibiting" anything but the stupidity of the hanging committee. A year or two later he painted "The March of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway," when the first call for volunteers was made after the firing on Fort Sumter. Like the first-mentioned work, it was full of character and movement.

In 1866 Mr. Nast designed a series of grotesques for the *Bal d'Opéra* — a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful. Each picture was a pal-

pable hit. But of Mr. Nast's works, his pictures for this paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once pictures, poems, and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines do the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. Their effectiveness is unquestioned. It is said that the Boss and Head-Centre of the Tammany Ring himself has declared in his wrath that while he doesn't care a straw for what is written about him, the great majority of his constituency being unable to read, these illustrations, the meaning of which every one can take in at a glance, play the mischief with his feelings. Mr. Nast's recent pictures, suggested by the riot of July 12th and the New York *Times's* exposure of the Ring, are among the most powerful of his efforts. Every stroke of the pencil cuts like a cimeter. His caricatures of Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly, and Hall are admirable in their grotesque fidelity. They never can be lived down; and if future ages know anything of the worthy quartette just named, it will be owing to their merciless caricaturist. Doubtless they would rather court oblivion than endure this immortality of infamy. They are naturally anxious to avoid such unpleasant notoriety, and they also naturally supposed that a very simple means would remedy the difficulty. Believing that "every man has his price," they tried to buy him off. To their astonishment they found they were dealing with a man who was not for sale! They then

tried the efficacy of threats. Letters of the most violent character poured in upon him, some anonymous, others signed with the writer's name, threatening violence and even death unless he should quit caricaturing the Ring, political Romanism, and the worser sort of their supporters. The pages of this paper show, and will continue to show, that threats are quite as impotent as bribes with Mr. Nast. He is not to be bought or frightened. We have already mentioned, in a late number of the *Weekly*, that he is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and on the day of the late riot shouldered his musket and marched with his comrades in defense of freedom, equality, and order.

Mr. Nast's position as a political caricaturist is very high. In Mr. Jarves's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—we find the following just estimate of his talents and capacity:—

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harp-er's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, Nast is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our pub-

lic buildings than anything that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

Although his strength lies in political caricature, Mr. Nast can do excellent work in other departments of art. His society cartoons — *vide* "Too Much of a Good Thing," in the Supplement to the last number of the

Weekly — are full of fancy and humor. There is infinite variety in what he does. His inventive powers seem to be inexhaustible. At the same time he knows the value of *iteration* in art — as witness the portraits that run through the entire series of his pictures on the Ring. Each one is so marked that if you catch only the glimpse of an eyeglass, the tip of a nose, or a straggly bit of hair, you know it stands for Hall, or Tweed, or Sweeny, or Connolly.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

COMMENCEMENT week, with its bustle and excitement, its happy greetings and sad farewells, has been followed by two months of quiet and rest. All of the Commencement exercises passed off pleasantly. The Baccalaureate sermon, by President Cheney, was unusually interesting, and was listened to by a large audience. The original declamations by members of '74, though not giving evidence of any too much hard thought and study, were well received. The concert by Gilmore's Band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, fully met the expectations of all. The orations by the graduating class, on Commencement day, were finely written and well delivered. The oration before the united literary societies, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was ranked among the best ever delivered in this city.

At Commencement dinner President Cheney explained the financial condition of the College, making known the amount, \$25,000, then needed to secure the \$100,000 pledged by Mr. Bates, and called upon the friends of the College to assist in raising this sum. Accordingly a subscription paper was started, and nearly \$3,000 were subscribed at the dinner. Of this sum, \$1,000 were subscribed by Hon. Wm. P. Frye of Lewiston, and Wm. B.

Wood of Boston—each of these gentlemen subscribing \$500.

The class exercises of '73 were quite interesting, but the audience, closely packed into the Main St. Church, with the doors and windows crowded, were hardly in a condition to appreciate them. The number of those who attend our Commencement exercises is increasing every year, and it is plain that it is becoming impracticable to hold any of the exercises there. Without doubt the City Hall could be obtained for these, and, if the audience did not fill it, they would be comfortably seated and in a condition to enjoy the exercises. We hope that '74, and all succeeding classes, will obtain the City Hall, not only for their concert and oration, but for their class exercises, and, if circumstances warrant, for their graduating orations, Commencement day.

We can now look upon the first decade of BATES as a part of history, and as it was crowned with manly victories and unexpected blessings, may the second be doubly so.

—It should be the object of colleges to adopt such a course of study as will give their students a manly culture and thorough discipline, as well as fit them for business. With respect to those studies which are most useful

for the college student to pursue, wise men may differ. Among those branches of study which are too apt to be neglected, however, even by students of high culture, we class the study of History. That young men in college are shamefully ignorant of history, is indeed too true. Why is this? One reason is, it is not so *extensively* taught as it should be. Another and greater reason is, students do not know *how* to study history.

How often we hear students say, "I would like to know more of history, but I don't find much satisfaction in reading it, for I forget it so quickly!" Many students find great enjoyment in the *study* of geometry and calculus; but how many would find satisfaction in reading them? or how long would a knowledge of them be retained? We know how to study these; but not so with history. We learn but very little history in college, except what we gather from casual reading. To the minds of most students the pages of history are as though they had been rolled into a scroll, at which, as it was being unrolled, they had occasionally been permitted to look, thus seeing only an arc of the historical circle.

Not long since, one student was asked by another whether Roger Williams founded Rhode Island or Connecticut. Had he been taught the circumstances which brought Williams to Rhode Island, and which gave Providence its name, he would have had no difficulty in remembering. This is but an example, yet it illustrates a general fault. It is like learning effects without knowing the causes. History is a narrative of succeeding events.

Events are the result of individual action. In order, therefore, to get a general idea of history, one must learn the circumstances and reasons for human action. One might as well try to remember the most difficult proposition of geometry or trigonometry without understanding the course of reasoning upon which its demonstration depends, as attempt to become conversant with the events of history without studying their causes.

Is history a science? If it is, it should be written and read as a science. In primitive times history was little else than a mere chronicle of the deeds of kings and warriors. The historian of the present age must drink deep at the hidden spring of philosophical inquiry. History may as yet be an imperfect science, owing to the complexity of human affairs and the incompleteness of observation; but in its nature it is a science and should be studied as such.

Again, we believe history should be made one of the leading branches of study in our colleges, not only because we should thus learn to study it philosophically and methodically, but because it is pleasing, disciplinary and practical. The object of education is to develop thought. In order to develop this faculty to its greatest capacity, we must pursue those studies which the mind has an appetite for. There is perhaps no study pursued in college which gives all the students more enjoyment than this. The history of the social changes, the revolutions and wars, both of ancient and modern times, opens a field productive of the most genuine intellectual pleasure as

well as the most profound philosophical study.

The utility of historical study can not be questioned. There is needed a knowledge of history to show the relation of the past to the present. It teaches the continued progress of successive ages. We are apt to think our own the only wise and important age. As one writer has said, "History shows us that we are heirs of the past, and to that heritage we shall add but little before we bequeath it to the future." Each age has taken one step, longer or shorter, up the hill of science and universal experience. We have been advancing upon the same path, and are now standing upon the ground but one step nearer the summit. In history allowance must be made for the time, the country, and the state of things in which each character moved. Institutions that are in themselves bad may form a link in the chain of progress; they may pave the way for something better. Despotism is better than anarchy. It is a step between no rule and good rule.

Do we not all, as students of BATES, feel that there is great chance for improvement in the study of history, and that there is need of more extensive historical study in the college we represent?

—The time is not far distant when we are to resign our positions as editors of *THE STUDENT* to those who are to assume the responsibility of conducting it for its second year. We have thought it best to call the attention of the class of '75 to the matter at this early date, in order that there may be

no delay or difficulty occasioned by any misunderstanding. We shall issue our last number in December, and the duty of conducting *THE STUDENT* will then devolve upon '75. Who of this class are to be its editors is yet to be determined.

We wish to call your attention to the method of electing editors. Some college papers are published by a Students' Association, and the officers of the association, including the editors, are elected at a mass meeting of the students. Other papers are published by a single class, generally the Junior or Senior, and the editors are elected either by the class or by the faculty. It is better generally for one class to have the management of the publication, since the responsibility rests upon a less number, and the work is likely to be more faithfully executed. *THE STUDENT* is published monthly by the Junior class. The year begins with January, and ten numbers constitute a volume, there being no numbers issued during the vacation months, July and August.

How, then, should the editors be selected, by the votes of the class or by the Faculty? '74 and '75 are establishing precedents which are to influence all the classes following them, and it is very important these precedents be worthy of imitation. As the classes increase in numbers, wire-pulling and society prejudice will be likely to play an important part in the class elections. This should be carefully guarded against. *THE STUDENT*, though under the direct management of a single class, is a college publication, and ought not to be subjected to such weakening influ-

ences. Again, should the Faculty appoint the editors, dissatisfaction might arise in the class, and the editors fail of success from a want of coöperation on the part of the class.

We do not presume even to suggest in this matter of election, much less advise or dictate. We earnestly desire that '75, free from all prejudice, may elect as editors the men best qualified for the positions. We will, however, suggest that these editors be chosen as early as the middle or last of October, in order that they may be more thoroughly prepared to enter upon the duties of their office. They ought certainly to be elected before the winter vacation. Let all interested in this matter give it the careful consideration it deserves.

—The expenses of THE STUDENT at the end of the year will be more than the income derived from the subscriptions to the magazine.

In order to raise money to pay for THE STUDENT, our manager has arranged for a course of lectures to be delivered in Lyceum Hall this fall. The course will begin with a lecture by Thomas Nast, Thursday evening, October 9th. His subject will be "*Caricaturing*," and it will be illustrated by cartoons and sketches (drawn in the presence of the audience) of local and national celebrities. We have all seen Nast's cartoons, which were the chief attractions in *Harpers' Weekly* for several years. We have seen what he has done, now we shall have a chance to see how he does it. One who has so interested the public by his sketches in *Harpers' Weekly*,

cannot fail to interest an audience by his ready wit and the use of his crayon.

The second entertainment will be given Thursday evening, October 23d, by Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss, who will give Dramatic Readings. She comes to us highly recommended by the press and the public. The *Star Magazine* says of her: "Two years ago she made her *debut* before a highly cultivated and critical audience in Boston. Although she appeared without the prestige of a brilliant continental success, without a high-sounding *name*, like Siddons, or great fame like Charlotte Cushman, she has quietly, modestly and *surely* won her way into a position where her distinguished abilities have attracted public attention and applause, together with the most emphatic praise from distinguished critics. For years a hard, persistent student, she is now reaping the reward of her labors. Having a clear, powerful voice of great range, and fine commanding presence, she has distinguished herself as a delineator of Shakspeare's characters. She is described by one of the Eastern critics as possessing rare ability for strong emotional or passional renderings, together with a keen appreciation for the humorous and witty. With clear perception, a lively imagination and versatility of emotion, she readily possesses herself of the spirit of an idea, making the sentiments of the author her own, and hence giving them a vivid interpretation."

In personal appearance Mrs. Foss is young and attractive, entirely free from "stage airs." As a reader of

tragedy and humor she cannot be excelled by any lady now reading.

The third entertainment will be a lecture by Hon. Wm. Parsons, Thursday evening, November 6th. Mr. Parsons is from Ireland, and this is his fourth season in America. As a lecturer he stands among the first. His success has been without a precedent. The subject of his lecture will be Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The fourth and last entertainment of the course will be a story-lecture by Edward Everett Hale, Friday evening, November 21st. Mr. Hale will be remembered as the orator at the Commencement of '72. His success as a lecturer was long ago established, and we are happy to announce that he will come to Lewiston this fall and read a new story entitled *In his Name*.

These lectures will be in Lyceum Hall. Monday, September 8, season tickets, with reserved seats, will be for sale at French Brothers in Lewiston, and Willard Small & Co.'s in Auburn. Season tickets, with reserved seats, for the four lectures, \$1.00.

Single tickets will not be for sale until the evening of the first lecture, after which date season tickets will not be for sale.

The object of these lectures is a worthy one, and the lectures themselves are worthy of a generous patronage.

Go early and secure seats for the course.

— We wish to call the attention of our readers to our advertisers. Those who kindly advertise in *THE STUDENT* should be patronized by the friends of *THE STUDENT*. We have no hesitancy

in saying that those who advertise are among the very best in their respective kinds of business.

Willard Small & Co., Auburn, and French Brothers, in Lewiston, advertise books and stationery of all kinds. At either of these places the purchaser can be suited, both as to the article purchased and the price.

Richards & Merrill are first-class tailors. They are sure to suit customers, not only in ready-made clothing and gents' furnishing goods, but also clothing made to order.

There is not a neater or more attractive jewelry establishment in Lewiston or Auburn than that of J. W. McDuffee, in Savings Bank Block.

Customers can be suited to hats and caps at J. P. Longley's store.

J. H. Wood, who deals in boots, shoes and rubbers, offers special inducements to college students.

Fuller & Capen advertise the Singer sewing machine. The advertisement explains itself.

Webster's Dictionary is the most useful companion a student can have.

Ballard's Orchestra is second to none in the State.

The card of Symmes & Atwood is worthy the notice of stewards of clubs.

Let our advertisers be patronized as they deserve.

— We would call particular attention to the article published in this number entitled "Woman in College." It is a criticism on the editorial relating to this subject in our June number. We believe in fair play, and therefore consistency, if nothing else, would compel us to publish this article, writ-

ten as it is by a woman. What more fitting than that woman should wield her pen on such a subject? The subject is, of course, open to discussion. Some have affirmed that a wrong position was taken in the editorial, others have expressed their hearty approval

of the same, and it is not improbable that other articles relating to this subject will shortly be published. While discussing such a subject the rule we shall take as our guide in the selecting and publishing of articles will be

Vir mulierque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, The Geyser, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, Anvil, College Argus, Wabash Magazine, The Dartmouth, Marietta Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, College Days, Irving Union, Hesperian Student, University Press, Williams Review, Williams Vidette.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner, Weekly Gazette.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to THOMAS SPOONER, JR., Manager.

ODDS AND ENDS.

QUESTION of the day — How did you make it canvassing?

Honor and fame from no condition(s) rise, is the Freshman's motto this term.

Don't fail to read the *Alumni Notes*. They are of *double* importance this month.

The altars of Hymen are yet smoking with sacrifices. Fellow students, don't smoke.

The tough stories told this term by our canvassers are equaled only by those regularly recounted by our pedagogues in the Spring term.

Why is Elijah's translation to be preferred to that of Enoch? 'Cause he was translated with ponies.—*Record*.

Which one of the vowels is the happiest? I,—because it is in the midst of bliss, while E is in hell, and the other three in purgatory.

A student lost his overshoe in a visit to the Female College recently. He says he has many times lost his heart in such affairs, but never lost his soul (sole) before.—*Ex*.

A New York editor is accused of being drunk, because he printed a

quotation as follows: "And the cock wept thrice and Peter went out and crew bitterly."—*Ham. Lit. Monthly*.

A Sophomore asked the Professor of Mathematics to excuse him for fizzling in examination because "he had at that time a rush of blood to the head." Professor thought it might have been an attempt of nature to remedy the thing which she is said to abhor.—*Ex*.

Scientific. Charles—"Have you read Darwin's Book, Miss Gibbons?" Miss G.—"Oh, yes." Charles—"And ah—ah, what do you think of it?" Miss G.—"I think it a very exhaustive treatise upon an intermediate series of modifications in which the sensibilities of human nature are involved." (Charles retires to meditate and consult Webster.)—*Vas. Mis*.

A poetical student—very. I sat by the open window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out and the moon flung her mild beams over the rocks that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest, the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire-flies bespangled the darkness. I gazed upon the charming scene—I raised my eyes to the milky way and recollected that I had not a clean shirt for Sunday.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE Fall Term began August 21st.

The Freshman Class now numbers 37.

Professor Hayes sailed for Europe Aug. 20th. He is to be absent a year, eight months of which are to be spent in study and four in travel.

At the Prize Declamation exercises by '74, Commencement week, the first prize, of fifty dollars, was awarded to W. H. Ham; the second, of twenty-five dollars, to T. P. Smith.

Rev. Uriah Balkam, D.D., has recently been elected Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences. All cannot but rejoice at so valuable an addition to our corps of professors.

Don't forget to buy your tickets early for "THE STUDENT Lecture Course." The lectures will be such as none can afford to lose. Tickets can be obtained at French Bros., Lewiston, and Willard Small & Co.'s, Auburn.

The following have been elected as disputants in the Junior Prize Debate next Commencement: Spear and Evans, Smith and Palmer, Oak and Washburne. They are chums as coupled above, and the debate is spoken of as the contest of the chums.

Who shall be the fortunate Horatius, probably Plug, the patron deity of such occasions, will decide.

At the annual elections of the literary societies, Friday, Aug. 29th, the following were chosen as officers for the ensuing year:—

Eurosofian Society.—President, F. P. Moulton; Vice President, C. G. Warner; Secretary, E. C. Adams; Treasurer, I. C. Phillips; Librarian, O. W. Collins; Executive Committee, H. W. Chandler, A. S. Whitehouse, R. J. Everett; Editorial Committee, A. J. Eastman, H. F. Giles, E. R. Goodwin; Orator, W. H. Ham; Poet, T. P. Smith.

Polymnian Society.—President, Robert Given, Jr.; Vice President, A. M. Spear; Secretary, E. H. Besse; Treasurer, B. H. Young; Librarian, L. M. Palmer; Executive Committee, M. A. Way, A. T. Salley, A. T. Smith; Editors, J. H. Hoffman, J. H. Hutchins, J. H. Huntington; Orator, C. S. Frost; Poet, H. H. Acterian. Fourth Editor and Assistant Librarian to be chosen from the Freshman Class.

Mr. Michael Reese, a citizen of San Francisco, furnished the necessary \$2,000 to purchase the library of the late Dr. Francis Lieber, for presentation to the University of California.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—In Eastport, August 5th, by Rev. Mr. Pyne, Mr. Theodore G. Wilder and Miss Lizzie Stickney, all of E.

'73.—In Lewiston, August 4th, by President Cheney, Mr. J. P. Marston of Paris, and Miss Margaret A. Lemont of Lewiston.

'73.—In Lewiston, August 16th, by Rev. G. W. Bean, Mr. E. R. Angell and Miss Lizzie James, all of L.

'73.—In Lewiston, by Rev. J. S. Burgess, Mr. E. P. Sampson and Miss Edith M. Wood, all of L.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—ED.]

CLASS OF 1867.

STOCKBRIDGE, WINFIELD SCOTT.—

Born February 11th, 1841, at Byron, Me. Son of John C. and Bernice Stockbridge.

1867-69, Student at Bangor Theological Seminary.

October 5th, 1869, Ordained Pastor of the Free-Baptist Church, Houlton, Me.

April 1st, 1870, Became Acting Pastor of First Free-Baptist Church, Gardiner, Me.

February 1st, 1873, Acting Pastor of Globe Congregational Church, Woonsocket, R. I.

Married, August 25th, 1869, to Emily Parker, daughter of Andrew and Elvira Parker, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children, Frank Parker, born June 11th, 1870; Helen Elvira, born November 11th, 1871; William Herbert, born February 14th, 1873.

Post-office address, Woonsocket, R. I.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A. M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Terms of Admission.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

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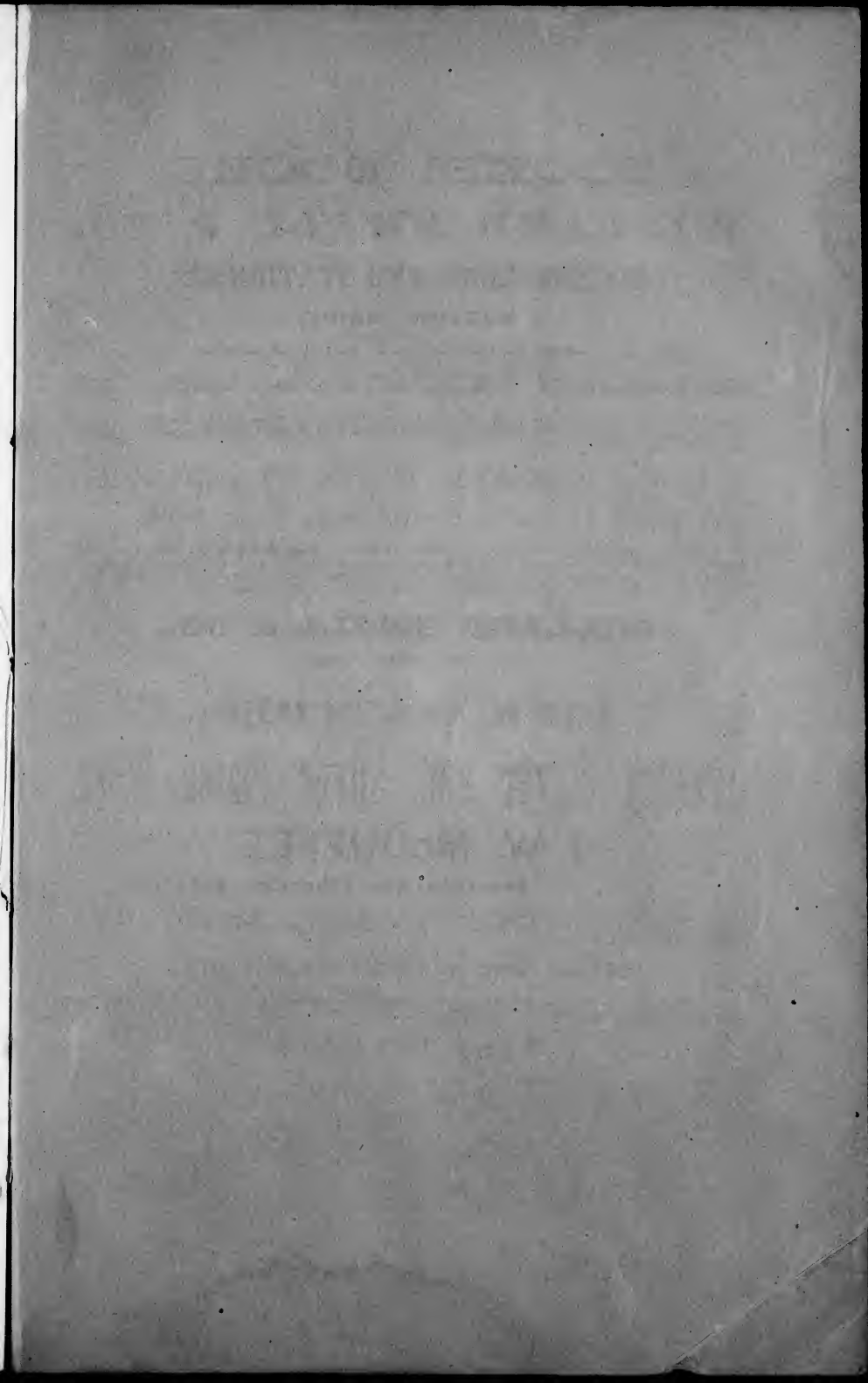
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VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1873.

No. 8.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

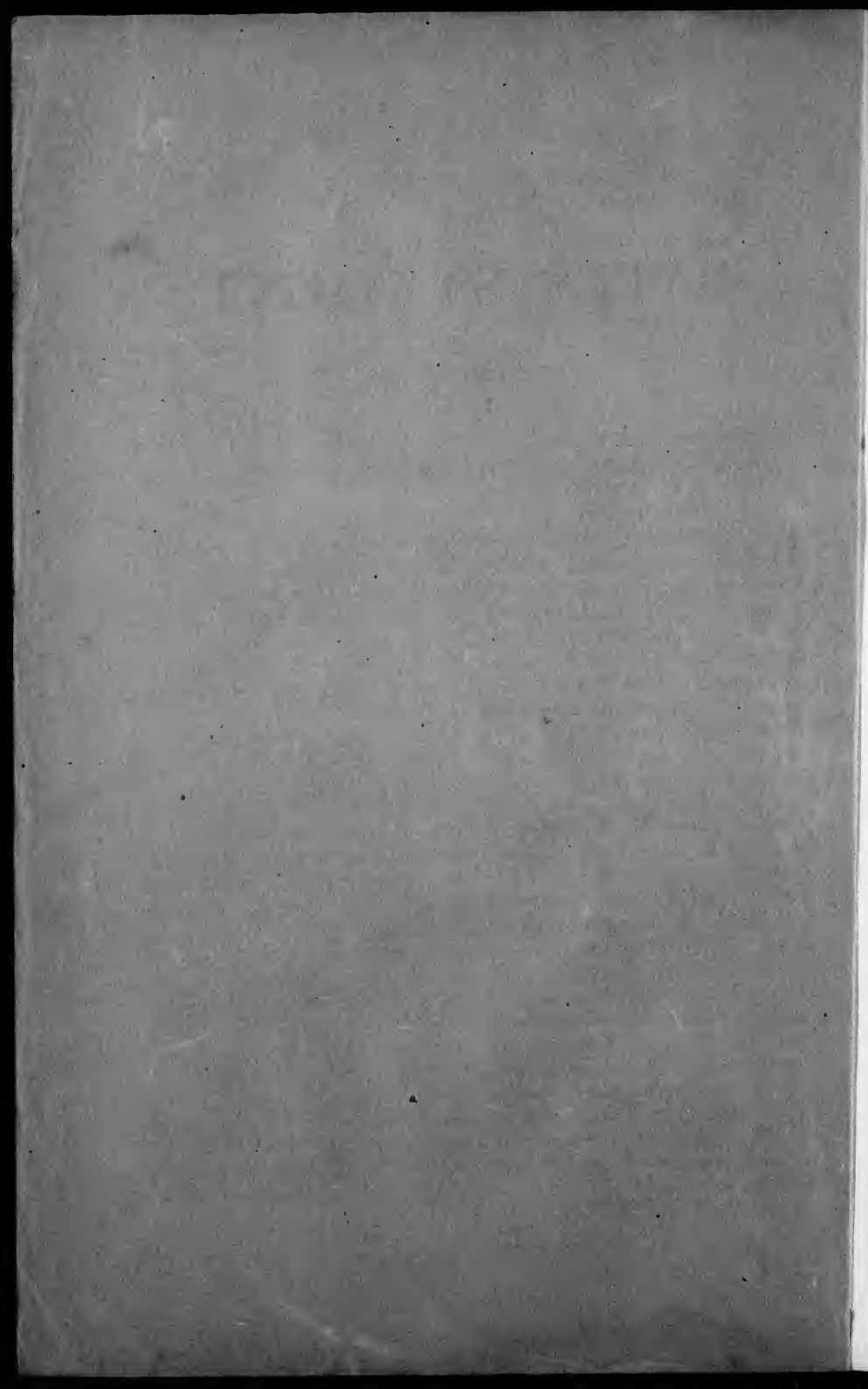
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LEWISTON:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1873.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1873.

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A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER II.

READER, our first scene closed with the coming of the night. The curtain again rises, and lo! still it is night, and the hour is late. Thick shadows engloom all things on the land, and sleep upon the still surface of the waters. There is no light save the sacred and everlasting light of the remote stars. There is scarcely a sound save the melancholy sighing of the zephyrs which, leaving the summits of the pine groves and stooping to "smoothly kiss" the sleeping waters, come up the slope to die amid the elms.

More than twenty-four hours have elapsed since William Arnold and his fellow voyagers entered the spacious hall of the Old Homestead. Yes, reader, we have availed ourselves of one of our undoubted privileges as a story-writer and passed completely over the occurrences of one whole day. But those occurrences, as concerning the characters of our story, were of no especial interest, and to narrate them would have been both profitless and tedious.

On this night and at this hour, perhaps of all the visitors at the Homestead, only Arnold was awake. His friend Reynolds, wearied with his afternoon's jaunt over the hills, most certainly was asleep. The evidence of his senses made this a sure thing to the mind of Arnold. But from his own eyelids sleep was banished. Nor did he court slumber. He preferred to lie awake awhile and think. He was going to enjoy the few coming weeks; of this he felt sure. The fresh and fragrant inland air was invigorating. It might indeed be sometimes oppressively warm at midday, but the blithesome mornings and dewy evenings were full of delight. The glowing skies; the sweep of the hill-slopes; the far vistas from the mountain heights; the long-drawn aisles of the echoing wood, where the shifting sunbeams loved to play; the odor of the pines; the music of the waterfalls; fishing, hunting, and pleasure excursions; afternoon sails along the edges of the lakes where the waters were imbrowned by the shadow of the neighboring forest; and the companionship

of pleasant acquaintances — all seemed to promise him a period of rare content and delightful recreation.

But it was not altogether thoughts like these that occupied his mind at this hour of the night. There were other thoughts of a deeper and somewhat perplexing nature. Miss Mabel Harlow had most strangely impressed him. Naturally enough, he, at first, felt a strong desire to know more of one for whom he had risked his own life. Since then he had seen her, associated and conversed with her. He had seen in her evidences of an unusual and remarkable character; so very much and so peculiarly did she differ from all other persons with whom he had ever conversed, that he knew not how to regard her. There was a strangeness about her which he could not understand. She attracted him, and if at the same time she did not repel, yet she so perplexed him that at times he could not feel at ease in her presence. The impression which she made on him was anomalous in his experience and apparently inexplicable.

She possessed a striking personage. He had noticed her as she stood on the lawn and as she came into the dining-hall at noon, and each time he had thought that this "Lady of the Lake," as his friend Reynolds called her, could not be at all inferior in beauty to the one which Walter Scott conceived.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!"

Yes, it was a lovely face, but there was a loftiness, a stateliness about it, something that reminded him of the faulty faultlessness of Tennyson's

Maud. In conversation with her he had admired her wit and eloquence as much as he had been perplexed by her sudden and frequent transitions from mood to mood, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and the occasional strangeness of her speech.

Of Mabel Harlow, then, he was thinking. He was endeavoring to define the impression she had made upon him, and to solve this fascinating problem. This it was that occupied his mind and kept him awake at this still and late night hour. He had not fallen in love. No; he was certain that he had not; and yet, he was compelled to confess that this girl had taken possession of his mind; he could not drive her from his thoughts. At length, however, he slept; and in his dreams we know not what visions may have haunted him, of a perfect yet strange, mysterious beauty.

The next morning, just as the sun "new risen" was pouring a flood of golden light through the mountain-gaps of the east, Arnold awoke. Through the half-open window he caught a glimpse of the waking landscape and heard the matin songs of the birds in the elms. He arose at once, without waking his companion, and was soon sauntering along an easy pathway which had been cleared through the woods on the western side of the little lake which extended from the foot of the slope in front of the Homestead northward for two or three miles among the hills.

It was indeed a glorious morning. The splendor of the re-appearing sun filled the heavens, and, descending to the earth, caused every dew-damp leaf

of the forests, and every blade of grass, and every nodding flower, to shine and tremble with the joy of a new life. A few lingering clouds, which had not yet wholly lost the roseate flush of the dawn, were slowly sailing across the glowing skies; the mists still shrouded with their silvery veil the eastern shore of the lake where the shadows longest lingered; while on all sides the birds "cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray to gratulate the sweet return of morn."

On Arnold went till he had placed a half-mile between himself and the Homestead. A few yards ahead of him the path took a gradual turn to the right and led down among the trees to a sandy shore, somewhat wide for so small a lake, and extending along the distance of several rods. As he approached this turn in the path, a sound fell upon his ear which caused him to suddenly stop. Some other early riser had reached the Beach, as it was called, before him. Again he heard it, the "silver-treble trilling" of a woman's laughter, and the splashing of some object in the water of the lake.

"Here, Sir Point, here!"

He heard these words ringing through the woods and out across the lake. They were followed by more splashing and a fresh outburst of laughter. If he could have failed to recognize the voice, he might even then have known who the speaker was. He had not only made Miss Harlow's acquaintance the preceding day, but that of her pet dog, Sir Point, as well.

"Love me, love my dog," she had exclaimed, with the most captivating unreserve, and he had responded,

"Most certainly; I am happy to make your acquaintance, Sir Point."

"Sir Point Harlow," she said.

"Sir Point Harlow," he repeated.

And now, should he retrace his steps or go on? He went on. As he neared the beach he caught sight of her and again paused. The lines from Scott once more recurred to his mind. She was standing at the water's edge. Sir Point was near her, wet and panting, yet eager to return again to her hand the stick she was about to throw into the lake. Just as she threw it and the dog bounded after, she perceived Arnold.

"*Bon jour, mon brave délivreur!*" she cried out gaily.

Returning the salutation he advanced toward the beach.

"Am I intruding?" he asked.

"No, sir; you are thrice welcome. You come in your usual character of deliverer. I have grown somewhat tired of this sport and gladly welcome a change, though, as Sir Point seems to enjoy it so hugely, had you not come, I suppose I should have forced myself to continue. Isn't this a lovely morning? Away, sir, go away from me!"

This last sentence was addressed to the dog as he emerged dripping from the water and sprang toward her, carrying in his mouth the recovered stick.

"Beautiful indeed," replied Arnold. "You are an early riser, Miss Harlow."

"Yes, I seldom sleep any after day dawns; something forbids." Her gaiety suddenly left her, and looking steadfastly over the water, in cold, passionless accents, she went on. "When retire at night it is with the conscious-

ness that, whether I slumber soundly or lightly, before the faint light of the early dawn shall grow into the great sun, something will murder sleep. I sometimes wonder that I sleep at all, and sometimes wish that when I do sleep I might never awake. There are some souls that walk beneath the noon-day sun, and yet wander through an eternal gloom, rayless and pathless."

A strange speech, certainly. Arnold looked at her, puzzled and almost shocked. As she finished speaking she turned her gaze full upon him, and there was a light in the large black eyes which he could not interpret. He had noticed it a few times the preceding day, and it was this, more than her words, that impressed him.

She was singularly free and unserved in her ways and conversation, though at times strangely reticent for several minutes. There was a charm about her which, to the mind of Arnold, atoned for what his friend Reynolds had plainly declared to be a lack of womanly reserve and decorum. The remark had irritated Arnold somewhat, but he had given no indication of his feelings. In Miss Harlow he knew that he should not find that softness (be not disturbed, fair readers, the word is used in a complimentary sense) and deference which belong to most women, and yet he admired her and acknowledged a charm in her presence. He was not in love, however; the very thought of such a thing was repugnant to him. Nor could he regard Miss Harlow as a being formed either to love much or to be much loved. One of his very strongest feelings with reference to her was curiosity; he de-

sired to know more about her, and he determined that he would know more.

There was silence for a moment after she ceased speaking. Arnold knew not what to say.

"Your words and manner are very strange, Miss Harlow," at length he frankly confessed. "You surprise and perplex me. I do not understand you."

She turned quickly from him and pointed across the lake.

"Standing here, I might as well attempt to pluck the leaves from those distant and indistinct trees, as by whatever longing and searching—" She broke into a ringing laugh and as if by magic her gayety came back to her. "You don't understand me?" she cried. "Of course you don't; nobody does; I'm what you might call a chronic enigma to everybody, myself included. But I've played the egotist and perplexed you enough for once; let us change the subject. Come, Sir Point, if the gentleman is willing we will talk about you."

She immediately proceeded to give Arnold a humorous account of the dog's characteristics and funny exploits, and ere long he had caught her spirit and found himself laughing heartily at her quaint and witty presentation of facts in the biography, as she expressed it, of Sir Point Harlow. Seating themselves on the large rocks which had been fashioned into rude seats and placed a few feet distant from the water's edge, they conversed and chatted of many things, measuring wit with wit, until, starting to his feet, Arnold exclaimed, "It is the breakfast hour, and we perhaps ought to be returning to the house."

"I doubt not that you are hungry," she said. "You are not the first youth I have talked into an appetite."

"I can very readily believe that," he rejoined.

"But you *are* the first one to succeed in making —"

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"The first youth to succeed in making nothing. Well, that *is* a distinction," he admitted with a laugh.

"I charge thee to fling away all ambition to gain a higher. Disappointment is a bitter thing."

"I would my horse had the speed of her tongue," he quoted.

"If he had, it would be exceedingly unsafe for *you* to drive him."

"Go on," he said;

"Thou talkest well, but talking is thy privilege;
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex."

"Thank you. I'll reply to no more borrowed wit. You ought to be ashamed to burden your memory with such libelous quotations. Come, Point."

They left the beach and entered upon the path just as the breakfast-bell was heard ringing in the distance.

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THE summer day was dying;
Yet through the vale and o'er the hill —
Falling like a purple fold —
The rays of sunset lingered still.
Calmly and slow the river ran
Its winding way,
Stirred only by one fragile boat
Of leaden gray.

High, verdant hills were, sloping
Down to the water's mossy edge:
And cottage homes, and here and there,
A church spire rose above the hedge.
The brown stone towers of "Hawkswood,"*
Dimmed with the light,
And nearer the castle turrets
Of "Laurel's height."†

* "Hawkswood" is situated about two miles above the city of Newburyport, on the left bank of the Merrimac. Its entrance is at the head of "chain bridge." The river bank is covered with stately pines at this place, and in the centre, towering above all, is a large stone mansion very beautiful and imposing.

† "Laurel Hill" rises from the right bank of the Merrimac, in a bend of the river nearly opposite "Hawkswood." It is noted for the white laurels which grow there in profusion. On its summit is a large building constructed after the manner of ancient castles in England, and is called "Warwick Castle." It has been used as the summer home of the British Minister for several seasons. This, with "Hawkswood" and the Merrimac between, forms a beautiful view.

A Twilight Drive.

While meadows green were lying
Just below on the other side,
Stretching away to southward,
To meet the ocean's swelling tide:
Where, stained by the dying sunlight
The light mists glow,
Mingled the azure shade above
With that below.

The summer day was dying;
And, turning from the dusty roads,
On a goodly mountain's top
We halted, to view these abodes
Of peace, with rocks and hills so dear
To you and me,
And to see the light fade slowly
Over the sea.

Then, to the path returning,
We went down o'er the sandy hill,
Across the bridge, where a brook
Ran slowly. On one side a mill
Stood, shaded by stately walnuts,
And willow trees
A few, like weak amidst the strong,
Rose among these.

As on we passed, tall maples
Flung their shadows across the way,
As disappointments do sometimes;
Farm-houses, with barns old and gray,
Looked out from either side. Children,
With bare, brown feet,
Hallooed to each other, from up
And down the street.

But these fair scenes unheeding,
We talked of our joys and sorrows,
Bygone facts and future hopes,
And of things one earns or borrows.
Life, so dear to us, made dearer
By each other,
Received new love, as in each we
Found a brother.

When evening came we parted ;
While you went back to your own home,
It was my lot far away,
A stranger, in strange lands to roam.
But when twilight wanes, and shadows fall
Across the way,
I oft think of that mountain drive
At closing day ;

And wonder if in summer,
Or in autumn, cool and sweet,
Or when winter blows its
Chilling blast, that you and I will meet,
Or when one shall reach his hand on
The other side,
To greet, and raise the other from
The mystic tide.

OPEN EYES.

WITHOUT brain, sight is in vain. Sight presents material for the mind to meditate upon. Every one can see the outward forms and the passing beauty of nature's productions ; but not in every one does seeing set the machinery of the mind in action. One person, with eyes half closed and mind entirely inactive, looks upon the rose with a momentary feeling of cold delight, without experiencing even a shadow of refining influence. Another, with eyes open and mind active, looking upon the rose, experiences a feeling of appreciation. He not only enjoys the sight of it, but takes pleasure in studying the laws of its growth ; and his heart throbs with gratitude towards the Creator of all flowers.

Many a one has visited the Southern

plantations, and heard the groans of the slave ; but only the clear-sighted, open-eyed Mrs. Stowe really *saw* "Uncle Tom," little "Topsy," "St Clair," "Legree" and "George Harris." Sight is the guide to action. If one sees, in a good book which he reads, the excellent thoughts expressed, he will become a diligent reader. But if he merely goes through it with eyes half open, reading becomes a task, and he soon quits it.

At times, chances for speculation have occurred. Some open-eyed persons, *seeing* their opportunity, have acted upon it and become rich. Others have continued in the same routine of daily toil. In speaking of a smart man, we frequently say he is wide awake. We mean by this, if he is a

scholar, that he is critical; if he is a merchant or politician, that he is shrewd and capable of making calculations in respect to future events. A man who has open eyes is wide awake in the sense here indicated. If a man is a critical observer, he will become a close thinker. And "as a man thinketh so is he." Therefore, if a man sees well, he will think well, and consequently act well. Not only, then, is close observation necessary to insure success, but in order that one may become honest and wise, he must keep his eyes open in search for truth.

But as it is not in the province of this essay to discuss the importance of right living, we must confine our thoughts to the relation open eyes sustain to success. And, first, the mean politician should have a sharp lookout, just as much as the wise statesman. This is evident from the recent political wrangles and money frauds among government officials. True it is that Oakes Ames and Mr. Brooks, and even the *honorable* Mr. Butler, had their eyes open when they planned their scheme for making money. The only difficulty was, that they opened their eyes so wide they could not close them again, which uncommon phenomenon so attracted the attention of other honest men that they in amazement opened their eyes also. Too many fingers in the pie picked out all the plums, and many a senator was led to cry, What an honest man am I! Here were two instances of acute mental vision: first, in the planning of the scheme by one party, and second, in the investigation of the same by another.

Again, cannot every student testify that it is necessary to be thoroughly awake in order to extract a Greek root, to translate Thucydides, or to find the solidity of the groin? Flowers bloom alike for all, but it took Robert Burns to see and appreciate their beauty. We all associate with men of different minds each day, but it takes the keen vision of a Dickens or Shakspeare to see all the different characters. Steam moves the lid upon the kettle in the presence of all, but Watt alone discovered in this the mysteries of the steam engine. Every summer's night the ingenious spider suspends his web across man's pathway, to be torn down the next day by some one of his numberless enemies; but only one man saw in this the plan for the suspension bridge. All students have the privilege of a good library; but it takes the open eyes of a Goethe or a DeQuincy to see and appreciate, to the fullest extent, the fine qualities of a good book. Many of us find little pleasure in reading the works of Milton or Shakspeare, while a New Year's almanac will interest us for hours. Is the almanac better than *Paradise Lost*? Were Milton and Shakspeare blind writers? or are we blind readers, too indolent to open our eyes and see what they wrote? It may be said that all these men to whom I have referred, received special talents from nature; yet it will be admitted that their success depended upon their powers of observation and research. Whether this power was given them by nature, matters not as far as this essay is concerned.

We next observe that it is necessary for one to go through this world with

his eyes open, if he wishes to accumulate wealth. But does not the rich man get his wealth through luck, some one will ask? Sometimes one meets with good luck or misfortune from circumstances entirely beyond his control; but these are exceptional cases. Generally, one has good or bad luck, according as he manages well or ill. The lives of Commodore Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor afford us examples directly in point. Mr. Vanderbilt spent the first part of his life in the steamboat business. In this he was very successful and accumulated a large property. He finally foresaw that his money would be better invested in railroad stocks. He therefore invested his money in these, and became the greatest holder of railroad stock in the country.

It is hardly necessary for me to refer to the well known history of Mr. Astor, the poor German emigrant, who commenced life in America by beating furs; who became the sharpest man in the fur business; who es-

tablished trading posts in London, Quebec, and Montreal; who sent vessels laden with furs to China, and brought them back laden with tea; and who invested the profits of this gigantic enterprise in public land, which increased so rapidly in value that he became the richest man in America. Any one who carefully studies this man's history, cannot fail to recognize the fact that his success was due in a great measure to his taking advantage of circumstances.

So it is in life. In order to gain success, we must be wide awake and make plans for the future. How often when some young man gets a good position, do we exclaim, How lucky! O, that *I* might sometimes be fortunate! Just as though upon some, Fortune, with her golden locks, were smiling with special favor. The fact is, he is the lucky man who goes through life's pilgrimage with open eyes, ready to grasp every golden opportunity for improvement which the All-Perfect hand may be pleased to bestow.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

BY most students of colleges, and all schools of the higher grades, the coming of vacation is hailed with delight. There are a few students, however, who are obliged to "work their way," to whom vacation is merely a furlough for a few weeks of hard labor. At all colleges this class of young men is always to be found. They are easily distinguished from those who spend their vacations in

travel, pleasure excursions, or even the more quiet enjoyments, such as fishing, novel-reading, and loafing. They can be recognized by the expression which their countenances assume when, just before the term closes, they gather in groups about the college halls to discuss the best chances of making money for the next two months. Observe the flush of anxiety which steals over the brow, accompanied by an occasional

ray of hope, as they read the advertisements for school teachers, or book-agents who can earn a hundred dollars per month! Healthy, delightful employment, with a hundred dollars per month! "A fabulous price," the indigent student says to himself. "Two hundred dollars will give me a great lift towards bearing my college expenses for the year," he further reasons. But how quickly disappointment follows when he learns that it is a humbug!

This is not a fictitious picture, but one which many a student knows to be true. Would that those who have no sympathy with the scholar, and who think his life is one continual round of idle spendthrift, could be made to feel this!

The following letters contain the tales of one who "went out canvassing" during the summer vacation; and they show that an agreeable vacation is sometimes very disagreeably spent. Yes, reader, these letters are from Jacob Greenwood, who, not yet having learned that there are a great many humbugs in this world, started for Canada with high expectations. He took with him the well-known Young People's Bible History, thinking that everybody would consider it a duty and a privilege to purchase such a book. It is partly through a desire to excite sympathy for hard-working students, and partly to show the curious incidents these letters contain, that they are given to the readers of *THE STUDENT*. The day after he started Jacob sent his first letter, written during his journey while his courage remained good. It read:—

MONTREAL, July 1st, 18—.

My Dear Chum,—I am now in the great French city. I arrived at the Canada Hotel about seven o'clock this morning. O, I had a delightful ride! The first part of our journey was through land, for the most part level and unattractive; but through the northern part of New Hampshire the scenery was grand. On either side were mountains and valleys of every imaginable shape. Some were covered with trees; others were one compact mass of stone. Some were circular; others were angular. One looked like a huge oyster shell, with its oval side turned upwards; and another formed a perpendicular height of craggy ledge. The train appeared at one instant to be going directly against one of those masses of stone; at the next it was crawling along between two columns, and then darting with tremendous speed through an open ravine, leaving those grand heights fading into seeming haystacks. I thought that to a man standing on one of those peaks, our train would have appeared like a serpent crawling through a pile of big stones. It became dark by the time we were fairly past this pleasant scenery.

After a sleepy night sleeplessly spent in anxious meditations, in a car crowded with French Canadians, our train came to rest; and I found myself in a depot, where crowds of strange people were hurrying to and fro, with curious carpet-bags, funnily jabbering to each other. As usual in such places, I was immediately surrounded by hackmen, three on one side and four on the other, each trying to beat his rival by

getting a chance to drive me up town, where I had no desire to go until I had seen how things looked where I was. As everything was spoken in an unrecognized language, I stood wondering and speechless, till a familiar French word met my ear, and I happened to think I had been studying French. *Je ne peux parler française que un peu; je parle anglaise*, I ventured. Immediately the familiar words, "I have a hack," "have a hack," filled my ears, and I was soon relieved from the disagreeable familiarity of those hackmen by being carried to one of the finest hotels of the beautiful city. Being obliged to continue on my journey at six o'clock this afternoon, I have not had the opportunity of visiting many of the places of interest in this unique city.

The only noticeable object of interest which I have had the pleasure of seeing, is Notre Dame. This cathedral is the pride of all Catholics. With respect to size and grandeur, it might well be the pride of all Canadians, for it is one of the largest edifices on the American continent. As I entered the main audience room, a feeling of awful solemnity stole over me. Those immense rows of seats, all vacant, seemed to say to me: —

"Alone, alone, all all alone."

I saw a few groups of men and women sitting or kneeling in deathlike stillness before the altar or some one of the sacred images; but they did not lessen my loneliness in the least. After taking a cursory glance at the general appearance of this magnificent room, I entered the stairway, where, by means

of irregularly winding stairs, travelers are enabled to ascend to the top of the tall spire. About half way up the spire is the great bell. When I reached this I stopped, and fell into conversation with a man whom I saw sitting near. I learned from him that this church was forty-four years in the process of erection. Its spire is two hundred and twenty-five feet in height; the bell weighs twelve tons. From the top of the spire one can obtain a fine view of the whole city and its surroundings. How grand a privilege it is to stand on a pinnacle in the skies and look down on a busy city! The first thing that attracted my attention was the material of which the city is built. The streets, and nearly all of the buildings, are made of a bluish, dove-colored stone. The churches in the various parts of the city, with their tin roofs glittering in the sunlight, were the next objects of interest. The numerous and elegant parks, though small, add great beauty to Montreal. Victoria Bridge, one of the great gateways between Canada and the States, is a noble structure; it is constructed on the tubular principle. It is two miles long, and contains 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. The total weight of masonry is about 22,000 tons; the total weight of iron in the tubes is about 10,400 tons. The cost of this bridge, I believe, was about \$5,000,000.

With a hasty observation of these few objects of interest, I came to my room for the purpose of writing this letter, which I must bring to a close, as it is about time for me to take the train. So I shall be obliged to con-

tinue on my journey, and bid you good bye till I can write again.

Yours sincerely,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

After receiving this letter, I was greatly encouraged about Jacob. And thinking that he was having a very agreeable time, I felt no further anxiety about him, until I received two more letters in quick succession. One of them was dated :—

LOG HOUSE, *July 4th, 18—.*

My Dear Chum,—Believe me, I am writing in a log house. The people here have log houses, log barns, log sheds, log fences, logs for wood, and logs for bridges. So I call the town Log House, though its right name is Iroquois. This town is very pleasantly situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence.

I arrived here at 11 o'clock P.M., so I did not get much knowledge of the country between this place and Montreal. The country here is very level and beautiful. The St. Lawrence is a charmingly beautiful river; its light sparkling waters roll joyfully on with majestic modesty, as if trying to keep the people of Canada and the States at peace. The hotel at which I stopped last night was small and uninviting. As I entered it, I found a servant boy about fourteen years of age, and one weary traveler like myself. We were in the bar room, and were not invited to any other apartment. This was a small filthy room, which was filled with tobacco smoke and the sickening smell of liquor. On one side of the room was the bar, with its bottles arranged on an open shelf,

grinning like little Satans. As soon as I was fairly seated, one of these smiling fiends said :—

"O welcome trav'ler! let us shake han's,"
Hoping thus to seize a victim;
Said I, "Behind me little Satans!"
And in anger sore I hiss'd 'im."

Having traveled a long distance, I was hungry and weary; but the prospect of an acceptable supper was so slim, that I did not hesitate to retire without any. After a night made restless and long by dreaming forebodings, I awoke, just in time to prepare for breakfast. But could you be made to feel as I felt, when I caught sight of the breakfast table, and the landlord and lady, I know you would be induced to return thanks for your daily bread; or, to be more exact, you would not play the shirk by asking Charlie Pius to say grace each day at the dinner table. Well, when I accosted the aforesaid persons with our usual "Good morning," I was astounded at the wondering scowl of the countenance, and the sharp but prolonged "*sir?*" which issued from the mouth of the landlady. Since they did not often meet with people from The States, my voice sounded as strangely to them as theirs did to me, and I soon learned that that was the way they expressed our "What did you say, *sir?*"

Upon the table was a dish of raw bacon, and two eggs (there were two of us to take breakfast) which had been dipped into warm water. There was also some butter, bread and tea. I thought the table and dishes were some Noah and his family were wont to use until the flood, when, as they had no time to store them in the ark, they left them to the mercy of the waves, which

bore them to the Canadian shore. As I passed through the bar room, I saw several men openly draining the fiery cup. They had been discussing the character of the other traveler. When the landlord woke up this morning, he found this man preparing to take his wallet, which contained the few dollars he chanced to have shown the stranger last night, when making change for some liquor he sold him.

As soon as I learned of this, I went to my room, locked my valise, and came to a house and asked the lady if she would give me board and lodgings for a few days. She said she would; and she gave me a room to which I immediately retired and commenced this letter.

But I must go out to see what sort of a village I am in; and I want to know whether I can sell any books. But, O dear! what am I going to do among such people? And what shall I get to eat?

Do write soon, and let me know how Ike Trusty is getting along, and what Jesse Brag is doing?

I was thinking that I should be pleased to learn that Jesse had *flunked*, this vacation. You know we never liked the appearance of Jesse Brag, and never liked to hear Jesse brag. I know there is some comfort in knowing that others are in poor circumstances, as well as ourselves, but I suppose I ought not to wish any one in my circumstances, so excuse my evil thoughts, and, —

I will remain as ever,

Your sincere chum,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

After receiving this letter from Jacob, I began to feel quite concerned for him. I feared especially that he might not like the habits of the people, and their kind of food. I was altogether uncertain, too, whether he would succeed in his new business. I therefore resolved to write him the most encouraging letter the circumstances would permit. Before my letter was commenced, however, I was not a little surprised at receiving another letter upon which was a six cent stamp and the familiar hand writing of chum.

THE AGED POET'S WISH.

IN life's young days, when some one chanced to ask,
If choice were mine, how I would rule the throng;
I answered I would rule them by a song,
And dreamed my pow'rs were equal to the task.

But now I smile at my young earnestness,
And wonder much how I should rule the throng,
Who am not master even of my song,
But the poor slave of that which I express.

I smile at this, and only wish that I
Might write one noble, soul-inspiring line,
And feel, for one glad moment, it was mine;
Then, most content, I'd lay me down and die.

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

II.

AS I have intimated, irregularity was the only regular feature our meetings could boast. But we thought Harrie had had sufficient time to prepare his paper; even if he had not, the spirit was upon us to have a chat, and this was the all-important object. Human nature loses none of its identity by culture or any artistic veneering. If our ancestors reveled in the luxury of a "corner grocery" where they nightly entered the lists in social combat, it is not strange that there should be a demand for similar entertainment among the rising generation. Such steady-going conveniences as the "corner grocery" can no longer satisfy this demand. The saloon, the club-room, or wherever money can be the fastest spent, are now the places of resort.

Our club was the social extract of the "country store," nothing more nor less; its discussions spiced with gossip and tobacco smoke; the gentler sex excluded, from the necessity of the surroundings. We had but few of the appliances of a modern club. We couldn't afford them. We should have spent money just as freely and just as foolishly had it been ours to spend.

Circumstances had conspired in favor of our morality. But I fear we did not appreciate this boon of fortune. An occasional supper, with its extensive turbot and the various surroundings necessary to the ceremonial sacrifice of the same, and a libation of the "generous juice," would have been much to our liking. No! the College Club was temperate from principle,

according to its vote, from poverty, according to fact.

The corner grocery element was strongly developed. You have but to renew the youth of these patriarchal loafers, familiar to our fathers, substitute a cigar for the clay pipe, and an air of nonchalance for the look of humility, and the transformation is complete. The new edition is before you, revised and corrupted by the modern improvements. If the binding is somewhat changed, the matter within remains the same. The subjects of discussion do not change, and new ideas on old subjects are rarities. The usual amount of fault-finding and advice is given with the same patronizing air, and individual opinions supported by the same peculiarly individual wit, the application of which no one but the propounder mistrusts. So the world continues to "waltz through space," as the clergyman once remarked — meaning I suppose that its progress is interrupted by an occasional retrograde movement.

Pardon me, good reader, for this digression. I promised to trouble you with simply the reports of our meetings, and if I continue to moralize and philosophize, I fear you will petition to have these records taken from me and placed in less fertile hands. The Club would not authorize anyone to expose its character, but I know all the members desire the truth to be told, that there may be no misunderstanding.

At our previous meeting the conversation continued mostly upon college

affairs. The reminiscences of our Sophomore year occupied most of the evening, and were rehearsed in a manner highly interesting to ourselves. If you could have heard the shouts of laughter that made the four walls of the old room ring again, you would not be much in doubt as to the nature of these reminiscences.

The deeds of Sophomores, if they are of such a nature as the popular belief attributes to them, are nothing to boast of. As we do not claim to have departed from the general course of these individuals, we must modestly decline to recount our own personal experience. But with you, we can vouch for the "general cussedness" of the Sophomores in the abstract. As this, however, is the province of the manuscript, to warm over whatever of our conversation may be thought fit, I must withhold. After the conversation, the paper on Freshmen, by Fred Foster, you have already seen.

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The evening was waxing late and Harrie had not yet made his appearance with his paper. At last the door opens and in he comes, with his manuscript black from the marks of frequent erasure, in his hand, his hair a little disordered from the recent search for ideas; he seats himself at the table with the exclamation, "Just got it done, boys."

While he is arranging his papers we settle ourselves comfortably in our seats and wait for him to begin.

AGE THE SECOND — SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomore year is perhaps the most eventful and marked of college

life. It retains a prominent position in our memory. A sort of second top-boots and breeches period. We have entered the world of knowledge, and this is our first promotion. A time when we have just enough behind us to feel that we have accomplished something, and the responsibilities of the future are yet too far in the distance to be considered. The Sophomore looks with derision upon the swaddling clothes of the class below him. He is fully convinced of his own importance, and fears his authority will not be recognized without some material manifestation. He cannot refrain from trying his new boots on his younger brother.

With such feelings as these does the student return from his first summer vacation, and hazing becomes the order of the day — and night especially. It is not our intention to enter upon a tirade against this ancient but dishonorable custom. We are all of the same opinion, and are alike glad to see it becoming a thing of the past. But we would not have people think it a disordered manifestation of human nature. It is a perfectly natural development — nothing monstrous about it. We should all do the same thing under the circumstances. We all do the same thing week in and week out, perhaps in a less aggravated form and lost to sight in the multifarious duties of every day life. We like to see others below us and to know that they feel it. There is a secret satisfaction, however much we may try to conceal it, in the least authority. In college, however, this spirit assumes a most disgraceful shape because it is manifested by those who

know better, and from whom more is expected. This it is that adds to the disgrace and gives to "college hazing" such prominence.

Such manifestations occupy for the most part the first term of the Sophomore year. During this time their authority is supposed to be established and the character of the college maintained. If we look upon these things differently now, and with a feeling of surprise at ourselves, we are nevertheless more disposed to laugh than cry, and regard them as foolish rather than vicious. Nor are the Freshmen alone the object of the Sophomore's ambition.

The professors are circumvented by every conceivable plan. If, on the previous night, the hours of study have been otherwise employed there must be a little engineering in the morning's recitation. The class enters the recitation room with an "understanding." The recitation has but begun before a doubt enters the mind of some Sophomore, and to have it removed he asks a question. Upon that, questions become epidemic throughout the class, and the exertions of the professor are tasked in argument until the bell admonishes that the hour is up, when the class is excused with "a review for the next morning." The class files out of the room with a placid smile on the face of each individual Soph. Probably the doubts have been all removed.

"Cutting" is another propensity which the Sophomore indulges to its full extent. His conscience shortens the five minutes of grace to four—when he vanishes out of the window

or into the cellar, unless, perchance, at that moment the professor turns the corner, when his courage fails and the action is suddenly reversed.

Whatever else characterizes this second age differs in degree rather than in kind. The "tall hat, cane and whiskers" have an unquestioned right here, and soon make their appearance. We have known Sophomores to practice a sort of manual exercise in their rooms with their unwieldy implements before venturing in public, hoping to gain sufficient address to capture some unguarded heart. In fact Cupid finds many worshipers among these youth. As we mention it we can count, by the blushes, those who in our class were converted at this time, and are yet in thralldom to his powers. But I find myself growing personal and must beware.

As the year draws to a close the Sophomore begins to have a glimmering of something beyond, and his ambition is stimulated by worldly interests. Public debate and declamation are his pride and delight. He becomes established in his opinions and wishes to argue the point, that others may become convinced and know the truth. He cultivates his style and is much given to classical phrases. His French is frequently aired and his rhetoric decidedly Sophomorish.

These are a few of the peculiarities of the Sophomore year which represent one stage of transition in college life. To the student it is distinguished by a self-satisfaction which is dissolved only too roughly and too soon.

—A short applause followed, after which twelve watches came from their respective pockets, and their respective owners declared it time to

break up. After transacting a little business and assigning the next paper to Sam Jerrold, we accordingly broke up.

OUR CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENCE.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, *July 21st, 1873.*

MORE than three months ago President Cheney sent us a very kind invitation to contribute to the columns of your College periodical, and I partly promised him that I would do so. To speak frankly, I have an eye to business, not to say "an axe to grind." Yankees the world over ask the practical question, Will it pay? and Yankee missionaries are no exception. We have no time for writing fancy sketches, and no strength to spare for the work of newsmongers; but if now and then a few facts from this dark quarter of the world can interest your readers enough to make them wish and seek to help these benighted millions, they shall have them.

This morning, in company with our American Consul-General, Mr. Litchfield, and Miss Dr. Seelye of the American Zenana Mission, we visited the Leper Hospital of this city. Sixty confirmed, incurable lepers, three-fourths of them men, were sitting about the wards, or sunning their disfigured bodies on the verandas. The doctor in charge had been testing a new method of treatment, by order of the Bengal Government, but how significantly he shook his head, when we asked if the experiment had been a

successful one? The poor patients are treated kindly, well fed, allowed to go and come when they please, and are provided with a Chaplain who holds a religious service at the Hospital every week. Only the nominal Christians, perhaps one-sixth of the whole number, attend this meeting, the Hindus and Mahommedans caring for none of these things. The scene was one to make the heart sad, and we turned away into the fresh air of the street thanking God for health and hope.

Just such a leper's hospital is this vast country. From the Himalayas to the Cape, and from sea to sea, the land is cursed with the leprosy of sin, and its foul stench burdens the air of heaven. For many centuries India has been a lazaret-house, from whose pestilential wards millions have dropped into the agonies of everlasting torment. The disease has been incurable, though philosophers and sages have devised many remedies. Of late Hindus have been trying a new method of treatment. Last Sabbath evening I listened to the distinguished Hindu reformer, Babu Keshab Chandra Sen, who stands at the head of this "new departure." But every honest observer must testify that the new treatment produces no salutary effect on this deep-seated,

dreadful disease of sin. The dogmas and negations of the Brahmist religion are but as court-plaster and cologne to the sores of leprosy. They have no cure for that alarming malady, sin.

But, thank God, there is "balm in Gilead," and a "physician there." He who had pity on the poor Galilean leper, and touched him, saying, "*I will, be thou clean!*" is even here in these abodes of sin and misery. At His healing touch already thousands have been made clean. And still the work goes on. But how few in India to point poor perishing sufferers to Him who alone can help and save them! Our hearts were filled with joy and praise on hearing that several students at Hillsdale College were eager to join our little band in this foreign field, and

devote their lives to holding forth the Word of Life to the heathen. Cannot Bates College send us help? My whole object in sending you these hurried lines to-day is to call for fresh laborers for this Mission field. "*Come over and help us.*" We need young men and young women, full of learning, life and enterprise, for a work so beset with obstacles as this. Whoever hears the Spirit's call, "*Son of man, I have made thee a watchman,*" and feels "*Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel,*" let him pray for heavenly guidance, and exclaim, "*Here am I, send me.*" We shall look for help from Bates, and when her representatives come to our aid we shall give them a genuine hearty welcome.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

MRS. FOSS AND HER READINGS.

[MRS. LOUISE WOODWORTH FOSS, who gives a reading in THE STUDENTS' COURSE OF LECTURES, Thursday evening, October 23d, recently gave a reading in the parlors of a friend. Among the invited guests was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who thus describes her and her readings.—EDS.]

A YOUNG woman stood before us, fresh, winsome, bright and cheery, showing perfect health in her brilliant complexion and well-rounded figure, who bowed to us gracefully, and greeted us with so pleasant a smile, as to bespeak immediately the good-will of everybody. Her figure was fine and commanding, her dress stylish and becoming, and her manner dignified, perfectly self-possessed, and free from artificiality. She began to read: her educated voice was music in its every tone. Clear as a silver bell, resonant and

flexible, it is capable of expressing every grade of passion and emotion known to humanity.

She gave us Longfellow's "Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer"; and our hearts throbbed responsive to the beseeching, imploring petitions of those who, "burdened with crosses," pour out their complaints to Heaven. She recited "The Charcoal Man"; and we heard the oft-repeated echoes of the distant hills, as it gave back the cry of the charcoal-vender, and the mimicries of mischievous urchins in far, far-away streets. She read "La Cica";

and, lo! the voluptuous and wily Italian Countess was before us, with her languid air, her coquettish glances, her softly-spoken Italianized English, while her companion, the Hoosier senator, lined out to her, with Western accent, a quotation from Isaac Watts, his "favorite English poet." Then followed "Gone with a Handsomer Man"; and we wept over the desolation of the seemingly-deserted young husband, who smothered the curses that leaped to his lips, and blessed his faithless but still beloved wife instead. And when the "joking" wife returned in company with her father, who proved to be her "handsomer man," we all caught the contagion of John's hearty laughter, as glad to have the joke end thus happily as was the benumbed but now beatified John.

How we all broke down over the death-scene of poor "Jo," as depicted in the "Bleak House," the thin, husky voice begging piteously in the darkness of coming death for the "light" which was so "slow in coming," and then halting forever midway in prayer, as the light of the great Hereafter burst on his astonished vision, dispelling for him the fogs and mists and chilling vapors of earth which had always enshrouded them. She recited "Charlie Machree"; and by this time we had forgotten to criticise, and had yielded ourselves to the enjoyment of the occasion, expressing our satisfaction in a perfect *abandon* of applause. We held our breath at the artistic rendering of the dramatic little poem, which showed us the stalwart Charlie battling with the swift-floating river, across which his vain Scotch sweetheart had dared him

to swim. He began to sink; and our hearts stood still at her frozen horror. She shrieked for "help!" and we rose half way from our seats in our desire to go to her aid. Leaning over the river's brink with wide-extended arms, she encouraged, and tenderly exhorted, and bravely assured him, till his hand grasped hers, and he was saved. And the little parlor audience went wild with acclamation as the fair reader gave us a vivid picture of the Scotch "laddie," fainting on the bank, now held to the heart of his overjoyed "lassie," who turned to weep aloud with penitence at the peril she had enticed him to run and gladness for his salvation.

And then came a reading from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with another from "Macbeth," sandwiched between selections from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" and Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Stories."

Our programme was long and varied. For the audience soon took that matter into their hands, calling out for what they wanted, like diners at a café.

Nobody seemed to remember that Mrs. Foss might be wearied, until it was well on to midnight. And then her audience crowded about her, the ice of the early evening all thawed away, to offer hearty congratulations and eloquent thanks.

Mrs. Foss has youth, health, and talent; and, with the laudable ambition which now moves her, the world will yet hear more of her. As it is she is already well known to the public, which has accorded her no small meed of praise and of more substantial recompense.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

“HE plugs,” says many a college student, sneeringly, about the one who excels him in the recitation room or in public debate. The word plugging has come to be used as a term of reproach for all hard-working students. It seems to be a favorite notion with some students, that no one is smart who is obliged to work hard for excellence. This is a mistake. They are the smartest, in general, who work hardest. The advance in art, literature, science, and philosophy, is due to the persevering, invincible will of those who were pluggers in college; or, to those who were active in the ordinary occupations of youth, if they did not chance to take a college course.

In college young men form definite modes of study and application. Some are very active; others are careless and idle. Is it not true, that active students make active men? And are not the men of action the men who benefit the world? But, it is said, some of our greatest men were the poorest scholars in college. Does it follow that they were not great workers in college? Many students mistake in basing their conclusions upon exceptional cases. Because some distinguished man had a remarkable disregard for text books when he was a student in college, is no argument that, if I am careless in college, I shall become a great man.

We do not propose to confine our remarks entirely to those who spend their time in plugging upon the studies laid down in the college curriculum. Our argument is this: no one excels without great effort; the most studious application to study, by the undergraduate, is generally accompanied by corresponding application to business, by the post-graduate; further, thorough scholarship is not indispensable to the future greatness of the college student, provided he applies himself earnestly to some favorite employment in college; this may be miscellaneous reading, writing or debating, but it must be something; it is next to impossible for one, who makes no proficiency during the college course, to become a successful man.

Some are slow to learn and are not anxious to excel in their studies, but are intensely interested in something else. To this they give their attention; they work hard till they gain success and excellence. Then the idle student, looking upon such with envy, tries to console himself by saying they plug, as much as to say they could not beat me if I should try. But why does he not try? He has not the ability. Every one does about as well as he can.

Some contend that all persons have equal natural abilities, but by different cultivation these abilities become unlike

in degree; while others believe that men are born with entirely different abilities. Not accepting or rejecting either in full, we are inclined to believe that, though the mind itself, the psychological entity, may be the same in essence, men are endowed with different inclinations and different powers for application. The faculty to apply one's self to any task is a part of his ability. This is no less true in the case of great men than of students in college.

One reason that hard study is considered weakness rather than strength, by some students, is, that the first scholars do not usually gain immediate distinction; but this is a false stumbling block. Some of the best scholars enter upon professional life, after leaving college, and become the most successful and useful men; while others fail as professional men. Their failure should not be attributed to misdirected energy while in college, but to a wrong choice of employment after leaving college. Diligent scholars acquire scholastic tastes. Frequently, they desire to pursue their studies after they leave the Commencement stage. Hence many become teachers; and teachers, however deserving, seldom gain applause. But are teachers less great men than distinguished lawyers and cackling stump speakers?

Perhaps the strongest reason for the sneers which hard-working students receive, is the fact that Valedictorians are thought to study for rank. But we believe that such students do not usually study merely for rank; they study because they have a strong desire for knowledge and a love for study. It

may be further said, that students should acquire general knowledge and not be confined to text books; in other words, that they should not become "mere book worms." A truer saying than this was never uttered; yet, are there not some who have not the ability to acquire that kind of knowledge, and are, nevertheless, good scholars? Is it not better for such to acquire a knowledge of text books than no knowledge? We admire a great statesman or a national poet more than we do a lowly blacksmith. Should we blame a young man who had a natural taste for shoeing his neighbors' horses, because he did not write poetry or try for a seat in Congress? We should not sneer at any student for not doing what he has not the ability or taste to do. What is the object of life, if it be not to make ourselves and others happy and contented? If one who has no taste for general knowledge, and consequently no chance of becoming useful to others by that means, can find enjoyment and satisfaction in poring over his text books, should he not receive commendation for even this kind of study?

— Women like to be talked about. Now, as each woman cannot be talked about, how pleasant it is to have some woman question, for instance the co-education question, to discuss. In the June number of *THE STUDENT* was an editorial in which the view was taken that women ought not to be educated together with men in the same colleges. In our September number we printed an article, written by a woman, taking just the opposite view.

She begins by saying that the writer (the writer of the June editorial) evidently *designed* to treat the topic of Woman in College with candor and fairness. But unfortunately he did not succeed, if we may judge from what she says. She states that the ultimatum of the June editorial was the entire unfitness and incapacity of women for the course of training and culture usually pursued in college. This we flatly deny, and challenge any one to point to a single expression in the editorial which will warrant such a statement. She indignantly quotes "She needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her," as a foundation for the statement. But do the words of this quotation mean what she tries to make them? Where comes in the entire unfitness and incapacity of women, etc., etc.? The argument of the intellectual inferiority of woman has never been maintained in THE STUDENT. Nobody is so foolish as to deny that women have the intellectual abilities sufficient to master the studies of a college course. That is a settled fact; and all this talk about the brain power, the intellectual ability of women, is, as regards the question of co-education, simply intended for effect. What better chance for woman to manifest her indignation and create a panic, than by taking every opportunity to assert in the strongest language that

her intellectual capacity is equal to that of man, and that the person who says it is not is a liar? Shall we wonder then that women always fiercely attack this argument of intellectual inferiority when they find it, *and assume it to be made when they can't find it?*

We believe that woman is called upon in this age to do a great work—but not man's work. She therefore needs the advantages of a higher education. We say, let her have that development of her powers, that broad culture which shall enable her to accomplish her life work most successfully. We say further, let her get it in the proper place. Throw wide open the doors of Vassar College and Packer University to males, and let the question of co-education be fairly leveled. A yell—a feminine yell of horror breaks upon the air at the idea of so iniquitous a thing. And that is the way it will be forever. We hope Vassar *will* keep her doors closed against males, and we hope that male colleges will shut their doors against females. We believe this is the true principle. Let males be educated in male colleges and females at their own colleges. And we hope that time will soon come when the doors of male colleges will be shut in the faces of females with an ominous clang indicative of something more than refusal and disapprobation.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE latest thing out — The Catalogues.

The Seniors are very active in their efforts to comprehend the complexity of Upham's "complex activity of Abstractment."

A young lady was recently explaining the meaning of tulip (two-lip) salve to her three year-old sister, when the little one exclaimed, "Why, I calls it spit."

Student in Mental Philosophy to Prof.—"Will you please define a simple idea? I have searched the book all through and have been unable to find one."

Prof.—"Are those two lines parallel?" Student (in profound thought, replies)—"One of them is parallel, the other is not."

Soliloquy of Prof., after a student has tried to pass an examination: "I ought not to let him through, but will have to, lest by his continual coming he weary me."—*Ex.*

The story is told of Thomas Nast that when he was at the height of his celebrity in New York last fall, a Western lady sent him a marriage proposal. He sent back a cartoon of a lady with two or three children, with

this inscription, "My wife and children, the only objections."

The *Vassar Miscellany* is going to give a prize this year to the College paper that says the most pretty things about her.—*Ex.*

The *Anvil*, to say the least, is unique among College journals. Of the twelve pages in its last issue, only two were devoted to College matters. It may be very interesting as a newspaper, but we fear it will find it difficult to compete successfully with the New York *Tribune* and *Herald* as a political newspaper.—*Vidette.*

Anxious parent in the rural district — "John, I suppose the students learn a great deal of astronomy at the Harvard observatory?" Innocent son — "Well, the observatory isn't quite so convenient as one of the Athenæums in Boston, where we see new stars every week!" Parent — "Bless me! what advantages you boys do have!" — *Ex.*

"Old man," ventured a Sophomore, approaching the domicile of his *dulce* and addressing her paternal, "lead me to where my love lies dreaming the happy hours away, that I may pour into her diligent ears the ardent story of my affection." The only token the

darkness gave was an inanimate boot-jack hurled by the enraged sire at the adolescent victim of Cupid, as he disappeared down a dark alley.— *University Reporter*.

In the elocution department, last term, as the class were studying the passions, among others, examples of modesty were required. Mr. A. gave his example:

" 'O stay,' the maiden said, and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
'Excelsior!'"

The professor then asked how modesty was expressed in that example, "I think," said A., "it was rather modest in him to refuse."— *Argus*.

Union, we believe, claims one of the raciest of college anecdotes as her special property. The late professor Gillespie, so the story runs, had the degree of LL.D., conferred on him twice in one summer, by two admiring and appreciative Commencements; and he was at a loss how to dispose of the double honor, until mathematics, of which the Professor knew a thing or two, came to his aid, when he promptly proceeded "*to reduce the question,*" and signed himself L₄D₂.— *Ex.*

Exam. paper—"Give legend of Proserpine." Venturesome Fresh.— "Pretty girl by the sea-shore—Pluto on the scene—falls in love—snakes her—great confusion—girl screams—mother—wants to go home—no go—off for Hades—anxious mother—half crazy—meets Hecate—three heads—tells story—ham sandwiches and coffee for two—off to Jupiter—gets some mad—demands daughter—can't get her—tragedy—grand tableaux—curtain." The Faculty are deliberating on this case also.— *Courant*.

Chemistry. Prof.—Mr. —, please hand me that ewer.

Student—Sir?

Prof.—That ewer there.

Student—Yes, sir, I'm here.

Prof.—(getting his bile riled)—On the table.

Student—On the table?

Prof.—(bile very much riled)—Don't you see that ewer on the table?

Student—I *ain't* on the table!

Prof.—(ready to bust)—Can't you see that ewer full of AS.?

Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay before the President his grievances.

Prof., very much discomfited, goes for the ewer himself.— *Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

SICKNESS prevails about Parker Hall to a greater extent than usual.

Prof. Balkam is occupying the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy during the absence of Prof. Hayes in Europe.

The officers of the Sophomore class this year are as follows: President, F. E. Emrich; Vice President, A. T. Smith; Secretary, E. C. Adams; Treasurer, H. W. Ring; Orator, E. H. Besse; Historian, T. H. Stacy; Prophet, G. L. White; Poet, W. H. Merriman; Odist, J. W. Daniels; Chaplain, B. M. Edwards; Toastmaster, C. C. Littlefield; Class Committee, M. C. Day, Edward Whitney, B. H. Young.

The officers of the Freshman class are as follows: President, J. H. Randall; Vice President, Miss L. Lillian Montgomery; Secretary, L. A. Burr; Treasurer, O. B. Clason; Historian, E. J. Burnham; Prophet, A. Merrill; Orator, H. W. Oaks; Poetess, Miss Jennie E. R. North; Odist, F. F. Phillips; Toastmaster, J. K. Tomlinson; Chaplain, S. J. Gould; Class Committee, A. W. Potter, N. P. Noble, E. H. Patten.

James Russell Lowell, Professors Tyndall and Munro, received the honorary degree of D.C.L., at Oxford, England, last June.—*Magenta*.

The fifty-four colleges in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, conferred 182 honorary degrees, and 2,333 in course,—making a total of 2,515. Of these, Harvard conferred 219 in course.—*Magenta*.

At Williams College two Sophomores engaged in a little hazing, and were suspended. The class escorted them to the depot, and they also were suspended. The upshot of the affair was that all returned submissively to their college duties.—*Magenta*.

Mr. Lebarre, a French chemist, is said to have discovered that hydrogen is not an element. It is actually a combination of two elements; one of which compares in weight with hydrogen as formerly known, as 1 to 9, and with ordinary gas, as 1 to 25. The lighter element is called *Abaron* on account of its lightness; the heavier retains the name of hydrogen.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge is principal of the High School, Richmond, Me.

'73.—N. W. Harris has recently entered upon a two years post-graduate course at Yale. He is fitting himself for a journalist.

'73.—A. C. Libby is in Boston. He is in the Civil-Engineering business.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is principal of the High School, Topsham, Me.

'73.—E. R. Angell and C. H. Davis have entered the Theological School, where they are at present pursuing their studies.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1868.

CHASE, GEORGE COLBY.—Born

March 15th, 1844, at Unity, Me. Son of Joseph and Jane D. Chase.

1868-70, Instructor in Greek, Latin and Mental and Moral Philosophy, at New Hampton Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

1870-71, Tutor in Greek and student in the Theological School at Bates College.

1871, Elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Bates College.

1871-72, Attended University Lectures at Cambridge, Mass.

1872, Entered upon duties of Professorship at Bates College.

Married, June 12th, 1872, to Miss Emma F., daughter of Joel and Betsey Millett, Norway, Me.

Child, George Millett, born April 17th, 1873.

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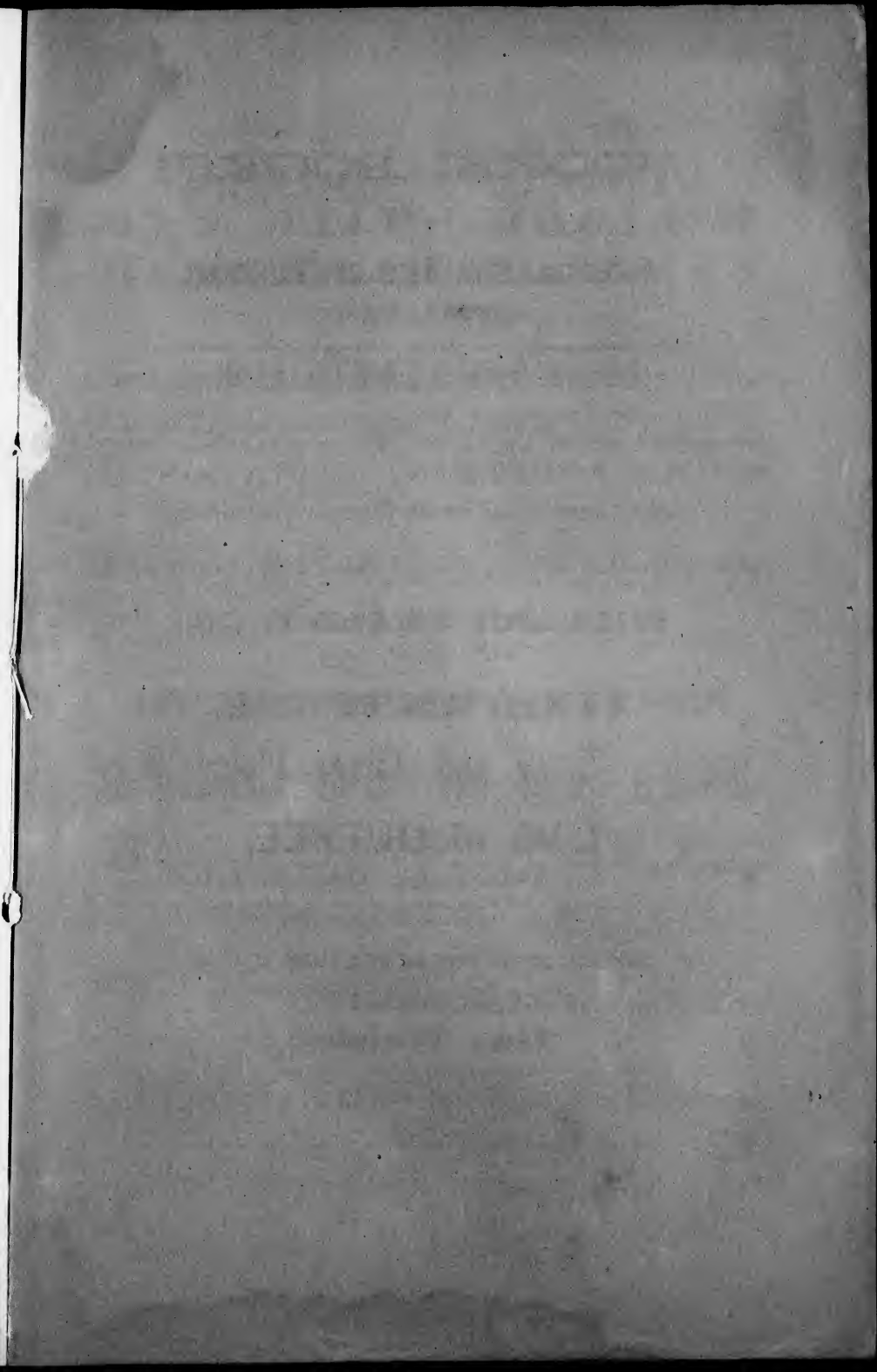
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VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

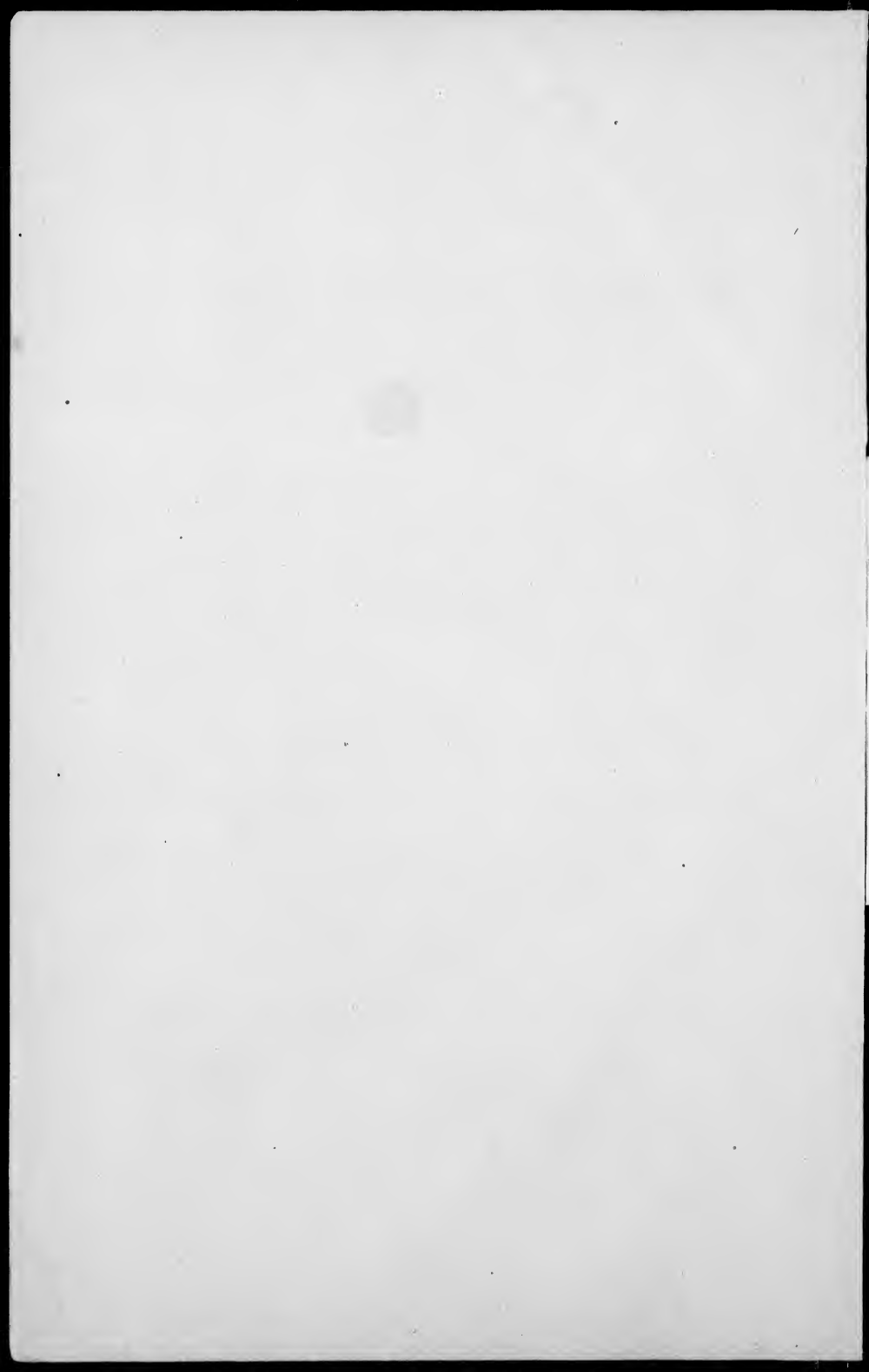
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PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1873.



BATES COLLEGE,
November, 1873. }

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER III.

“WELL, Willie boy, it seems that you and the fair Lady of the Lake have begun to take post-nocturnal ante-diurnal perambulations through the forest primeval.”

The speaker was Reynolds. It was an hour after breakfast, and the two young men were in their room, comfortably seated before the open windows, Reynolds engaged in smoking, and Arnold in reading.

“Shades of Dr. Johnson! Begun to take what?” demanded “Willie boy,” looking up from his paper.

“Walks through the woods at early dawn.”

“I don’t understand that girl, Dick.” He spoke with some seriousness, and laid his paper aside. “She is even more inexplicable than the most of her sex. I got up early this morning and started off on a walk to the beach. I found her there. We fell into a conversation which so interested me that I forgot the passage of time.”

“Yes,” observed Dick drily. “It must have been highly entertaining to both of you; you were rather late at

the breakfast table, I noticed. If I may be allowed to ask it, what was the theme on which you mutually discoursed—the beauties of nature, or, perchance, co-education of the sexes?”

“Neither.”

“Ah! Your remark that you met the damosella at the beach, and was highly entertained by her conversation, was prefaced by the observation that she is a very inexplicable creature. Unless her strangeness is evinced by the fact that she succeeded in making you forget your breakfast, I fail to see the justness of your observation. I don’t know how it is with you, but as for me,

‘A maiden by the water’s brink,
A simple maiden is to me,
And she is nothing more.’”

“If you will stop your nonsense,” said Arnold, “I will tell you how our conversation began, and the things which she said that perplexed me.”

“Proceed.”

With a serious look and tone, Arnold repeated the first part of his conversation with Miss Harlow, and his auditor was attentive and silent.

"Indeed, 'tis passing strange," quoth Dick. "'Tis to be feared that falling into the lake the other day, and salvation by you, hath crazed the maid. Now if I had — but pardon me, I meant to be serious, for I see that you are truly so. You said that the fair and mysterious creature saluted you in *la langue française?*"

"Yes."

"That shows her pedantry."

"I see no more evidence of pedantry in her than I do in you."

"If you see as much, the maid is a pedant *certe*. I confess with sorrow that it would be hard to find anywhere a more mournful instance than I am, of the truth of that saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." And I could not drink deeply of the Pierian spring if I would; I haven't capacity enough."

This was said with such a lugubrious look and tone, that Arnold smiled. Dick went on.

"Set a rogue to catch a rogue. Why not set a pedant to catch a pedant? I tell you the maid likes to tell what she knows, and delights to converse about number one. Nor is it surprising. If I should become a member of a Young Ladies' Institute, I suppose that *my* mind would become the dance-hall of fantastic notions, and I might even demand to be looked upon as a prodigy. You say that the fair collegian remarked that she is accustomed to wake with the dawn and rise with the lark, for which fact she is at a loss to account."

"Pshaw! You make everything appear ridiculous. She didn't put it that way."

"No matter; that's it in substance. I don't wonder she's puzzled. They say, Will, that there are not many girls in these degenerate days that get up with the lark, or, in fact, any other bird. She's one of the anomalies. I wonder if it ever occurred to her that the reason she wakes up is that she has finished her nap? Problems which at first seem difficult are often, after all, easily solved. You say she sometimes wishes when she retires that she might never awake. That is lamentable truly, yet not very strange. We are all hypochondriacal at times. Why, only four days ago, I myself had the blues and was as cerulean as Hodge's proboscis used to be at chapel exercises last winter mornings."

Arnold smiled at the allusion, but it was plain to see that he was irritated by his friend's levity and evident sarcasm.

"The maiden also remarked," continued Dick, "that some souls stand under the sun, and yet are in darkness. That is to say, having eyes they see not. She must have referred to the blind. The remark showed her sympathy. Finally she pointed across the lake and said something about not being able to pick the leaves off the distant trees, and then she laughed. You were stupid, Will, not to laugh too. The remark was truly funny. I think —"

"No matter what you think," interrupted Arnold, starting to his feet and speaking somewhat hurriedly. "You have gone quite far enough. I don't relish your nonsense on this subject. The impression which you have received from that girl seems to differ from mine, and hereafter we will hold

no conversations about her. But let me here say to you that she is not, as you seem to think, full of conceit and affectation. Possessing by nature a mind of unusual keenness, beauty and activity, and a strong, independent will, she has met with some strange experience which has put her ajar with the world and made her a problem among men and women—a problem which I feel a desire and impulse to study and solve; and I shall do it. You and I are good friends, but we are of different natures, and it is perhaps natural that we should not see and feel alike in all things. If you cannot sympathize with me, and participate in my sudden interest in this matter, respect at least my feelings, and let us converse no more about the matter.”

He ceased. Dick was silenced. For a moment he looked straight at Arnold with his eyes wide open, saying nothing.

“Cannot sympathize with you,” he then repeated. “Why, my dear fellow, I have all the sympathy for you which could be desired.” The word for was slyly emphasized. “But since you are in such dead earnest, perhaps I can assist you a little. When I awoke this morning and discovered your absence, I determined to arise and go in search of you. Accordingly, having donned my habiliments, I emerged from the edifice and sought the carriage-road that leads through the woods to the ‘city,’ as they call it. This metropolis, I am informed, numbers, according to the last census, about two hundred souls, counting the dogs which congregate before the corner grocery *in vastis multitu—tu—din—multitudinibus!* Whew! I didn’t dream

that word was so tall when I began it. Did I get it right, Will? ‘Thou art a scholar.’”

“O, stop your nonsense, and go on.”

“Well, there’s nothing like inaccurate scholarship; but to my tale. I had not proceeded far when I met a villain. Ah? I *know* he is a villain, Will, for though he tried to look as blank and harmless as a Chinese god, I saw a light in his eye that didn’t suggest the domestic circle and the Sabbath-school. I wanted to call him Mephistopheles right off. Externally he was youthful, stylish and courteous—a whited sepulchre—within, full of dead men’s bones.”

“Hold there!” cried Arnold, smiling. “You are too hard on the stranger.”

“Not a bit of it. I could *see* the bones. They stuck out in plain sight during our brief conversation. Why, the fellow scarcely spoke a dozen sentences, yet he told two lies, and had all he could do to keep from swearing horribly.”

“Why so? Did you have any quarrel with him?”

“Oh, no; we were both quiet and polite enough, but you see, profanity is the villain’s accustomed speech, and to avoid it, he had to pick his way as carefully as a barefooted boy in a bed of thistles.”

“Well, you have abused the fellow enough. What did he say?”

“He wanted me to tell him if among the recent arrivals at the Homestead was a Miss Harlow. It seems that Mephistopheles himself puts up somewhere in the haunts of the aforesaid city of Dogville.”

"Miss Harlow! Indeed! What does he know about her? What did he want?" demanded Arnold.

"I suppose he is impressed, and wants to learn about her. Nothing surprising in that, you know."

"How did he know of the existence of such a person, and that she was coming here?"

"Can't tell you. Perhaps she has been here before."

"She has—she told me so this morning; she was here last year."

"Perhaps, then, this fellow met her here; and it may be that he has seen her elsewhere, since then."

"Did you tell him she had come?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say more?"

"Nothing about our Lady of the Lake; he only—There!" suddenly cried Dick, interrupting himself, half rising and pointing out of the window—"I declare, Will, there's Mephist—phist—phist—O bother the tongue of me!—phisto—that's what I'll call him, there's Phisto himself!"

Arnold came hastily and looked in the direction indicated. Just where the path, which led to the beach, took a quick turn and passed out of sight near the edge of the woods, he saw a man, dressed in light clothes, standing idly, and looking toward the house. Turning from the window, Arnold paced the floor a moment, lost in deep thought, and then, taking his hat, he left the room. Dick suspected his purpose, and continued looking from the window. In a moment he saw his friend pass beneath the elms and walk leisurely toward the stranger. The latter, as Arnold drew near, turned

into the beach path and passed out of sight. Soon Arnold followed, and Dick could see him no longer. Then he burst into a laugh which ended in a chuckle and with a shake of the head. "I must keep an eye on this affair; there may be something in it after all; and Will seems in such dead earnest."

Shortly after, he too left the room, with the intention of going over to the little village of Dogville, as he had called it, but which was known through the surrounding country as Maple Corner, and was situated at the distance of about two miles from the Homestead. His way lay directly through the woods in a southwesterly direction. The beach path, as we have before indicated, extended almost due north along the western shore of Homestead Lake.

As he walked along over the smooth turf and by the western wing of the house, between it and the lofty, over-shadowing elms, the outgushing song of a bird caused him suddenly to look up. The songster was concealed amid the foliage of a long branch which swept down, like a green cascade, toward an open window in the second story. In this window, and only half hid by the intervening branch, was a sight which arrested his progress and filled him with instant admiration. The face which he saw was that of a young girl "on the very eve of womanhood." It was not one to be passed heedlessly by and soon forgotten. No one ever saw it once without wishing to see it again. It was such a face as high-souled poets see in their dreams and sing in their songs, and religious artists love to paint. Reynolds gazed

delighted. His approach had not disturbed the maiden's reverie; her figure was motionless; she was looking upward at the slightly swaying tree-tops and perhaps into the blue sky beyond.

"There was a sweetness in her upturn'd eyes,
A tearful lustre, such as fancy lends
To the Madonna, and a soft surprise,
As if they found strange beauty in the air."

Ah! well art thou remembered, May Moreland, and thy rare worth in a faultful world; for thou wast not one to be forgotten, though the years go by, and deepening shadows veil the past, and many a scene and many a face which we have loved be recalled no more forever; as thou wast seen but yesterday it seems, thou art to-day, and shalt aye be seen through the long to-morrow; the glowing summer skies recall thee, and the fleecy clouds thou didst love to watch; the groves, the brooks recall thee, the birds and flowers and all things beautiful; thou art still present and the sweet influence of thy beauty, thy purity and thy love, shall never pass away; thy memory, like the soul, is immortal.

"Who is she?" Reynolds spoke in whisper, with his eyes still fixed on the upturned face.

Reader, we speak but little more of her now. The day before, she and her elder brother, with their widowed mother, had reached the Homestead. Since their arrival May Moreland had

hardly left her room, and Reynolds had not seen her before the song of the bird invited his upward glance, as he walked beneath the elms.

This morning she was fully recovered from the effects of her long journey, and hereafter she would be seen in the parlor below and out of doors. She sat by the window seeing pleasant visions in the air, judging from the smile on her lip; and yet they must at times have been more deeply joyous or full of sadness, for her blue eyes glistened with tears that started, though they fell not. Suddenly the singing of the bird on the branch near by attracted her attention. It was a song of greeting to her, she thought. She smiled brightly at the thought, and nodded a welcome to the little warbler. Then she caught sight of the admiring Reynolds. Their eyes met. Audaciously he lifted his hat and bowed, as though her nod had been intended for him. She started, blushed, and withdrew from the window. Reynolds turned quickly aside, and, filled with the brightness of the vision, went on his way rejoicing. Thereafter he loved the singing of the birds more than ever before, and his mind was full of poetic thoughts which entwined themselves, like the clinging ivy, about a second-story window half hidden by the branch of an elm tree.

The Wife's Lament.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

THROUGH the long watches of the silent night,
Weeping and lone I wait;
And wonder where the hours have taken flight,
'T is grown so late.

I little dreamed my life could be more sweet
With him I loved, not here;
Yet now, alas! the time is all too fleet
That brings him near.

The stars peep forth and twinkle out of sight,
As filled with vague alarms;
Like some shy boy that seeks, in sudden fright,
His mother's arms.

The moon keeps guard o'er all the starry throng,
Like a fond mother's eye;
Yet seems to say my heart's sad mourning-song
Shall never die.

This is a time for silence; or for tears
To drown my sorrows in;
Silence, that I may listen when he nears;
Tears, for his sin.

For, when he comes, his dull brain has forgot
Her he was fain to wed;
And so I weep, like Rachel, and may not
Be comforted.

Yet hark! I hear his spirit through the night
Unto my spirit call;
Ah, well! if *now* my hopes must take to flight,
'T is once for all.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

II.

IROQUOIS, July 7th, 18—. }
Saturday Eve. }

DEAR Chum,—Again I am in that same log house. I wish I could describe to you the oddity, the queer-ness, the funniness of my bed-room and its surroundings. But I have so many things to tell you, that I will describe it in my next letter.

I *did* go out to see the village I am to canvass, after I finished the letter I was writing. It is beautifully situated upon the St. Lawrence. The houses in the village are mostly made of stone; in the rural districts logs are used for building purposes. As soon as I had examined the village and got my courage up, I called on Rev. W. R. Dyre. With fear and trembling I described to the reverend man the merits of my book, which, I said, I was introducing into Canada, hoping thereby to reclaim thousands of his people from ignorance and superstition, to a fuller knowledge of the Scriptures, and a diviner insight into the government and influence of Christ's kingdom in this world. I discoursed upon the influence which he, as a clergyman, might have in aiding me to circulate a book of such merit among his people; of the blessing it would be to himself and family; and of the great help it would be to him in preparing his sermons for the Sabbath. After careful consideration and due deliberation, he consented to take a book at clergyman's price—that is, half price. Ridiculous! is all I can say when I think of such talk to an intelligent clergyman. But that is the

way of the world. It is easy to see our *past* follies; and they should teach us to avoid many foolish blunders in the future, for

'Tis folly for follies to follow follies past,
While sorrows for past, repented follies last.

As I did not then see my folly, I committed the same mistake again. I called upon Rev. I. F. Mavety, and repeated the same exhortation, with the same result. Not yet having learned my folly, I called upon Rev. N. F. Steenburgh; but a decided "*No, Sir*" gave me to understand that he was a man who knew his own business best. This sudden rebuff gave me a feeling of sad humiliation. Regaining courage, however, I next called upon Mr. Ouderkirk, the High School teacher. The result was a polite, but decided, refusal to take the book. His manner was so gentlemanly and kind, that I thought I should have liked to spend my vacation with him and his family, instead of attempting to sell books. Since this could not be, I came out upon the street, but every cottage door seemed to have an unwelcome look as I passed it, so I did not venture to call upon any one else.

I do not have quite as much courage for the business as I did when I left the college. I should quite as soon be at home under the parental roof, where dwells quiet contentment. But there are some pleasures mixed with the ills. It was a pleasure to see that teacher's cottage. It is situated on a village street, only a few rods from the love-

liest of rivers. The cottage is a small square building, made of brick-shaped stones of such dimensions as to present a frontage about two feet long and eight inches wide. These stones are slate-colored, and they are laid in pure white lime which appears to enclose them like a narrow frame, and gives them an unusually pleasing appearance. Between the cottage and the river is a beautiful green lawn. The door-yard is adorned with the choicest flowers of the season. The gateway is lined with low trees and shrubbery of varied foliage; towering above which are stately maples and elms. Sitting in flowery fragrance upon the door-steps, one can look beneath the branches of the trees and across the lawn, directly upon the river's gently flowing waters.

[*Postscript.*]

AT THE HOTEL, Sunday Evening.

I came back to my old room in the hotel to stop over Sunday. I am lonely enough! I have just been meditating upon my condition and prospects. I am a financial wreck. My ship is fast among the dreary shoals of a desolate coast where it seems destined to remain for a long time. I am lonely, homesick, discouraged, friendless, moneyless, among foreigners. In an inn! He alone who has had the misfortune to be delayed in such a place for a few days, can realize the lonely feelings those words suggest. Before taking breakfast, I stepped to the door to see if things looked any more familiar or welcome than they did yesterday. On arriving at the door, the first object of interest that met my gaze was a family goat, which,

with distended udder, stood tied to the door, ready to supply the table with its allowance of milk. From this unwelcome appearance of domestic economy, I turned away, and lingered in the bar room till I heard the announcement that breakfast was ready. After partaking of an unrelished breakfast, I came to my room, of which loneliness was the sole occupant. For two hours, I sat here in dreamy meditations and lonesome longings for the time to pass. I then sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church. Soon the bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then ventured into the street and followed along to church. In Canada the churches are denominated Wesleyan Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and the English Church. I chanced to enter one of the latter. The services were conducted very much as the Catholic services are in the States. The bowing, and kneeling, and standing, and responsive reading, and concert praying, presented a very serio-comic picture. Added to all this clattering of voices and frequent change of position, was the whistle of the steamers impiously ploughing the river, whose placid waters seemed to indicate that everything should be at rest; and to heighten the scene of confusion still further, several iron horses successively passed the church, snorting after one another in hideous fright.

After the services, I came to my hotel, dined, and locked myself into my lonely room again. I tried to read, but could not. Every line contained the imagined words, "moneyless," "friendless," contrasted with "far-

distant home" and "remote sympathy." You will not wonder such thoughts presented themselves in language, when I disclose to you the fact that I had only money enough to bring me here; that I have labored hard for three days with no success; that I am several hundred miles from home, without money enough to get back, and have no means of earning any. I shall kill time to-day (if that don't kill me), and I mean to wage war with Fortune to-morrow, hoping that I may be victorious and bring her to more favorable terms next week. Hoping you have written before this, I shall expect to hear from you in a few days. You cannot conceive of the delight a letter from you would give me. But I must close. Write often. Well, good bye—I don't know how Fortune and I shall manœuvre next week.

Your affectionate Chum,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

Four days before receiving this letter, I had written to Jacob; he therefore received my letter about the same time I received his. I was exceedingly glad that I *had* written to him before I received this doleful letter, for, at that time, I wrote him a very encouraging letter; but at this news I felt certain that Chum must make a failure. In fact, I began to think I should be obliged to send him money to come home with. With these feelings, I wrote a second letter, expressing my sad disappointment and regret for his failure. But alas! how fickle is Fortune, and how easily overcome in battle with Pluck! Chum *was* victorious, as I learned in a few days from a letter he

wrote me in answer to my first one. When I read this letter I thought it was a curious circumstance that I should be writing Jacob a joyful letter, and he me, a sad one; and in a few days I should be writing him a sorrowful letter, and he me a joyful one. Such was the fact, as the following shows:—

IROQUOIS, July 14th, 18—.

My Dear Chum,—I am having a jolly time! I have earned money enough to get home with, so I am all right. I was exceedingly glad to receive your most welcome letter. It was so full of encouragement and sympathy that I read it and re-read it several times. But it came too late. I had recovered from my homesickness before I heard from you. I have laughed many times about my despondency, since I began to have better success. That is the way with us all. We like to laugh at our former weaknesses and our former blunders; but we don't like to admit our present follies. I often wonder whether this is to make folks think we are growing wiser. I don't want you to think that is the case with me, Chum, but I do want to tell you how bad I did feel on that Sunday afternoon when I wrote you. Well, at that time, I did not care one whit whether I lived or died. Once I really wished I was dead. Yes, Chum, I got to supposing and I said to myself, suppose I should throw myself under the cars (was it not a wicked thought?) and be killed; and suppose I should not die instantly, but suppose the men should gather round me when I was in great agony and ready to die, and I should tell them to send my body

home. Yes, Chum, I thought these thoughts over so many times in imagination, that they seemed real; and I wept. And I further thought I should tell my folks to request Mr. C—— to preach my funeral sermon from these words: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." And I thought I should want to be buried with a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost* in my hand, because that was the dearest book of my life. Now were not those queer and solemn thoughts?

But, as I told you, I am having better success and a fine time this week. I have been traveling about, and learning the habits of these Canadians. It is fun to stop over night and sleep in a log house. I am in the garret of a log house now. The bark, even, is not hewn from the logs of which these houses are built. The upper and under sides of the logs are hewn just enough to make them lay together. Sometimes, however, the logs are so uneven that they leave crevices which are filled with mortar or turf. The logs which form the sides of these houses are about fifteen or twenty feet long; and those which form the ends are about ten or fifteen feet long. Such a log house contains only one story and an attic. Log houses are always colored brown,—the sun's favorite color. They seldom contain more than four windows. I saw one house, which belonged to a respectable farmer, which contained but three windows; each window contained but four panes of glass; and in one room each pane of glass was broken, leaving merely a bald opening between the unhewn logs. A

single tier of boards forms the partitions in the Canadian log houses. Sometimes there are no partitions, and as many as four beds are promiscuously huddled into one apartment. There are no chimneys, but the stove funnels protrude through the roofs of the houses. In summer, however, the stoves are placed at the side of the houses, and over them is erected a temporary shelter; under this shelter the women do their cooking. This reminds one of the convenience and economy which the Irishmen in our cities seem to aim at in erecting their pig-houses. These people rarely sweep their chamber stairs, for they seldom have any. They go up to the chamber, or garret, on a ladder; when they wish to go down to the cellar, they have only to take up a trap-door in the middle of the kitchen floor and find a ladder awaiting their descent.

When the family becomes numerous, they have a curious way of putting the children away to sleep in a large box. These boxes are about eight feet long, four feet wide and two feet high. The back side and the bottom of the box remain stationary; the front side and top are fastened together at the upper front edge of the box, and turn upon hinges at the lower front edge. The box remains closed during the day, but at night the top and front side are turned down, so that what was the front side becomes an addition to the bottom, and what was the top becomes the front side of an open box or bed. Such a bed accommodates several small specimens of the flock.

The young lasses and the old women are never caught darning stockings, for

they wear that peculiar kind of stockings which grow up when holes are made in them. Sheep furnish material for the women's dresses and the men's trowsers; pigs furnish the family with meat. One who sits down at their table is not afraid of spilling the coffee upon the table-cloth, for the table-cloth is not there, and the coffee is always tea. The usual supply at dinner consists of potatoes, salt pork, a few small raw onions for salad, and a huge pile of bread. They never make biscuit; the bread is baked in loaves about one foot long, six inches wide and three inches thick. The loaves are cut crosswise into slices six inches long and three inches broad. When dinner is ready, the mistress of the house, with the family tea-pot in one hand, and a dirty-faced, year-old urchin hanging over the other arm, begins to call the family in:

"Come Betsey, Susan, Em'ly, Alexander and John, dinner's ready," calls the mother of the flock, in a loud halloo, and continues, "Come, come, Rufus, don't keep us waitin'; I'd rather git tew dinners, as git so many young ones round the table,—speshly when there's a stranger 'n the house. Bill! do go tell yer pa to come 'long in t' 'is dinner! Jane, have ye called yer Aunt Judith?"

By this time the children are gathering round the table like flies round a cup of molasses, and the mother in a milder tone says, "Come—, I've forgot yer name?"

"Greenwood, Jacob Greenwood," I suggested.

"Well, come, Mr. Greenwood, you

must be hungry by this time, so set in and take a dinner."

After a little squalling among the little ones, and some sputtering between John and Jane, we all sat round the table and proceeded to satisfy our craving appetites with pork and potatoes. There was a momentary silence, interrupted save by an occasional whisper from some one of the children who were ogling me; then the *paterfamilias* said in a voice which indicated his descent from a mixture of French, English, Irish and Scotch, "I understand you are round sellin' the Bible, are ye?"

"Not exactly the Bible, but a history of the Bible. It is designed for young people, and I see you have quite a family, so I would like to show you the book after dinner."

"Well, you may show it, but I don't think it's any use, for the boys and gals don't read much, and then money's hard to git."

After dinner was over, I "talked up" the book to the whole family, stationing Betsey, Susan, Emily and Alexander on one side; John, Rufus, Bill and Jane on the other; with Aunt Judith, pa and ma'am looking over my shoulder. I commenced by showing the engraving which represents Christ saying "Suffer little children to come unto me." While I was explaining the engraving, Aunt Judith exclaimed abruptly,

"Did you say that was Peter?"

"Yes, madam, that man at the left of the engraving."

"Ah! I thought 'twas him; it looks just like him."

"Yes, I think it does," I said know-

ingly, as if I had been contemporary with Peter.

"Wa'n't the people large and handsome in them days," added the mother.

By this time the children had become intensely interested, and Betsey ran to bring the year-old boy that he might see the pictures; but the mother stopped her by saying, "Leave him alone, leave him be!"

"You see how interested your children will be in reading this book," said I to the father.

"Well, I do' know; is it best to have one, Betsey Jane?" said he, hesitatingly, to his wife.

"Yes, if you can pay for it," responded Betsey Jane.

"Well, we'll try and sell a few extra bushels of barley this fall, and give the hogs less. If they don't grow quite as big, we shall have pork enough for the family."

After I took the man's name I en-

quired who lived in the log house over in yonder field.

"Nathan Larue," said Mrs. Betsey Jane. "You take that pad [path] there; it leads ye right up to his'n housen."

Thus ended my visit with that family; and it gives you a very correct idea of what I have been doing this week.

So Jesse Brag went out canvassing and failed, did he? I don't know as I can say now that I am pleased that Jesse has flunked, for I know how to sympathize with him. If he had been several hundred miles from home without any money, he would have been forced to success.

But it is growing dark in this garret, for there is only one window; so I must stop writing and bid you good night.

Yours joyfully,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

HAWTHORNE'S SCARLET LETTER.

WORKS of fiction may be divided into three classes; those founded on fact, those drawn entirely from the imagination, and those in which the psychological is an important element of interest.

Of the first, the Waverley Novels are, perhaps, the best examples. Of the second, there is a small proportion that is good, but the country is flooded with the worst in the form of serial stories in such newspapers as the *New York Ledger*, *New York Mercury*,

and many others of the same type. Bulwer's "Strange Story" is a good example of the third class; while the book which is the subject of this essay seems to claim relationship to those of the first and third classes. Although the author carefully avoids the actual introduction of ghosts upon the scene, the ghostly element plays no unimportant part, and lends an absorbing interest to the tale.

He displays the greatest skill in representing that kind and degree of psy-

chological development, or perhaps disorder, which utterly subordinates matter to mind, and in turn subordinates mind to a morbid imagination.

In accomplishing this he by no means produces a picture of every-day life. On the contrary, no imagination less powerful and less erratic than his could have invented a series of such wonderful and extraordinary mental experiences as are recorded in this volume.

Few men possess so profound a knowledge of the more subtle elements of the soul, but far more rare is it to find those elements so intimately yet harmoniously united.

Were the mental powers and experiences less extraordinary, the story would lose a chief element of interest. Were they united and blended with a less masterly hand, the mind would be oppressed with a sense of incongruity.

As it is, the author holds his audience in the closest contact with the ghostly element, without the aid of weird music and the shimmer of green light.

Whatever other objections might be brought, it is obvious that against this story no charge of want of unity could be sustained. Nothing is allowed to interrupt its unbroken sequence.

There are no chapters beginning with the often repeated "We must now take the reader," "the reader will remember," &c., &c. From this very fact the plot may be most briefly stated.

A young and beautiful woman marries a learned man, old enough to be her father. He, impelled by those longings from which, in the early colonial times, no class was exempt, determined to emigrate to Massachusetts,

and sends his wife, Hester Prynne, on to the new world before him. For some years no tidings of the absent husband reached her in her new home. She meets Arthur Dimmesdale, a young clergyman, fresh from Europe, and apparently endowed with all the attributes of manhood embellished and heightened by the ornate culture of the old universities; but he also possesses passions which when aroused he is unable to control. They form a mutual attachment, and, blinded by passion, fall. It is at length impossible longer to conceal the secret, for a daughter is born. Hester Prynne is then condemned by the stern edict of the Puritan Fathers to stand for three hours on the platform of the pillory, and, as a symbol of her disgrace and shame, to wear on her bosom a scarlet letter for the remainder of her life. She is brought forth, and, amid the solemn silence of all, is placed upon that instrument of torture which, unlike the rack and cross of the Spanish Inquisition, burns into the sinews and rends asunder the tendons of the soul, leaving it blacker and more frightfully deformed than before.

While she is undergoing this terrible ordeal, her husband appears on the scene.

Secretly determining to devote the remainder of his life to a demoniacal revenge, by a sign he enjoins silence upon her.

He ingratiates himself with the people, and by his learning and skill in medicine, installs himself under the same roof with his victim, whom he has not been long in discovering. The health of Arthur Dimmesdale has for

some months been declining. The unsuspecting clergyman has not sufficient penetration and worldly sagacity to discover in the physician his mortal enemy, the man whom of all men he has most grievously wronged.

To the load of guilt under which he is struggling is added the subtle influence of this man's blighting presence. The physician soon learns the mental infirmities of his victim, and tortures him from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, until seven weary years filled with thirst for revenge and the deepest hypocrisy on the one side, and with struggles against temptation rather than true repentance on the other, have left the one a moral, and the other a physical and, perhaps, a moral wreck. All come to see that the young minister, who is idolized by his parishioners, is slowly sinking to an early grave. Yet only two suspect the cause.

Hester determines to save him; to warn him against the deadly foe who, sheltered by the closest ties of friendship, stands so near. She meets the clergyman in the forest, and there reveals to him the name of him who for seven years has devoted the energies of body and soul to working out a purpose none the less devilish because its victim had cursed himself with a life-long sin. She urges him to fly from an influence so pernicious, so fatal to him here and hereafter. He hesitates; he is but the shadow of his former self; he fears to push out into the dark, stern world *alone*. Their old love, which had never been dead, but had only slumbered, returns upon them with overwhelming power.

In reply to his despondent exclamation, "Alone, Hester!" she replies in a deep whisper, "Thou shalt not go alone."

But Providence has otherwise ordered it. Before they can put their plan into execution, the time arrives for the clergyman to preach the annual election sermon.

The occasion, the installation of the colonial officers, is no ordinary one.

Nor is the sermon such as has ever been heard in the colony. Never before had they listened to such lofty and impassioned eloquence. Then Arthur Dimmesdale, with the burning words of his last and mightiest appeal to God yet warm upon his lips; with the throes of his more than human eloquence yet agitating his frame; with an answer to his last and holiest prayer; and with the terrible consciousness of approaching dissolution urging him forward in the path of duty, moves on, until, with Hester and her child, he stands upon the platform of the pillory, and battling with death, confesses all—then dies.

The effect produced by the perusal of this story is peculiar. While the imagination is delighted, the judgment hesitates. We feel as though we had just awakened from a vision which might be a glimpse, either into the unexplored depths of our own natures, or into the yet gloomier chambers of the Lower World.

Yet, when we attempt to analyze this impression, and trace it to its source, we shall find no statement of which the explanation involves the preternatural. Indeed, the facts being admitted, the explanations commend themselves, not only as adequate, but as reasonable.

And the facts must be admitted; for in the main they are history. It is, then, the analysis of motives and experiences that leaves upon us this strange impression. In truth, the story is a popular lecture on the possibilities of internal human experience; an exposition of what the condition of a soul might be which should rashly attempt to make an incursion into the infinitudes of mental and moral philosophy.

It is a warning that we hold ourselves under a calm but rigorous self-control.

Few of us have not read that remorse is the offspring of sin. But what the bitterest remorse is, many of us have no knowledge until we have committed some well-nigh fatal error.

Hawthorne enables us to live, in the life of another, experiences by which we can hardly fail to profit.

These experiences are made accessible to us by introduction to the secret workings of a mind, rather than by an enumeration of its characteristics. Without the medium of an explanation, we see, through the illusions of outward conduct, the substratum of feelings, emotions and passions.

Yet in this work the author's strength lies, not in the delineation of character, but in his wondrous power and fertility of imagination and his deep insight into human nature in its extreme aspects. Add to this the purity, elegance and, if I may be allowed to use the word, the *elasticity* of his style; for with no change of style perceptible to the ordinary reader, he traverses the widest ranges of thought, feeling, and

emotion without once betraying an inconsistency of style.

It might, however, be well to qualify this, by the remark that in the introduction to this work he employs one or two words of which both Worcester and Webster confess ignorance.

To attempt to show, by extracts, any excellence of this story, except that of style, would be futile, and one must suffice for that.

Hester, having revealed to Arthur Dimmesdale the name and purpose of the old doctor, counsels him to throw off the incubus which weighs him down, and escape. He appeals to her to advise him. She replies: "Is the world, then so narrow? Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, as lonely as this around us? Whither leads yonder forest track? Backward to the settlement thou sayest! Yes; but onward, too! Deeper it goes and deeper into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step; until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! . . . Then there is the broad pathway to the sea," continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. . . . Leave this wreck and ruin here where it hath happened. Meddle no more with it. Begin all anew. Hast thou exhausted possibility in the failure of this one trial? Not so. The future is yet full of trial and success. There is happiness to be enjoyed. There is good to be done."

WOMAN.

INTELLECTUAL woman combines all the qualities to make her the pride of the social and domestic circles and an ornament to the literature of her country. Her mind is richly endowed by nature with quickness, penetration and fancy, which unite and make, with the aid of education, the loveliest character.

Let her native powers be fully developed by a proper course of study and discipline, and her mind will display a boldness and steadiness in the investigation of truth that will astonish and confound while it charms and fascinates the beholder.

Man may have an intellect of more strength and profundity, with greater powers of combination, yet in many high mental qualities woman may be ranked his equal. The greater disparity is the effect of education.

The mind improves in strength and vigor by careful exercise. While the system of female education carries the pupil barely through the epitomes of science and literature, the mind of the male student is led along the classic streams of ancient learning to gather the richest pearls of poetry and eloquence, and conducted through the recondite labyrinths of science and philosophy, to arm it with the wisdom and lore of sages. Look on the true picture. What but inferiority in their manifestations of intellect could be expected?

We here allude to the systems pursued in the common female schools of the country.

It was long the disgrace of man that

he frowned on the cultivation and expansion of the female mind, and indeed, for centuries, the keen scymetar of his wit and ridicule, or the rod of his physical strength, banished from the field of intellectual honors the aspirations of woman.

Man esteemed her for the usefulness of her labors; he loved her for the softness of her beauty and the purity of her heart. Her voice was the magic strain of melody; her personal charms were the peerless models of loveliness and grace, yet the wing of her genius was the callow pinion of the eaglet, and her eye of thought but the sally-port of attractive listlessness and delicate fatuity. In the domestic circle she was a queen of love and beauty; but her glories vanished in the cloister of study.

When seated at the social altar she was the light of its worshipers; but on the wing of thought her charms were lost in her mental imbecility. "She was Venus with the graces and the magic cestus; not Minerva, bursting from the head of Olympic Jove in celestial armor."

Such was once the station of woman in the estimation of man. The age of these errors has partially passed away. It is only in the sentiment of the ignorant and penurious that the true development of female mind meets with an antagonist.

The progressive improvement of mankind in morals—the glorious effect of the Christian religion—has produced this salutary change in public opinion.

Her mind has been freed from many fetters, and her pathway of fame and usefulness strewn with golden fruits and richest gems. Her labors have enhanced every department of literature; her fancy has thrown over the charms of poetry and romance the richness of genius; the purity of her heart and the delicacy of her taste have shed a divine influence on morals and manners and in the abstruse sciences of mind and matter, her powers of investigation have added new charms to truth. Public sentiment will now do her character and talents ample justice. Let no young lady falter in her efforts. Let her advance with a steady step and eye to her high destiny. Will she not forego the charms of home, and the blandishments of fashion and its sister delusion, to make herself an ornament of the literature of our country, and the means of much usefulness to mankind? The duties of her sphere demand the aid of intelligence and taste in their perfect fulfilment.

It may be true that woman was not designed to enter the fierce conflicts of "politics," or to lead armies to battle on the tented field. It belongs to her to fix the principle and character of the rising generation; to enkindle in the young mind the spark of emulation; to infuse into the infant bosom the in-

spirations of patriotism and integrity; to enrich the soil of the tender heart with moral truths, and sow the seeds of piety in infancy, for a golden harvest of godliness in old age; to aid in forming the manners and morals of the age, to elevate and adorn its literature, and to lend all the charms of her mind to the advancement of our blessed religion. To fill this faint picture of her duties, she should be an excellent moralist, a sound philosopher, a finished scholar and a pious Christian. While her charms allure and bewilder the affections, her mind ought to exalt the sentiments and designs of mankind.

Let her mind be well stored with the truths of science and wisdom, and the emotions of her tender heart mellowed with the beams of gospel piety, and she will be a "ministering angel" to erring man, and a wise mentor at the cradle of infant genius and ambition. Her enlightened charity will send the crumbs of comfort into the humble cells of poverty and woe; her gifted *will* shed the light of truth and virtue on the secret haunts of vice and wickedness. Let every parent then, educate his daughters. Let the trammels be broken from around them, and they will spring aloft with elevated pride!

"And eagle-winged,
The heights of science and virtue gain,
Where all is calm and clear."

S.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE attention of all interested in collegiate education has been recently called to the matter of college secret societies; and considerable discussion has been awakened by the sad death of Mortimer Leggett, of the Freshman class of Cornell University, while undergoing the initiation ceremonies of one of their secret societies.

That his death was purely accidental, is now generally admitted. It is the general opinion, too, that his death was caused by extreme and almost inexcusable carelessness. In fact, Prof. Wilder went so far as to denounce the verdict of the coroner's jury as incomplete, for not calling attention to the exceeding carelessness. His article in regard to the subject of secret societies, published in the *New York Tribune*, condemns, in the strongest language, secret organizations of every character.

The question of the utility of college secret societies is a very important one, especially for those colleges which as yet are not blest with them. BATES has none, and we sincerely hope the time is far distant when she will suffer them to be established here. There is certainly a demand for an enlarged number of *active* members in both our literary societies. And we should be sorry indeed to see the supply, at present too small, diminished from any cause.

Those colleges in which the secret society system has become firmly established, of course uphold the system. But it is a significant fact that the younger colleges, controlled by men who are graduates of the older colleges, and thoroughly acquainted with the advantages and disadvantages of secret societies, are taking a decided stand against the system. And, until the advantages of the system become more apparent and its good fruits more abundant, we believe that an unequivocal opposition to the establishing of secret societies is the true policy for our younger colleges.

President White of Cornell University, in his recent annual address to the students, presented a number of arguments for and against the secret-society system. He referred to the argument of Chancellor Crosby of New York City, as the best summary he had ever seen against the system. In closing he said:—

“Now I appeal to the members of every society, in their own interest, in the memory of their dead comrade, as men, apart from all the folly that connects itself with what may come in these societies, to throw aside all that is unworthy—all that is unworthy of you as men. Show that you are fit to go forth into this, the most interesting time the world has ever known, to

take part in the struggles of the world. Be at once determined to carry out these reforms here, there is no better school to learn to carry out reforms at a later period. If you cannot do it, come out as a man, stand forth in your dignity, shake off the alliance. Depend upon it, you will respect yourselves until the last day you live, and others will respect you.

"And to students at large, let me say, I have not had the heart to blame the young men who were connected with the society which has been most frequently in your thoughts during these last two weeks. If I have ever been sorry for any body of young men, I have been sorry for them. Perhaps some of them know whether members of the faculty or of their fellow students have been their best friends. I have not had the heart to add one drop of bitterness to their cup, especially when General Leggett spoke in such a noble and Christian way—as not one man in a thousand would have spoken. I appeal to you all alike, members of societies and those who are not members of societies, discuss the question of society as you may, but discuss it in such a way that your discussion shall be fruitful. Mere noise and declamation will accomplish nothing."

At the close of his remarks he read the following resolutions, which had been unanimously passed by the authorities of the University.

"*Resolved*, That no secret society shall be allowed to be established or remain in the University which shall not be shown to the satisfaction of the faculty to be favorable to scholarship,

good order and morality, and to be free from all initiation or other rules, ceremonies or proceedings, dangerous, degrading, or unworthy of gentlemen and members of an institution of learning.

"*Resolved*, That no student be allowed to become or to remain a member of any society publicly condemned by the faculty; and no person shall receive an honorable dismissal or any degree, who shall not, at the time of applying for the same, satisfy the faculty that he has not violated this rule.

"*Resolved*, That no association of students for the mere purpose of initiation, or mock societies, shall be allowed in this University; and that any student who shall join any such association or mock society, knowing it to be such, or engage in any of its initiation proceedings, or in any proceedings of the nature of mock initiation, shall be suspended or expelled from the University.

"*Resolved*, That nothing contained in these resolutions shall be held to restrict the faculty from further action regarding college societies of various sorts, should the present action be found ineffectual."

—We wish to say a word in regard to the editorial, "Woman in College," printed in our October number. Some have asserted that the editorial did not represent the general opinion of the College, and have expressed themselves apprehensive lest the policy of the College, in the matter discussed, should be misunderstood. That the editorial was not an expression of the views of the College authorities, and of many of our students, we are well

aware, but we cannot believe that the policy of our College in regard to the matter of co-education will be misunderstood on account of the publishing of the editorial in question. The firm and decided stand taken by the College from the first year of its existence till the present time, certainly cannot, or at least ought not, to be mistaken. Every one knows that BATES was the first of our New England colleges to open her doors to women. Every one should know that it is the policy of the College to keep her doors open to women until good reasons for their being closed shall have been presented.

It is generally understood that the contents of the *Editors' Portfolio* are expressions of the opinions of the College authorities and of the majority of the students. This is not always the case. The *Portfolio* is not restricted in any respect. The editors are expected to have such love for the reputation of their College as would prevent their publishing anything which would be detrimental to her interests. In exposing abuses and suggesting reforms the editors are supposed to be guided by their best judgment, biased only by a love for their College. This does not prevent the editors publishing articles expressive of their peculiar views, even should those views not be generally held. When, however, the policy of the college in regard to any particular subject is settled, editorial views, if antagonistic to such policy, should be regarded as editorial and not as representing the opinions of the college authorities. Such was the case in respect to the editorial "Woman in College." All must understand what

the policy of BATES is in the matter of co-education. The fears, then, of those who are apprehensive lest the policy of the College should be misunderstood on account of the publishing of such an editorial, appear to us entirely groundless.

—It is well understood, we hope, that THE STUDENT is open to contributions from all of the students, alumni, and friends of the College. While we are grateful to all for their liberal contributions thus far, we would especially invite the attention of the students to the need of even more liberal contributions. We do this, first, because we believe it is for their own interest. One design of college magazines is to give its students a chance for more extensive practice in writing than is required, or even afforded, in the ordinary college course. Hence all students of literary tastes should gladly accept this special opportunity afforded them for literary culture. And they should not wait till the Junior and Senior years, but should exercise their pen during the first years of the college course. By this practice they would not only be benefited as writers, but would feel more interested in the magazine.

Another reason why students should write more for college magazines is, that such papers ought to show the people what "college boys" think about. They represent, to a greater or less extent, the mental vigor of the college; they tell the tale of college life, and show what colleges are doing for the world. But a few editors, or one class, cannot fairly represent the whole

college. It needs free and generous contributions from alumni and underclassmen to make the columns of a college magazine what they should be. It needs such contributions, not only to fully represent the college and its interests, but to give variety and interest to the magazine. It must be evident to all that it is not the duty of the editors of a college magazine to spend their time in soliciting articles from the students. All should feel free and willing to contribute. Let the editors have a large number of articles to select from, and a college magazine cannot fail to be interesting to its readers, profitable to the students, and a true index to the doings and thoughts of the college, whose interests it is bound to maintain.

—"Owing to a range of mountains in the left field, the playing in that quarter was somewhat obstructed. Briggs and Payson, however, took two difficult flies there, in both cases the 'dead-red' being just distinguishable over the highest peak."

Such is the closing paragraph in *The Orient's* account of the game played by the Bowdoin and BATES

nines on the grounds of the latter, October 18th. That good playing was exhibited on both sides, no one who witnessed the game will deny. That Bowdoin was badly beaten, all, who examine the score as given in our *Items*, must acknowledge. BATES has not so good a ground as Bowdoin, but to attribute the loss of the game to the inequalities of the ground equally disadvantageous to both nines, may console some while it amuses others. Especially will this be so when we remember that the "range of mountains in the left field," where Briggs and Payson "took two difficult flies, in both cases the 'dead red' being just distinguishable over the highest peak," happen to be in the *right* field where BATES did not strike a ball during the entire game.

The result of the game was equally surprising to both parties; Bowdoin, at the outset, feeling confident of victory, and BATES hoping, at best, to secure only a respectable beat. The game was certainly better played and more exciting than the one played a year ago on the Bowdoin ground, when the score stood 25 for Bowdoin to 19 for BATES.

ODDS AND ENDS.

AND — as heretofore intimated.

A few of our students put some apparatus in the gymnasium buildings, not long since, but some *cowherd*, we are told, removed the same.

Absent minded — that Senior who, when called up in Mental Philosophy, recited an eloquent passage from De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

At the second lecture of the Students' Course, two young men stepped up to the ticket office and pompously demanded two *reversed* seats. Orders were promptly issued to the ushers to reverse a couple of seats.

A Freshman went late to a class prayer meeting the other evening, and, misapprehending the nature of the assembly, called out: "Mr. Chairman, I move that a committee of three be appointed to superintend the rush," but he was promptly called to order.—*Yale Record*.

A certain professor, whose chin was wont to be graced by a flowing beard, has lately returned, shorn of every vestige of his hirsute appendage. A Soph., meeting the aforesaid Prof., after a prolonged stare, and with a knowing wink to his Senior compan-

ion, burst out with: "By Jove, that's the hardest looking Freshman I've seen yet!" — *Cornell Era*.

A Freshman sends us the following translation of Mary's little lamb: as we wish always to encourage rising genius, we publish it without a struggle: The following is our only pastoral poem of the nineteenth century, transposed from the metric to the prose order. Mary was the proprietor of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outward covering was as devoid of color as congealed atmospheric vapor, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the Seminary attendants, when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus *ovis* to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the preceptor answered.—*Cornell Times*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE long-looked-for *Amherst Student* has come at last.

How many books can a single student take from the College library at one time?

The Prize Declamations of the Freshman Class came off Friday evenings, Oct. 24th and 31st. The prize was awarded to B. S. Hurd.

On the 18th of October the Bowdoin College Nine, accompanied by fifty or sixty of their fellow students, marched with "gay and gallant tread" up College street, to the ground of the Bates Nine, where a game was played by the two nines. The game was very interesting and very close. We append the score.

BATES.		BOWDOIN.			
O.	R.	O.	R.		
Burr, C.....	2	3	Whitmore, C.....	2	1
Noble, P.....	3	2	Wheeler, ad b.....	5	0
Oakes, S. S.....	4	1	Fuller, P.....	3	1
Hall, I. B.....	3	1	Briggs, I. B.....	4	1
Whitney, ad b.....	3	1	Wright, S. S.....	3	2
Adams, 3d b.....	3	2	Gerry, 3d b.....	3	1
Clason, I. f.....	3	2	Payson, I. f.....	3	0
Fuller, C. f.....	2	1	Stephenson, r. f.....	2	1
Clason, r. f.....	4	0	Sanford, C. f.....	2	0
27	13	27	7		

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	9-13
Bowdoin.....	1	0	2	1	1	0	1	0	7

Scorers—Bates, L. M. Palmer, '75. Bowdoin, W. Alden, '76. Umpire—M. Hamlin, Lewiston.

All the students agree in saying that they had a delightful time at the President's levee, Oct. 30th.

We have received, since our last issue, two excellent publications from Cornell University—*The Cornell Review* and *The Cornell Times*.

An effort is making in England to meet by subscription the expenses of the recent action brought by the excluded lady students, against the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Froude is said to have cleared nearly £1,000 by his American lecture tour. He also gained the distinction of being entered in the Cornell Register as "Lecturer on English History."

The Finance Committee of Michigan University has reported as follows: Total receipts, \$124,456.56; total disbursements, \$134,568.52. The estimates for the year ending June 30, 1874, are: Receipts, \$107,050.71; disbursements, \$106,087.50. This estimate is made on the basis of the 1-20 mill appropriation being made available next spring.

Resolutions passed by the Sophomore class of Bates College on the death of CLARENCE L. COFFIN, who died of typhoid fever, at his home in Auburn, October 8th.

Whereas it has pleased God to remove from us and take to himself our classmate, CLARENCE LEROY COFFIN,

Resolved, That we feel in our hearts the deepest pain and sorrow at being bereft of one in whom we recognized the characteristics of a faithful scholar, a sincere friend, and a true Christian.

Resolved, That to the family we offer our warmest sympathies in this deep affliction.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning for the usual time.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and published in the BATES STUDENT and the *Lewiston Journal*.

E. WHITNEY,
B. H. YOUNG, } *Committee.*
E. R. GOODWIN,

At a special meeting of the Eurosophian Society, held Oct. 15th, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his Providence to remove from our Society, by death, our beloved brother, CLARENCE LEROY COFFIN,

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sorrow at the loss of one whose genial disposition, many virtues, consistent Christian life, and sincere devotedness to the interests of our Society, had endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That to the family in their deep affliction we offer our heartfelt sympathies.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and published in the BATES STUDENT and the *Lewiston Journal*.

H. W. CHANDLER,
H. F. GILES, } *Committee.*
O. W. COLLINS,

E. C. ADAMS, *Secretary.*

Resolutions passed by the Freshman class of Bates College on the death of HUESTUS J. RICE, who died of typhoid fever, in this city, October 12th.

Whereas it has been the will of God that our classmate, HUESTUS J. RICE, should be removed from us,

Resolved, That we feel in our hearts the deepest regret and sorrow at being bereft of one in whom we recognized the characteristics of a faithful scholar, a sincere friend, and a true Christian.

Resolved, That to the family and friends we extend our warmest sympathies in this their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning for the usual time.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT and *Lewiston Journal*.

A. W. POTTER,
N. P. NOBLE,
E. H. PATTEN, } *Committee.*

The Polymnian Society, at a special meeting, adopted the following resolutions in regard to the death of HUESTUS J. RICE:—

Whereas an all-wise Providence has removed from us one of our number, HUESTUS J. RICE, therefore—

Resolved, That, in his removal, we, the members of the Polymnian Society, deeply feel the loss of one of our members, already endeared to us by fraternal ties, strong though of short duration.

Resolved, That his uniform Christian kindness and noble endeavor to answer life's great end, commend themselves to us as worthy of emulation.

Resolved, That we extend to his sorrowing friends our heartfelt sympathies in this time of mutual affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the BATES STUDENT, and sent to the relatives of the deceased.

M. A. WAY,
A. T. SALLEY,
B. S. HURD, } *Committee.*

E. H. BESSE, *Secretary.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich is Professor of Greek and Latin in New Hampton (N. H.) Institution.

'71.—G. W. Flint is Principal of Lebanon Academy, Lebanon, Me.

'72.—J. A. Jones is studying Civil Engineering with Reade & Moore, of this city.

'73.—C. B. Reade is studying law with Frye, Cotton & White, of this city.

'73.—L. R. White is temporary assistant in the Lewiston High School.

CLASS OF 1867.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

WOOD, HARRISON FRENCH.—Born February 15th, 1840, at Vienna, Me. Son of Asa and Betsey B. Wood.

After leaving College, taught two terms at Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

1868, Became Principal of "Dirigo Business College," Augusta, Maine. Occupied the position one year and a half.

1869, Chaplain at "United States Military Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers." Collected a Library of two thousand volumes, and fitted up a Reading Room for soldiers. They were afterwards named "Wood Library" and "Wood Reading Room."

1870-71, Student in the Theological School at Bates College.

1872, Ordained and installed Pastor of Free Baptist Church at West Waterville, Me.

Married, June 2d, 1873, to Miss Mary E. Taylor of Winslow, Me.

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Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Caulline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 17, 1873

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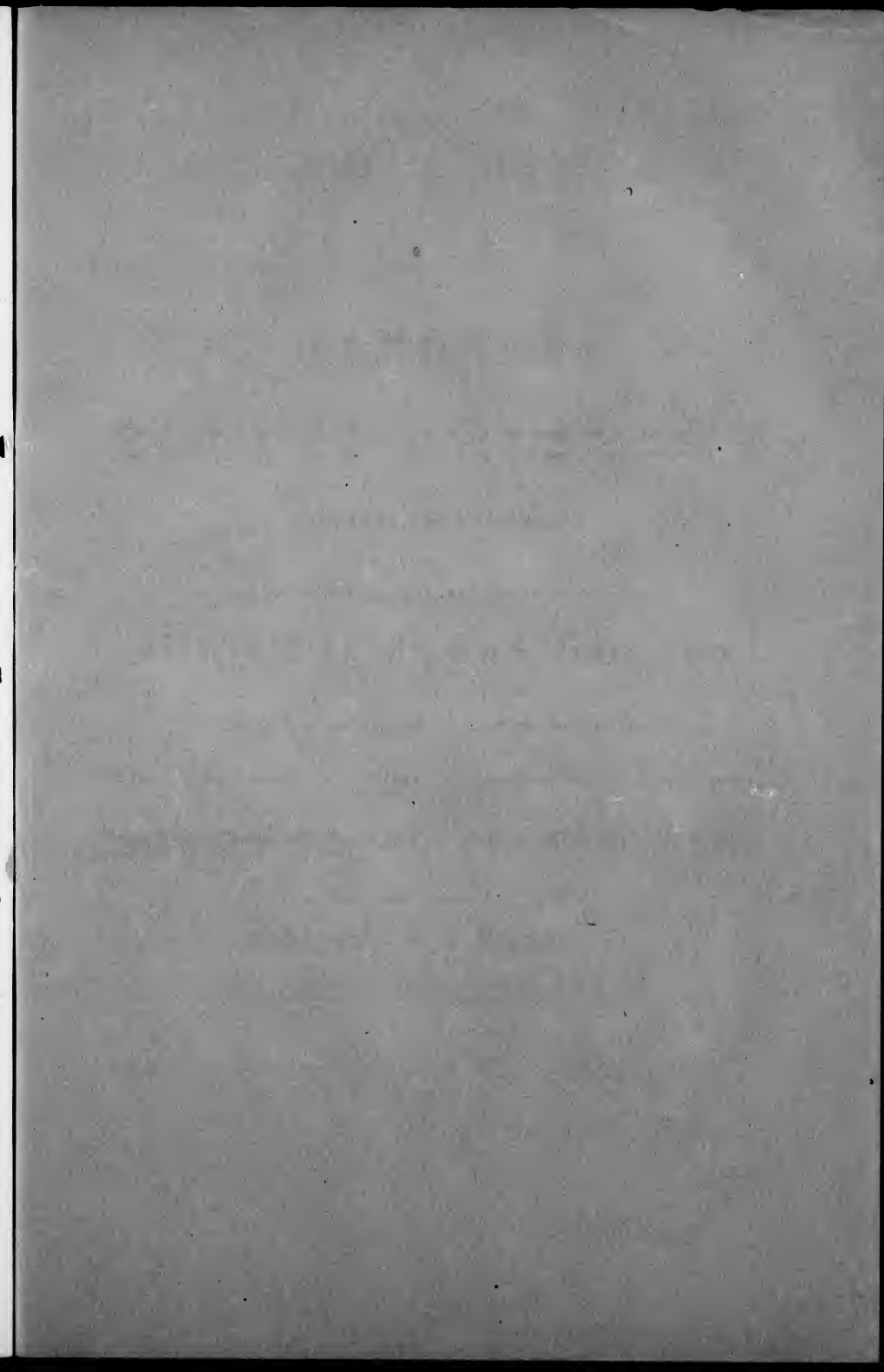
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VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 10.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

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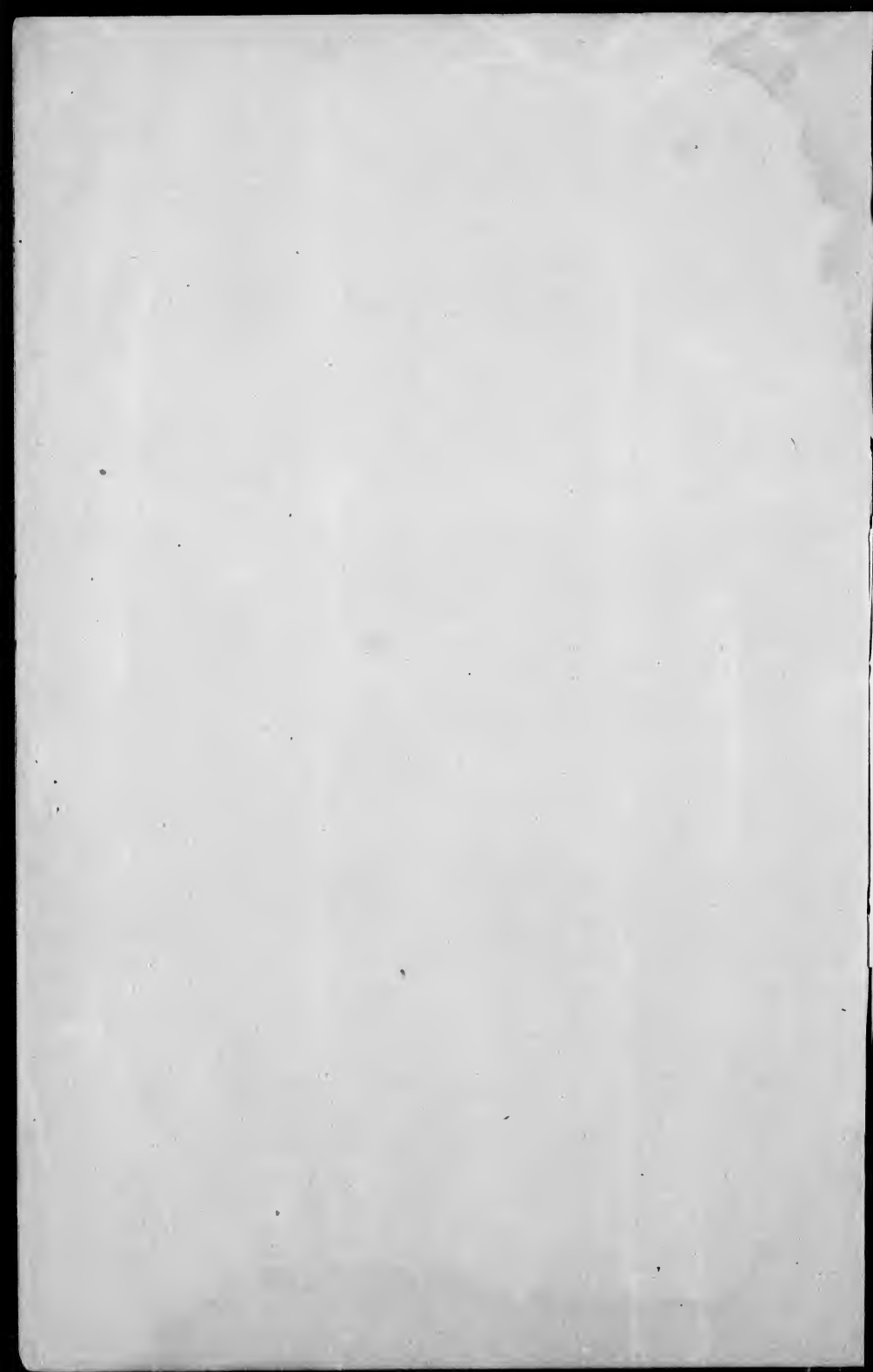
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1873.



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November, 1873. }

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 10.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "deep, deep pause that reigns at highest noon o'er hills and plains," had come when Reynolds returned from his visit to Maple Corner. He found Arnold seated at the table, engaged in writing.

"Oh-h-h-h!" dolorously drawled Dick, throwing his hat on the floor, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's the matter?" asked Arnold without looking up.

"Nothing; only the thermometer is ninety-eight in the shade, and my blood is fairly hissing in my veins. If I hadn't reached this domicile just when I did, so much steam would have been generated in this carnal locomotive that I should have been hurried *nolentem prosequi* 'over the hills and far, far away,' or been blown into ten thousand vulgar fractions. Just consider, my friend, what a horrible fate I have escaped.

'Of all the glad words of bill or quill,
The gladdest are these, I'm kicking still.'

I say, Will, what did you get out of Phisto this morning?"

Arnold made no reply. The question was repeated. Then he said, "Excuse me; I'd rather not converse about him at present."

Dick's face immediately lost its resemblance to an interrogation point, and he changed the subject. "Ah, Will," he said, "I must tell you what I saw this morning.

'She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.'

"What now?" asked Arnold with a smile, as he laid aside his pen. Quickly, and with every trace of levity removed from his speech, Reynolds related the occurrence described in the last part of the preceding chapter. It was easy to see that he was far more than ordinarily impressed.

"And now, have you seen her?" he asked.

"No; I have not," replied Arnold. And then the dinner-bell rang.

Before night came, Arnold and Reynolds had been introduced to the More-

lands, and had conversed with them. Both were charmed with the grace and refinement of the mother, the beauty and coyness of the daughter, and the manly frankness of the son. Miss Mabel Harlow at once established herself in very familiar and even sisterly relations toward Miss Moreland. Her attitude was the usual one of a strong nature when brought by chance into friendly relations with a weaker. But Reynolds, and Arnold also, noticed that many of her attentions and speeches were received by her fair companion with shrinking, and even aversion, which, however, was not apparent to all observers, and not even to Mabel herself. Thereafter the two were much together, though it was evident to the watchful eye of Reynolds that Miss Moreland took far less pleasure in the intimacy than did her brilliant and eccentric associate. What a contrast they presented! Both strikingly beautiful, and yet how diverse! As different as the starred heavens of midnight from the azure skies of noonday. The one a dark enigma, the other simple and transparent as a child; the one proud, reserved and independent, the other "mild as any saint," tender and confiding; the one a fluent and even eloquent talker; the other "not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy of her own thoughts."

The days went by. All were happy in their pleasant retreat on the shores of Homestead Lake. We cannot delay to describe the frequent excursions by land and water, and the many pleasant occurrences. The most homelike and agreeable unrestraint prevailed among the boarders. As time went

on, these chance acquaintances learned more and more of each other, came to know one another's deeper and less obvious traits and characteristics, and in not a few instances acquaintance ripened into friendship, sincere and abiding.

Dick Reynolds, it must be confessed, formed an attachment too deep and thrilling to be known by friendship's name. The youth was fast learning to live "with no other thought than to love and be loved by" *her*. Everybody saw it, but nobody was surprised. May Moreland was beloved by all. And Reynolds, too, had made himself a general favorite by his bright looks and pleasing ways. There were no two persons in all the company at the Homestead whom one could more easily associate in the mind, than these. We have spoken of the youth; how was it with the maiden? Reader, we will not presume to say; this only—the two were often together, strolling by the water's edge, or reading from the same book, and although no words had passed between them, save those of friendship, Dick was as happy as the day was long, and at night, in his dreams, he walked in a new Eden.

Arnold, also, made some progress in his acquaintance with Mabel Harlow. They walked together, sung and read together, and held long and sometimes spirited discussions. He was as much fascinated as ever by her brilliance, intelligence and strength of mind, and as much perplexed as ever by the "quick light and shade" of her moods, and the mystery that attended her. Sometimes she would be laughing gaily, when suddenly, as though

some painful and terrible recollection swept across her mind, her brow would grow gloomy as night, her eyes strangely bright, and her features rigid and pale. To look at her then, Arnold sometimes thought, was like looking into the crater of a smoldering volcano. At other times, suddenly and without explanation or excuse, she would break away from his presence, and he would see no more of her for hours. One night as he was standing on the piazza, which had long been deserted by all save himself, for it was the "noon of night," he caught sight of a figure approaching the house from the direction of the woods. Nearer the figure came, and by the dim starlight—the moon had not yet risen—he saw that it was a woman. As she ascended the steps, and, without speaking, though he afterward thought she must have seen him, swept hurriedly by into the dimly-lighted hall, he saw her pale face and burning eyes. It was Mabel Harlow.

One other and a much more remarkable occurrence took place, which we must briefly relate. It became known that Miss Harlow was a practiced elocutionist, and had been accustomed to give dramatic readings at parlor gatherings. She, therefore, was urgently pressed to give a reading one evening for the entertainment of the company at the Homestead. At first she refused, but subsequently consented.

The appointed evening came. The capacious and brilliantly-lighted parlor contained an expectant audience, numbering about sixty persons. As they waited, suddenly many were surprised into exclamations of admiration, and a

storm of applause greeted the appearance of a vision of such dazzling beauty that even Reynolds paid homage with staring eyes and bated breath. Those who saw Mabel Harlow that night, with her rich dress, her glowing face, her burning eyes, and heard the passionate tones of her voice, saw and heard what was not soon to be forgotten. And then the readings—how strangely selected! There was no joyousness, no comedy; all was pathos and tragedy—a pathos that left not an eye unwet, a tragedy that startled and thrilled to the very bones. She began with "The Bridge of Sighs." She read from Poe, she read from Byron, and from Shakspeare's darker tragedies. At length she began the recital of an anonymous piece—the soliloquy of one who had known a great woe, whose heart was broken and whose mind deranged. It began with a low and plaintive utterance, that went straight to the heart. Anon it deepened into a wild and woeful threnody, and the magic of the speaker's voice, combined with the slight swaying of her body, her clasped hands and pallid face, held the little audience breathless, spell-bound.

This was something more than mere declamation; it was the outbursting of floods long pent up. Deeper and stronger flowed the tide of passionate eloquence until, with blazing eyes and hands clenched high in air, she cried in piercing tones, "I am mad—*mad*—*MAD!*" and fell senseless on the floor.

The reaction was terrible. In an instant all was confusion.

"My God!" cried Mr. Harlow, as he lifted the still form from the floor,

"I ought not to have, permitted this." Followed by her alarmed friends, he bore her to her room. A physician—one of the boarders—was in immediate attendance.

Arnold and Reynolds were together in their own apartment. Neither had recovered from the effects of the exciting scene in the parlor. Arnold's face was quite pale; Reynolds was nervous and restless.

"Good heavens! Will, what do you make of that strange woman? I declare to you my belief that she *is* mad; there was something more than acting there; her whole wild soul went out in that last startling cry!"

Will was silent. He had sunk into a chair by the table, and was leaning his head on his hands, a common position with him.

"Speak, Will!" cried Dick, "Did you expect any such outburst as we have this night witnessed?"

"No," replied Arnold quietly and slowly. "And yet, I don't know that I am surprised. I have ceased to be surprised at what she says or does. Dick, if she is insane, I tell you that so is that Bronson—or Phisto, as you call him. He perplexed me, the day I met him on the beach-path and talked with him, as much as Miss Harlow has, and—I will tell you now, though I wouldn't that noon—he struck me as being, in his ways if not in his looks, very remarkably like Miss Harlow herself."

"What do you know of him?" asked Dick.

"Nothing, save what I saw and learned then. Our conversation was brief, general, and exceedingly discon-

nected. He seemed desirous of escaping me, and I left him soon."

"Did you try to find out by him anything about Miss Harlow?"

"I spoke of her, and he manifested some surprise and, I thought, irritation, and he denied that he knew any such person."

"Ah! did he?" exclaimed Dick. "He must have a remarkably bad memory; he appeared to know her when I saw him. Well, we can't expect to find much veracity in a villain."

Some further conversation the two held that night. They came to no satisfactory conclusions, however, but retired at length, feeling that they must await the developments of days to come.

Miss Harlow was confined to her room for several days, after which she came forth again among the boarders, appearing the same as before the night of the reading. She never alluded to the occurrences of that night, and no one else, not even Arnold, ventured to speak of them when she was present.

CHAPTER V.

It was a cloudless morning, bright and breezy. The opportunity for a sail across the sparkling waters was too inviting to be passed by unimproved. Accordingly, an hour after breakfast, a merry party was embarked on board the little pleasure yacht at the end of the quay, and amid the blended sounds of song and laughter, they glided smoothly off toward the billowy bosom of the lake.

The excursionists were twelve in number. There was Arnold, "calm

and contemplative"; Reynolds, overflowing with buoyant spirits; Mr. Harlow, and the queenly Mabel in her liveliest mood; sweet May Moreland and her manly brother; two other smiling damsels, with attendant cavaliers; an elderly gentleman, by the name of Winslow, who had lost none of the love of fun and the activity of his rollicking youth; and the old boatman, who was known among the

boarders by the *sobriquet* of Jason, inasmuch as his yacht was called the *Argo*. The morning, as we have said, was a splendid one, and all were prepared and determined to enjoy to the utmost the smiling occasion. They had taken their dinners with them, for they intended to spend the hour of noon amid the pine groves on the northern shore of the lake, and to return to the Homestead as the day declined.

A MEMORY.

HE went to the hillside at sunset
 To watch the dying day,
 And dream of the past and the beauty
 Forever far away.
 A joy unexpressed and unending
 Was then again revealed,
 While thither sweet fragrance was wafted
 Across the flowery field.

The daisies were dim in the shadow
 Slow stealing o'er the lea,
 The indolent stream through the gloaming
 Still sought the distant sea;
 And soon in the deepening heavens,
 The azure fields above,
 The beautiful stars, through fleecy bars,
 Looked down with eyes of love.

Then tenderest thoughts of a night-time,
 A rare and moonlit hour,
 Came thronging the brain and recalling
 Young love's entralling power,
 Its bondage of pleasantest fetters,
 The smile and tones of one
 Whose presence alone was delightful
 Below the circling sun.

DISADVANTAGES OF CULTURE.

IT is not the purpose of the present article either to support or confute the proposition that culture is disadvantageous, but simply to indicate a few disadvantages which seem to be peculiar to the representatives of culture—to point out wherein it has failed to fulfill its promises in the average cultured individual.

Notwithstanding all our gymnasiums, with their paraphernalia, all our base-ball clubs and boat clubs, it still remains true that the cultured, as a class, are weak; lack something of that plus health, that affirmative power, that vital force, which carries a man through beast-fights, and man-fights, and devil-fights, and leaves him rough and scarred, and embrowned it may be, but a man. Not the brute element, but the masculine element. These are diverse in nature, though somewhat analogous in experience. It is the want of this spirit, rather than any peculiar likeness to the feminine mind, that causes the people (we admit with a slight flavor of sour grapes) to ascribe effeminacy to the cultured. And again we admit that the impression of the people is not wholly false.

Culture does tend to make cowards. It engenders discouragement; it causes a loss of faith in self. The years that we spend in attempts to get a little of what we call culture, brings us in contact with the distinguished minds of other times. We look at their lives and works from the standpoint of the intellect, in a measure forgetting that the real and practical world surrounded

them just as it surrounds us to-day. The petty cares, the everlasting jarrings between the actual and the ideal, were as troublesome then as now. The intellect presents us with the result of their work, but does not, nor can it, so fully represent the antecedents of that result.

In a recent lecture, Dr. J. G. Holland says: "Dogmatists are men who have faith in themselves; they always have led the world, and they always will lead it." All will concede that the very aim of culture is to soften the dogmatic spirit, to broaden, and widen, and deepen the mind. Yet how often we see it not only softening dogmatism but also the brain. Not only tearing down individuality but destroying it; depriving the individual of power. Better endure egotism, however disagreeable, than to come in contact with polished nonentities, whose heads are crammed never so full with the products of modern culture. Of what use is knowledge unless it aid us in affecting the world? To hold that culture may benefit the individual and not make him a benefit to the world, even from the selfish standpoint, is a mere chimera, and deserves to be ranked among the products of total depravity. We may as well be satisfied that we are a part of the world, that what will not affect the world will not affect us, individually.

Another injurious tendency of culture is, that it engenders habits of reception to the exclusion of the habits of action; and even when action be-

comes necessary, there is too much respect for precedent—too much deference to authority.

Culture is exclusive. To be exclusive and belonging to the aristocracy of learning, a little apart from the ordinary lot of mortals, *may* prove prejudicial to the growth of true manhood. In many cases we witness negative as well as positive detriments, arising from this exclusive tendency among the cultured. It is not only liable to exclude them from the social atmosphere of God's own fallible men and women, from the treasured experiences and gathered wisdom of the individuals surrounding them; but it also leads them to place a too high estimate, and a fictitious value, upon the adventitious advantages they may have enjoyed, and a too low estimate on the common advantages upon which principally depends human happiness. The following is a paragraph from the *Christian Union*, the italics are our own:—

“Herbert Spencer takes strong ground in his last article, in favor of a culture directed to making the higher feelings stronger, rather than the cognitions clearer, alleging that the behavior is not determined by knowledge, but by emotion. He declares the superficial intellectualization of the schools will not alone check ill-doing, *and that the current faith in lesson books and readings, is one of the superstitions of the age.*”

Those who devote their time and strength to the study of the works of genius, to the contemplation of master minds, whose thoughts live through the ages, and whose names are heard for a hundred generations, cannot but be

impressed with the dignity, the superiority, the immortality of the mind. The body sinks more and more into insignificance. This feeling is strengthened by the knowledge we possess of the adverse influences and circumstances in the material surroundings of the world's chosen thinkers. The more culture this class of students acquire, the more intensely do they feel the utter incomparableness between the material and immaterial in man. This leads, unless checked, to the neglect of the body, neglect of health, loss of geniality, which last is, perhaps, the most prominent disadvantage with which this portion of the cultured are afflicted.

But if there are those who recognize the infinity existing between mind and matter, there are others (and these play a predominant part in modern culture) who observe that mind and matter are so sympathetically and mysteriously connected, that human scrutiny is baffled in quest of the line of demarkation. It is difficult to settle clearly what are the uses or abuses of scientific culture, as manifested by scientists. “All our science lacks a human side.” This is Mr. Emerson's expression of a practical truth. A great portion of modern study and research is devoted to scientific investigation. Each year beholds some new inroad that science has made in the curriculum of our schools. At times it seems that science is on the point of absorbing all other pursuits of the cultured. But the methods in the study of nature are so suicidal—blighting labors apparently on the eve of completion. The man has worked incessantly and laboriously in perfect-

ing his system, elaborating his discovery. He has the form and name, but whence the spirit? He has the stuffed bird and pickled snake—that is all. The study of science originating in that inherent longing of the human heart to pierce the mysteries of existence, and know something of the relation subsisting between man and nature, has degenerated into names and forms. We see how the study of modern science, starting as the very essence of radicalism, has raised up within itself a body of conservatives as strong and immovable as any it opposed. A body of conservatives, who, by the very affinities of their instincts, become attached to conservatives in other branches of learning, and thus science becomes engrafted on the tree of orthodoxy. The tendency among these orthodox scientists is in common with that class to whom “the improvement of natural knowledge always has been and always must be synonymous

with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men.” Mr. Huxley continues:—

“If this talk were true, I, for one, should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers, a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought, which now infests us all for such reward.” It is not our purpose to criticise Mr. Huxley’s views in regard to what science has done, or should do, in behalf of the human side, but we do think he is one of the few of the scientific men of the present day who are endeavoring to bring scientific pursuits to their true mission, as aids in the study of man. When the scientist forgets that the proper study of mankind is man, he departs from the road by the “whole distance of his fancied advance.”

THE IDEAL.

I SAW a schoolboy, tanned and brown,
 Leaning on a stepping stile,
 His dinner basket at his feet
 With his books, a ruthless pile.
 He thought, but 't was not of the brook,
 That passed him for the lily-pond,
 The village near, nor hills beyond,
 Nor even of his reading book.

He thought he'd be a learned man,
 College rank should bear his name,

And by his honors and his worth
All the world should know his fame.
I looked again and saw the boy
At work and winning all he sought,
But present things to him had brought
The hope of greater future joy.

The world of fashion, harder far
Than the world of thought to know,
For him the stage of life made seem
Better than its pit below.
Then passed that scene, and now a man,
He shows the truth makes clear the right,
And e'en with those of greatest might
He climbs as high as any can.

But still I see him raise his eyes,
Longing looks he far away
For better and more noble joys
Than e'er blessed a mortal day.
But now the scene is changed once more,
Before me lies an aged form,
Chilled through and stiffened by the storm
That tossed his bark upon the shore.

'T was he who stood with eager look,
Leaning on a rustic stile;
'T was he who wished and gained his wish,
Ever wishing more the while.
Fair hope ahead had carved the way
And led the willing captive on
Till all the strength of life was gone,
Then drew the spirit from the clay.

'T is ever thus our lives go by,
Childhood, manhood, hoary years
Have each a shining goal in view,
Which, when gained, shows more than peers.
Ideal stretches out its wings,
It tells of joy, allures us on,
And there, we find the charmer gone,
And still a calling song he sings.

To do what other men have done
 Will not satisfy the mind,
 But richer gems than e'er were found
 Fancy's ready serf must find.
 Ideal wins in every strife,
 The past is gone and gone for aye,
 This time is passing fast away,
 The future is our present life.

'Tis thus we build a ladder tall,
 Stepping upward as we build,
 And throw its top against the door
 Opening when hearts are stilled;
 And there I think a light sublime
 Will let us raise the ladder tall
 That leans from earth against the wall,
 And bid us higher yet to climb.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

III.

FOR a long time I pondered over that last letter from Jacob. Though it was queer, I thought it gave a vivid picture of a canvasser's business and habits. It showed also that Chum was relieved from all homesickness and all anxiety about his pecuniary prospects. During the remainder of his stay among the Canadians he wrote less frequently, and often related experiences similar to those already recorded.

I will therefore give you, kind readers, only one more of Chum's letters—the last one he wrote before returning to college, dated:—

MOUNTAIN, *August 22d*, 18—.

DEAR CHUM,—I stopped last night in a log house, and slept in one of those

baby-boxes such as I described to you several weeks ago. Wasn't it fun! I jumped into bed—rather into box—and laughed to think of it. A college student in a Canadian baby-box!

Since I last wrote you, I have finished canvassing in Iroquois, canvassed a few days in Mountain, and am now delivering books; so I think I shall be ready to start for Maine in a week. I have been trying to think why they called this town Mountain, for I have not seen a hill as large as a haystack, since I have been in Canada. In fact, I think the town must get its name from these huge haystacks which are so numerous. This is a great country for hay and grain. I am stopping with a man who tells me that he has eighty

acres of grass, which yield over one hundred tons of hay yearly. Besides this, he has forty-two acres of grain, mostly barley; he keeps sixteen cows and one hundred hens; does his work with machines, and has not seen a pair of oxen for several years. Every farm is not so productive as this, yet the town shipped more than three thousand tons of hay to the States last year. Some farmers raise a thousand bushels of barley. They keep a great many cows and horses. They also keep dogs to do their churning. These dog-churns are a great curiosity to me. Dogs are taught to tread in these machines just as horses do in the threshing machines used in the States. Sometimes two dogs tread side by side like a span of horses, and sometimes one dog does the work alone. Occasionally horses are made to do the churning instead of dogs.

Dogs, fowl, and hogs are very abundant in Canada. One rainy day I called at a house where I found no one but an old man. Just before I reached the gate at the entrance of the lane, two hogs, each with a litter of little hoggies, sprung up from the roadside with a sudden grunt, and started for their log shed, with ears pointing to the sunless sky and tails "dangling in the air." Immediately three dogs came towards me with angry howling and snarling. To appease the fury of these domestic butter-makers, I planted upon the lips of one a sweet kiss from the bottom of my sole. With increased fury the howling trio followed me to the door, where half a dozen motherless turkeys set up a doleful "peyop, peyop"; the rooster added his

clarion voice; chickens yipped, ducks quacked, an old peacock screeched, and a pair of guinea-hens brought in their shrill clattering on the chorus. In the midst of this confusion I attempted to inform the old gentleman in respect to the object of my business.

"Oh dear me! git out there. Shoo, you noisy pests! Git out, I say. Oh! you're enough to worry the patience right out of a body," said he impatiently to the mixed concert troupe, and turning to me: "Sir, did you want anything of me?"

Not stopping to explain the object of my call, I quietly asked the old gentleman whether he could tell me where Mr. Wallace lived.

"You go right along; you can't miss it. David Monteith lives on that side of the road, and Mr. Wallace lives on this," said the kind old man, pointing, as he spoke, in directions diverging about forty-five degrees, and repeated, "You can't miss it."

After receiving this valuable information I proceeded on my way rejoicing.

The Canadians dislike the Yankees. They have had so many tricks played upon them by traders from the States that they are really afraid of Yankees. Many of them are dissatisfied with the way the fishery question and the question regarding the navigation of the St. Lawrence were settled. They blame Sir John A. Macdonald because he did not look more sharply to the interest of the Canadians in this matter. Some of these people believe that the North was at fault in our last war. And the Fenian raid is another cause of grief to them. Quickly recognizing that I

am from "the other side," they scornfully hurl upon me all their grievances, which policy compels me to laugh at.

A few days since I met with one man from from England and another from Scotland. The Englishman was very homesick. I discovered from his conversation that he was a very learned clergyman (as all of the clergymen of England are). He talked most dolefully about the habits of the Canadians, wondering why any one should desire to immigrate to America. But the Scotchman was a jolly lad. We fell into conversation about the schools of Scotland. He mentioned the fact that they have no free schools whatever in Scotland. He told me that all the boys in the Scotch schools study Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; while the girls learn French.

Our conversation about the schools was abruptly changed by an allusion to Robert Burns. At the mention of the great poet's name, the Scotchman could scarcely restrain his enthusiastic praise, claiming that Robert Burns was second to no poet in the world for beauty of sentiment and style. To prove his views he urged me to read the poems from which these beautiful stanzas are taken:—

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

A stanza from another poem reads:

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever.

And another:—

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel
Sae pious and sae holy,

Ye've nought to do but mar' and tell
Your neibor's faults and folly!
Whose life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water;
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the chap plays clatter.

But I had the most vexing time delivering books in a rainstorm. One night it began to thunder and lighten very violently. Being in haste to put up for the night before the shower came on, I inquired the nearest way to the place at which I intended to stop. My director told me that it was three miles, but that I could take a cross-road and get to my journey's end by going three-fourths of a mile. Wishing to save time by going the shortest distance, I reined my horse into the cross-road. To my surprise, after going a few rods I entered a broad expanse of woods, through which was a log road only—that is, the land was swampy, and to make the road passable, logs or round sticks of wood, varying from four to ten inches in diameter, were laid along close to one another, forming a sort of bridge over the mud. Black darkness came on. My horse could only walk at a slow pace, for the wagon began to bounce, bounce over the logs. The hopping of the wagon threw the seat from its place and pitched me into the bottom of the carriage. I clung hold of my books with one hand and the reins with the other, letting my weary beast pick his way freely. It began to rain, and I kept tumbling about, unable to raise an umbrella. I knew not whither this mysterious road was leading, for I could get a glimpse of my faithful horse stumbling over the sticks, only when the brilliant flashes of lightning followed the rattling peals of thunder. After passing one half-

mile in this manner, I found myself in an open field, and discovered a light in the dim distance, which I hastily approached. Dripping with rain, I asked shelter for the night, and was admitted. That night I passed in "deep sleep," and the next morning started out again. But a curious time I had. The mud flying in every direction covered the wagon. Every time I got out or into the wagon, I covered the legs of my pants with black mud; I then sat down on lumps of mud; then attempting to brush the mud from my pants, I stained them still more deeply with mud from my hands. Wasn't I mad! And still I kept repeating the process till my pants grew checkered, then striped, then black with mud. A shower overtook me. I saw an open shed just across a barn-yard, under which I thought I could drive with safety. But alas! when about half way across the yard the wheels sunk, the horse stopped, and the rain poured. As the horse could neither draw the carriage, move it backward, nor turn it, I was obliged to leap into the

"Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so nice by half."

Fearing that you may be weary of so many details, I will tell you how I got out of this scrape, when I get back to the college.

Let me rest your weary mind by giving you a short dialogue which occurred at my last boarding place. Those who took part in the conversation were myself, an old gentleman, and his blind wife. The old lady was very melancholy, and remarkable for changing the conversation abruptly. After speaking about canvassing, our con-

versation turned upon the humbugs advertised in the newspapers, when the old gentleman said:—

"Christian papers are not always honest."

"Did you answer one of those advertisements?" she asked.

"Oh, I sent only ten cents. If they were not honest I thought I would let the Lord know."

"We feel sad. We buried our son four weeks ago last Wednesday—parting is sad," moaned the old lady.

"Yes, it is," said I.

"I used to like to look at the flowers bloom so pooty, but now I can't see them—yes, well, I can see them, but not expand out so good, you know."

"No, I suppose not," I again responded.

"Old folks don't 'mount to much, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know," my bashful tongue replied.

"I used to think, if I got to be old, I'd be as 'greeable as I could—when are you goin' to Poteland, pa?"

"Not before Saturday, I guess."

"What do you wait so long for?"

"I don't want to go to-morrow, because I want to watch them bees swarm."

"Bees are more plague 'n profit—well, some summers they is pooty proferble; but then the winters is too cold for them here, they freeze up—winter-kill."

"Yes; it is very cold," I was about to suggest, when the old lady, looking up with her sore eye, and squinting down with her blind eye, said, "When you want to go to bed, you can have a candle," and continued, "Pa, git a light."

There is a good many of your name in Poteland; there was one family right near where we lived, and they had twins, the beautifullest children I ever see; and they are dead—they died.”

“That was sad,” I unconsciously gasped.

“Y-c-s; it was awful s-a-d,” she sighed with a melancholy moan that made me feel as though Eternity’s gates had just swung upon their solemn hinges, shutting me out forever from human sympathy. With this feeling, I ventured to say, “I hope I never shall be old.” And she rejoined, “I hope you never will.” By this time I had managed to get back to the door, with candle in hand. A momentary silence prevailed, until I broke the stillness by a solemn, “Good night,” and left the room, pitying the sad fate of the twins, and the blind old lady.

The next morning the old gentleman resumed the conversation by observing that “It would be better if a good many of our young men would till the ground instid of gitting an education. If they had the gift of gab, it would do well enough. So many of them go into physicians and lawyers—we don’t need them. They will clear criminals when they ken, and they will make witnesses lie. They made me lie once. I don’t like um.”

“Have you seen my gran’d daughter?”

“No, I think not.”

“Well, I guess you must have, for she is worth seeing—why didn’t you raise some turkeys, pa?”

“Because you told me not to—a very good reason, I thought.”

At this time our attention was directed to a bird that was fluttering in a cage, when the old lady said, “I don’t think it’s right, but some do. Well, to catch birds, treat them well, and give him ’nough t’ eat, I don’t know as it’s nothing wrong—well, ’tis prisoning them, depriving them of their liberty.”

“Well, I was deprived of *my* liberty when I got married—”

“Goodness mercy! Well, you are in a bad fix! you ought to be freed at once. Losing your liberty! Well, I guess it is!”

“Well ’tis in a certain sense; you can’t go anywhere,” he said gruffly.

“Well, you might go any time; and I always told you so, if it is to South America.”

That last remark put an end to our conversation, so I will write no more now. I shall start for Lewiston in a few days. Be ready for a good long chat with

YOUR CHUM,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

In a few days Jacob *did* get back to College. I need not record the “long chat” we had about his summer vacation. It is enough to say that many times he laughed most heartily over his follies—especially about his talk to the clergymen, his homesick Sunday afternoon, and his rainy-day adventure.

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

III.

CHUM and I had just returned from supper, and were comfortably seated in our room, with the backgammon board between us. It was one of those uneasy evenings we often have in the fall of the year, following a rich, golden autumn day. The careless give themselves up to the spirit of the hour, and go down town for a drive or a walk. The would-be studious go to their rooms, and, sitting themselves down, think what a fine time the other fellows are having. They do not feel like work, and yet they know that justice to the morning lessons will not admit of idleness.

In this state of mind they usually come to a tacit understanding with themselves to pass the time in doing nothing in particular. Under such circumstances had we seated ourselves for a few games of backgammon — which is truly as near nothing as anything can be. The dice had not rattled long before we were interrupted in our game, by the well-known knock of Fred Foster, who opened the door just as Chum was shouting his forbidding “come in.” Chum prided himself on this piece of elocution. Imitation had been attempted by many of those to whom the sound was familiar, but, in other mouths, it was a failure. Dwelling a long time on the “come,” the “in” seemed to drop out of his mouth as by accident. Strangers would think they had disturbed some wild beast, and it even disconcerted the professors more than it did Sam, when, after the

second knock, he would go to the door to let them in. Fred threw his cap into one corner of the room, himself on to the lounge, saying that he couldn’t study, and he didn’t mean any one else should, if he could help it. Evidently his good resolutions, for the evening, had gone to the winds. We sympathized with him, and began to talk of moral philosophy, and the theories of obligation. According to Socrates, whatever wrong action we might do was to be accounted for by our ignorance. Aristotle held that personal happiness was the *sumum bonum*, and that the golden mean between indulgence and total abstinence, was the true means to this end. Following out this train of thought, it was not long before we had argued ourselves into the proper state of mind. Too much study might render us accountable for some of our actions. Excessive indulgence in it, would certainly destroy our happiness — at least for the evening.

The backgammon board is shut with a bang, scattering checkers and dice into unknown parts of the room. Chum takes Fred from the lounge, and stands him on his feet; a scuffle ensues, jeopardizing the furniture, and demoralizing to the linen and buttons of the participants. After one of them is sufficiently bumped and bruised to satisfy his ardor, comparative quiet is restored.

I leave these two enthusiasts, bantering one another on their respective

merits in the rough-and-tumble art, and go out to hunt up some of our Club. It is not long before I have gathered together those who had not already started out upon some expedition, and many minutes had not elapsed before we were assembled in our room, making as much noise as the circumstances seemed to require.

At our meeting two weeks previous, we had considered a variety of subjects. It is not to be expected that we talked of many matters that were not in some way related to our College life. Our conversation is always limited by our experience. It might be that we disputed the opinion of a professor on some political matter, or demolished some theory advocated by our text books. We were, without doubt, as self-opinionated as the average College student, and our Yankee blood never allowed us to be without an opinion. The sneer at the most ridiculous opinion seems to be preferred to that at none at all. If this characteristic is deplorable as a national infirmity, in social gatherings it makes conversation lively, and takes off the edge of dullness. Perhaps the general tenor of our conversation was upon the events of our Junior year.

OCT. —, 187—.

The noise with which the meeting began had dissipated itself in conversation; the conversation was on the point of becoming wearisome, when the paper was called for. Sam went to his drawer, took out his ms. and, seating himself at the table, began to read.

AGE THE THIRD—JUNIORS.

The Junior year in College may be

looked at from several different standpoints. Outside the College walls, it is the most unimportant year in the course. Your friends and distant relatives, who were so particular to speak of you about the time you entered, and who gossiped so much about you when you came home to "rusticate" during the first term of your Sophomore year, will now begin to lose sight of you. If asked when John graduates, instead of telling at once, they begin to reckon from some such event as the one just mentioned. There is no definite characteristic of the year with which they can associate you. To them it lacks the novelty of the first, the notoriety of the second, and the expectations of the last. There is nothing in which they can participate. They could share the honor of your examination, the semidishonor of your suspension,—and they expect a share of the Commencement dinner. Take away these elements of interest, and your situation attracts but little attention.

Within the precincts of the College, the Junior holds peculiar relations. His dignity is rather relative than absolute. He is running on his credit, and is honored rather for what he hopes to be, than for what he is. The second offices in all of the undergraduate assemblies are at his disposal, and such respect is shown him as his expectations of becoming a Senior allow him to demand. He is the friend and adviser of the Freshman, giving him the benefit of his experience to help him withstand the devastations of the Sophomore. The willingness of the Junior to impart his knowledge of the ways and means, and the need of this

information, to the Freshman, may account for the sympathy between the two classes. Besides, the former is well established in his social position in town, and is liable to have superfluous acquaintances, of which the latter is only too eager to avail himself. Thus they are of mutual advantage to each other.

To ourselves as students our Junior year is full of importance. With the eyes of the public more or less taken from us, we live more in our thoughts and come to a better understanding of ourselves. Hitherto we have reckoned from the starting point; now we begin to reckon from the goal. Whatever conceit we may have brought into college is pretty well worked out of us by this time. The drudgery of study is, to a great extent, over, and we enter upon a higher level of exertion. Latin, Greek and Mathematics are no longer the necessities of discipline. We are at liberty to exercise some choice, and are credited with sufficient understanding to mark out a course for ourselves. Subjects of practical importance and present interest are placed before us for consideration. It is a year of test to the student. Those who have entered upon the college course with some definite end in view have by this time tried themselves, and are now able to judge whether or not they are on the right track.

Others who entered for the sake of an education, without directing it in any particular direction, now begin to look about them to see in what particular pursuit they shall apply this education.

Their choice will be governed by the

knowledge of themselves acquired in the previous two years of discipline. The realization of our personal responsibility begins to come home to us with renewed force. The beginning of the year is fruitful in good resolutions. If we have been careless in our studies we determine to settle ourselves down to work for the rest of the course, and our fist descends upon the table, symbolic of the amount of force and energy we mean to expend. Very likely we take our pencil in hand and draw up a schedule of extra work: so much of History for solid reading; for light reading, Scott, Dickens and George Eliot shall receive a specified amount of attention, and a margin is left for the poets, DeQuincey and miscellaneous essays. A flush of self-satisfaction follows the completion of these arrangements, and our imagination runs away with us into the wildest extravagances of possibilities. We are brought back to the reality of existence by the tolling of the bell that calls us to recitation,—and we haven't looked at the lesson. This dampens our ardor somewhat, and reminds us that resolutions are good, but that a little present application would be more to the purpose.

Our chances for a first or second part at Commencement begin to be discussed among ourselves. That a third part may not fall to our lot, we grow punctilious in matters that were formerly of little concern to us, and the spur of rank makes itself felt. It does not necessarily become the controlling motive of study, but however subordinate a position it may have held, its influence now comes to the surface.

Before the end of the year we grow

impatient of the restraint of a curriculum, and find ourselves interested more and more in matters foreign to the college. We are conscious of a greater effort in applying ourselves to our specified studies. At last our Senior ticket is received, and as Juniors our course is run.

— A generous applause greeted the

close of this paper. The subject for the next was placed in the hands of Ned Terry, and the ceremony of adjournment was performed, but the meeting did not break up. We called upon Fred, our best tenor, to take charge, and with his rich voice to lead, sang our college songs far into the night.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WITH this issue '74 relinquishes the control of *THE STUDENT* to '75. One year has passed since the initial number of this magazine was presented to the public. During this time our labors in connection with *THE STUDENT* have been of the most pleasing character, and we here tender our sincere thanks to those whose generous assistance has so greatly contributed to lighten our burdens.

The object of establishing a literary periodical at *BATES* was to afford an additional advantage for discipline in writing, and to furnish a medium through which opinions could be expressed on those various subjects generally interesting to students, alumni, and friends of colleges. To the complete accomplishment of this object it is necessary that all take a lively interest in the success of *THE STUDENT*, and manifest the same by aiding its circulation and contributing to its columns. Its pages are not restricted to the class under whose direct management it may be, but are open to all classes in College, to the alumni and friends of the College. While we appreciate and commend the interest evinced during the past year, we earnestly entreat all to remember that *THE STUDENT* cannot become what it is possible for it to become, unless all determine to ensure its success by their individual efforts.

THE STUDENT never can be what it aims to be, an exponent of the culture of the College, while the contributions to its columns are from the pens of a few.

Nearly every college in our country publishes a periodical of some kind—several of the larger colleges sustaining three distinct publications. The tone of its articles, the literary excellence of the publication, should be regarded of the highest importance. Circumstances must have much to do with the number of publications of a single college, but they ought to have little to do with the literary excellence of a paper. Shall *THE STUDENT* take its proper place among college magazines? Evidently they whose duty it is to support it must determine this. Let the honor of *BATES* be a sufficient incentive to the manly performance of duty in this matter.

As we surrender *THE STUDENT*, we congratulate '75 on her happy choice of editors, and doubt not that in their hands *THE STUDENT* will meet with abundant success. Our work has been comparatively an insignificant one. We have laid, we trust, a firm foundation for a magazine at *BATES*, we have made a beginning, and as the years roll on and our College increases in wealth, in numbers, in power, we hope and believe that *THE STUDENT*, keeping

pace with her, will always be a fearless advocate of her interests, and a worthy exponent of her culture.

And now, as we dip the editorial pen for the last time, we, as editors and as a class, wish the incoming editors and the class of '75 the largest success in conducting *THE STUDENT* during its second year, and pledge them our most generous support.

—The Students' Lecture Course was opened by Thos. Nast, the greatest caricaturist of the age. His subject, Caricaturing, illustrated by cartoons drawn in the presence of his audience, was one which he was pre-eminently qualified to handle. His audience appeared intensely interested, and showed their appreciation of his marvelous skill in drawing, by loud and oft-repeated applause.

The readings by Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss, October 23d, were highly praised. She has a pleasing countenance, graceful person, and a fine, well-modulated voice. She took possession of the attention and sympathies of her audience and held them throughout the entire evening.

Hon. Wm. Parsons of Ireland, delivered the third lecture of the course, November 6th. His subject, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he handled in a most entertaining and masterly manner. It was certainly an intellectual treat. Mr. Parsons spoke entirely without notes, and with great rapidity; his wit, humor, and matchless eloquence holding his hearers entranced. Mr. Parsons is a man of surprising tact, great scholarly attainments, and truly wonderful eloquence. His was one of the

best received, most interesting and instructive lectures ever delivered in Lewiston.

The last entertainment of the course was a story lecture by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who read his story, written expressly for lyceums, entitled, *In His Name*. The lectures, in point of literary excellence, have certainly been a decided success.

—Before bidding good-bye to *THE STUDENT*, we wish to say a few words to those who have helped us in any way to make our magazine what it is.

The printing of *THE STUDENT* was done at the office of the *Lewiston Journal*, and our readers are indebted to the publishers of that paper for the beautiful mechanical appearance of *THE STUDENT*. Whatever they do in the shape of printing they do *well*. We feel under great obligations to them for the many favors rendered us.

To our subscribers and advertisers we tender our thanks, with the faint hope that we have done them some good in return for what they have done for us.

We now give up the management of the *STUDENT* to another, and we wish for him all the success and pleasure which have attended us.

T. S., JR.

—We acknowledge the receipt of *St. Nicholas*, a new magazine for the young. It is edited by Mary M. Dodge. The publishers, Scribner & Co., New York, evidently intend to make this the best children's magazine in the country. Among the contributors to the November number are William Cul-

len Bryant, Donald G. Mitchell, Lucy Larcom.

We have received the *Pronouncing Handbook*, containing three thousand words often mispronounced. It is a neat little manual and of considerable value. We can honestly recommend the *Handbook* to any who desire a work of this kind. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. For sale by French Bros., Lisbon St.

—The first number of the sixth volume of the *Packer Quarterly* is certainly an improvement over former numbers. The new dress becomes it well. Its articles are of a high literary tone. The opening poem of this number is peculiarly appropriate. Undoubtedly the best articles are: The Marble Faun—an Allegory, with a key to its interpretation; and The Logic of Education. The first of these, however, is not written by any one connected with the college. The general make-up of the magazine is good. We wish the young ladies success in their efforts to maintain a publication which shall be creditable to their college.

The *Yale Literary* is the oldest college magazine in the country. It stands at the head of the list of college publications. The November number contains several excellent articles. The opening essay, *Our Need*, is exceedingly interesting. It is an appeal to students to improve their time; and its method of handling that hackneyed theme, the responsibility and power of the college graduate, is forcible and convincing. The other articles show thought and culture. May it continue

to set a worthy example for its younger contemporaries.

The *Cornell Review* is a new magazine, the first number of which has lately come to hand. Its object is, to use its own words, "to supply a want long felt at Cornell, of a publication embodying the more mature productions of Undergraduates and Alumni." It starts off well, and we hope it will soon reach as high a place among college literary magazines as the college it represents has among the colleges of America.

Vassar Miscellany is the largest of all our exchange magazines. Published quarterly, it succeeds in presenting to its readers, four times a year, a collection of well written essays and poems, which certainly do honor to the editors and the college they represent. While Vassar and Packer continue to issue such excellent magazines as they now do, all candid persons must admit they are entitled to a position in the first rank of college publications. They have our best wishes.

The *Nassau Literary* is truly a fine magazine. We admire its mechanical appearance, and then, plunging into the midst of its reading matter, we find ourselves intensely interested in all it has to say.

The *Brunonian* gives us several amusing college poems. We appreciate the one on the *Danbury News*, but the one on Croquet somehow does n't seem natural to us.

The most welcome visitor to our table is *Old and New* for December. It contains some finely written essays, two continued stories, and not too much poetry. Its prospectus for 1874

promises a rich feast for its readers. The Holiday number will contain Mr. Hale's Christmas story, "IN HIS NAME," the same which he read in the Students' Course. This will be presented to each subscriber, together with the engraving premiums and book premiums. See in *College Items* its clubbing rates with THE STUDENT.

We cannot take leave of our exchanges without thanking them for the many pleasant calls they have made us, and the encouragement and advice they have given. We hope our successors will enjoy their company as much as we have. We give below a list of the exchanges received during the year.

EXCHANGES.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, Brunonian, Cornell Review, Cornell Times, Magenta, Anvil, Amherst Student, The Owl, The Aurora, The Dartmouth, College Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, College Days, Irving Union, Hesperian Student, University Press, Williams Review, Williams Vidette, College Chronicle, Western Collegian, College Mercury.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, American Journalist, Weekly Gazette.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to the Manager.

ODDS AND ENDS.

EXAMPLE of total depravity—that Senior who advised his Professor to stick to his hat rim.

Who is Noel-Hope?

The Seniors are the wealthiest men in College—they had a lecture course that didn't pay. They have a new motto—*Ad utrumque paratus*.

11 o'clock P.M., masculine and female voices—"Shall we gather at the river." Stentorian masculine voice, "Get over the river . . . quick too." Silence reigns supreme.

Scene in Chemistry: Student attempts to recite, but wanders strangely from the subject. Professor interrupts and gives a long and lucid explanation. Student listens attentively, and at its close, throwing his head back in the direction of the phrenological organ of self-esteem, modestly replies, "Yes, sir; yes, sir; you get my idea."

The President of one of our lower literary societies becoming somewhat excited over the debate, after crying "question" two or three times, said, "All who have not anticipated in the debate and think the negative has sustained the affirmative, will say yes by rising up." Sustained amid vociferous applause.—*Western Collegian*.

One of the "fair" boasts that her lover in the Sophomore class is telescopic. She can "draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up."

Senior.—"I should like to be allowed to go to Princeton with the nine to-morrow." Prof.—"What position do you play, sir?" Senior.—"Scorer, sir." Prof.—"You may go."—*Ex*.

A stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex friday she'd bin dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan, all things is impossible mit Gott."

As we entered a married student's domicile, the other evening, we heard him chanting:—

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body—*shut up your little head,*
John Brown's body—*lie still and go to sleep,*
As we go—*here, take this young 'un, I've got to get my lessons.*"

—*Madisonensis*.

Scene in University Book Store.—Present, a Junior and two or three Sophs. Enter smiling Professor. Junior beams and grasps Professor's hand. Professor—"Glad to see you, sir, how fresh you're looking!" Junior freezes—idiotic grins by Sophomores.—*University Herald*.

A Junior who had carefully studied Trench as to the difference between congratulate and felicitate, remarked to a sister Junior on class day that as they would soon be Seniors she thought somebody ought to *facilitate* them.

An inscription on a monument, in East Tennessee, winds up with the following touching obituary: "She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days!" Reader, "Go thou and do likewise."

A Freshman invited several friends to join him at the "festive board." After they had partaken of the spread,

it was suggested that some toasts be drunk with their new cider. The Freshman soon comprehended the situation, and with a tone of regret said, "Darn it, I forgot to tell Clinton to send 'em up."

Brisko was conversing with a young lady from Vassar, the other eve. She remarked that she was fond of Greek, and added that Homer was her favorite author. When Brisko asked her what work of his she specially admired, she replied: "I have not yet read his *Æneid*, but his *Idiocy* is perfectly sublime." This young lady was not one of the editors of the *Miscellany*, so if the editors of that magazine will send us a copy, our hopes for the prize are not yet blasted. What's it going to be, anyhow? — *Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

WRITTEN examinations at the close of each term this year.

Yale College has in all her departments 955 students.

Another lady is expected to enter the Freshman class next term.

At least three-fourths of our students are to teach during the coming winter.

Subscribe for *The Student* for next year at once, and thus be sure of receiving the January number on time.

The new editors from '75 are Arthur S. Whitehouse and Frank H. Smith; J. Herbert Hutchins, Business Manager.

The lectures delivered in the College Chapel by Dr. J. O. Fiske of Bath, and Rev. Mr. Byington of Brunswick, were very interesting and instructive. They were not so well attended as they should have been.

The first of the regular prize debates of the Sophomore year came off at the College chapel, Nov. 20th. Question: "Ought the several States to adopt a system of compulsory education?" Aff.—W. H. Adams, O. W. Collins; Neg.—H. W. King, G. C. Smith. The question was well discussed, the

disputants doing credit to themselves and to their class. The committee awarded the prize to G. C. Smith.

We are happy to say that any person sending us \$4 00 will receive *THE STUDENT* and *Old and New* for one year. Such subscribers will receive the engraving premiums and book premiums given by the proprietors of *Old and New*. *Old and New* is conducted by Edward Everett Hale, whose name alone is a voucher for its superior reading matter. Send us four dollars, and you receive both magazines for the year.

We noticed the following not long ago in the *Bowdoin Orient*, but our attention being taken up with things of more importance, it has passed unnoticed: "Bates College recently conferred the degree of LL.D. on Hon. Asa Reddington. Shortly afterwards the college received a donation of \$10,000 from the same gentleman. Where is Bowdoin with her LL.D.s?" We would answer that Bowdoin, if we remember rightly, is at Brunswick, Me., and her LL.D. is no other than the *Hon.* Jefferson Davis, chief cook and bottle-washer of the Southern Confederacy. We recommend that they call on him for a few Confederate stamps.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—Charles L. Hunt is Principal of the High School in Stowe, Mass.

'73.—J. H. Baker is Principal of the Yarmouth (Me.) High School. He has just issued a fine Catalogue, showing a large and prosperous school.

'73.—J. P. Marston has charge of South Paris High School.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, Principal of the school at West Waterville, Me., is having excellent success in his school.

'73.—G. E. Smith has been teaching at Gray, Me.

July 19th, 1843, at Ripley, Me. Son of John G. and Mary S. Emery.

1868-69, Teacher of Mathematics in Maine State Seminary.

1869-72, Served two years and a half as Superintendent of Auburn Schools and Principal of Auburn High School, Me.

1872, January, Elected Principal of High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. Served the remainder of the year.

1872, September, Elected to the Ushership of the Lawrence Grammar School, Boston, Mass., which position he still holds.

Married, Jan. 27th, 1871, to Miss Ella R. Pike of Livermore Falls, Me.

Child, Ellen R., born Feb. 12, 1872.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1867.

EMERY, GRENVILLE CYRUS.—Born

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '73, BATES COLLEGE.

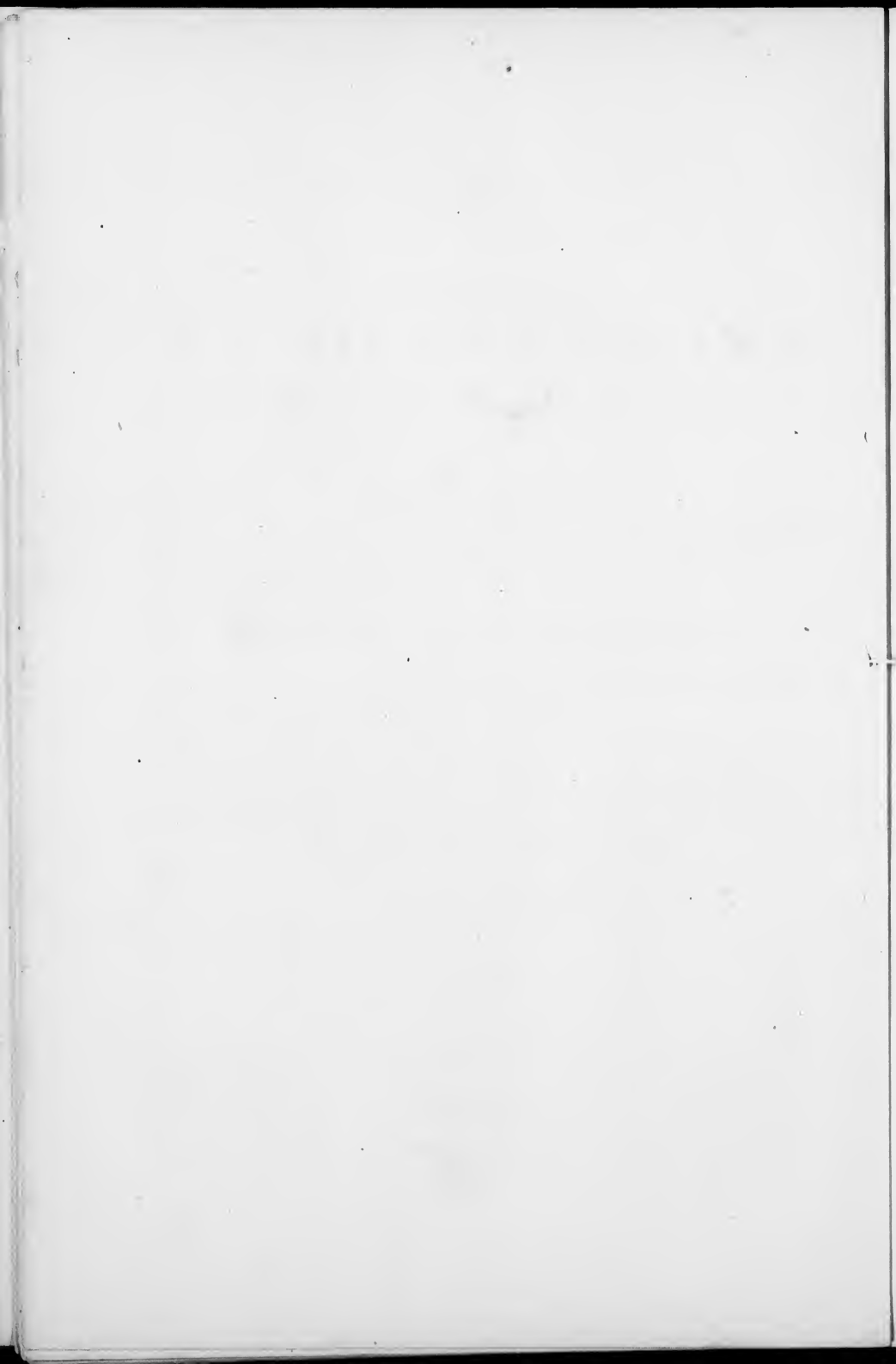
EDITED BY

FREDERICK B. STANFORD, HENRY W. CHANDLER, FRANK P. MOULTON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: THOS. SPOONER, JR.

VOL. I.

LEWISTON:
PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1873.



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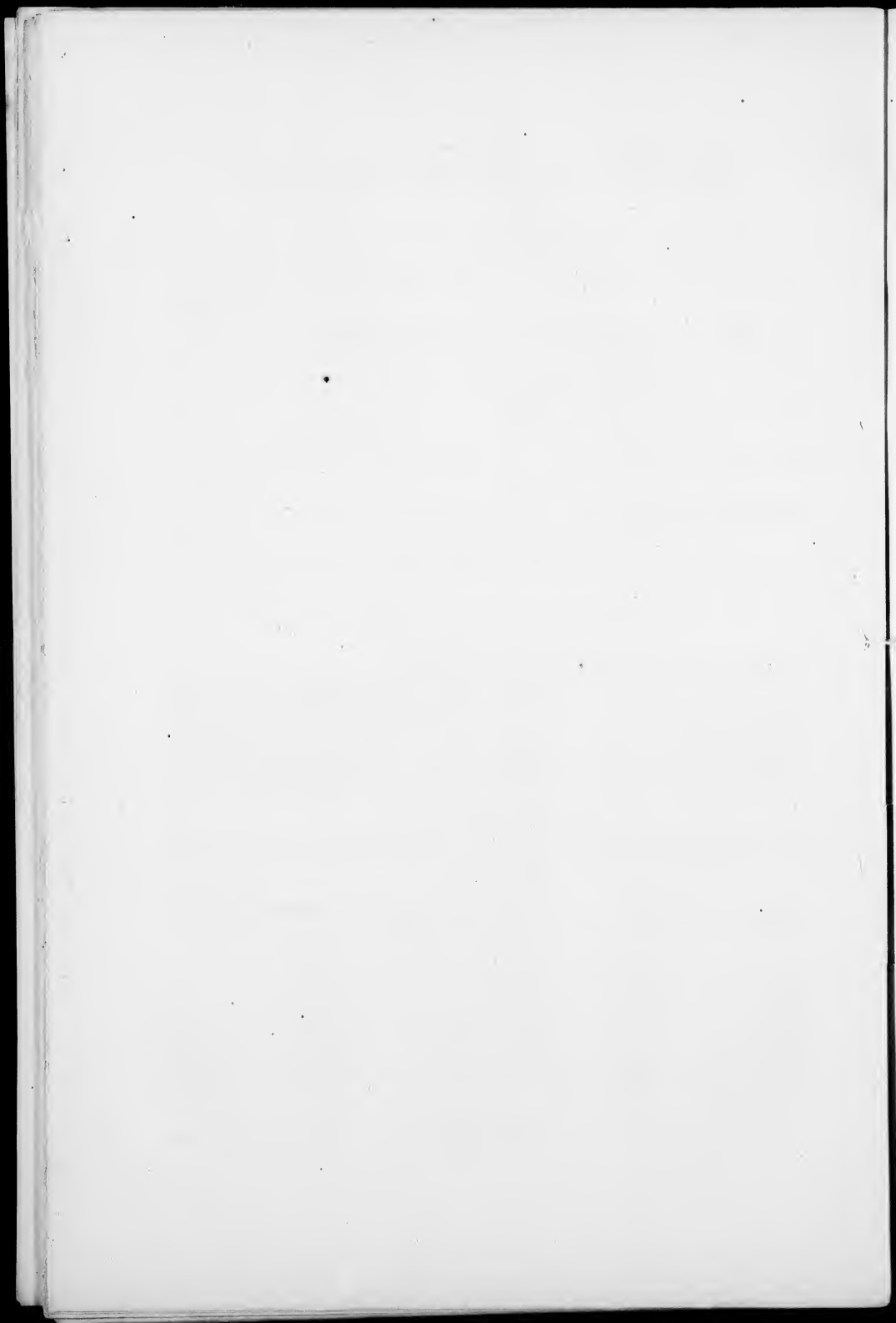
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Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Terms of Admission.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular course of instruction is that commended by the leading colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries, free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 17, 1873

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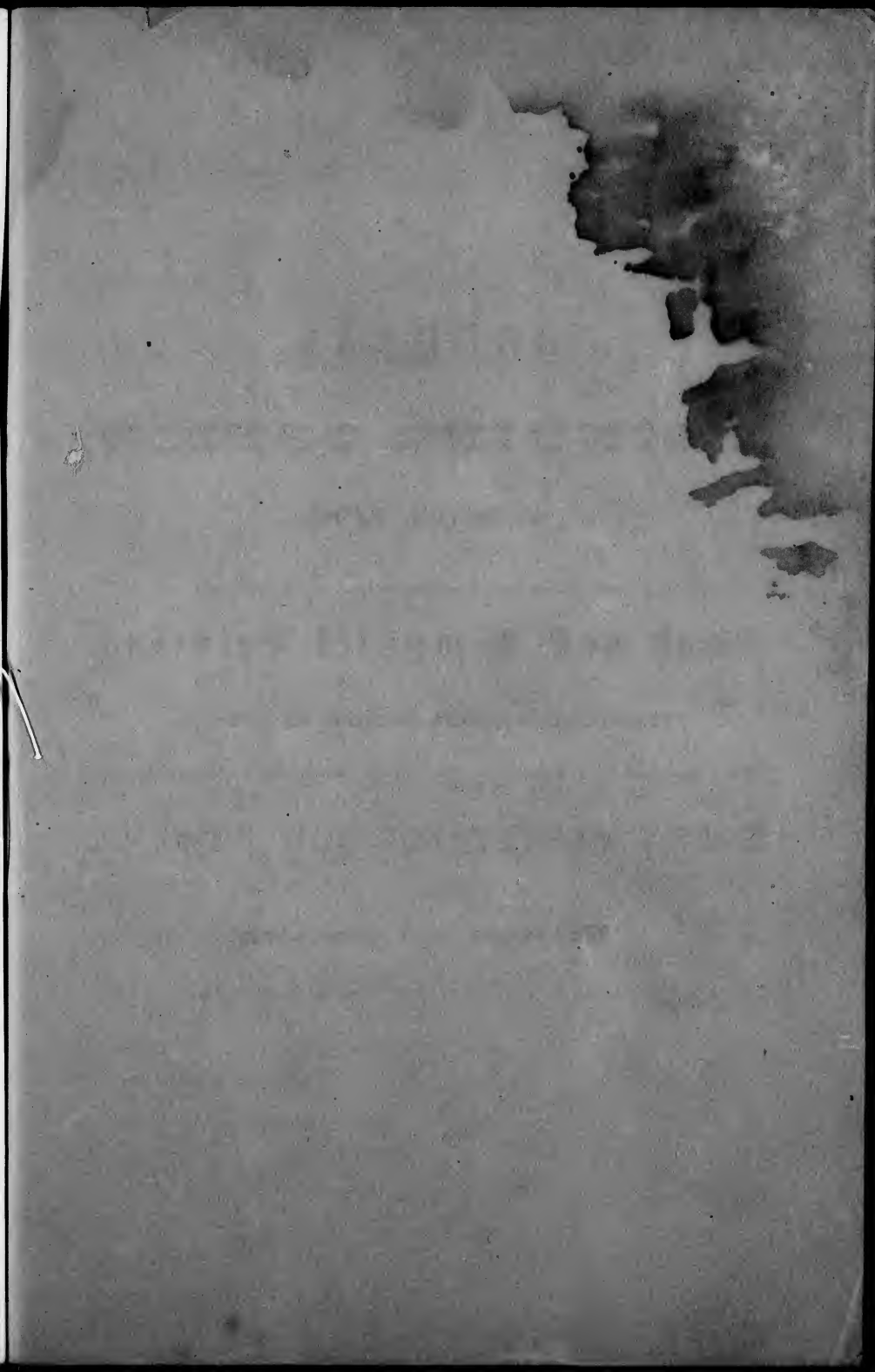
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